Adventurous America

A Study of Contemporary Life and Thought

by EDWIN MIMS

Author of "Sidney Lanier," "The Advancing South," etc.

Mr. Mims finds in contemporary American life and thought the spirit of adventure which has been characteristic of America from the beginning. A discriminating analysis of situations and conditions is combined with specific stories of men, communities, and events. Leaders like Owen D. Young and Dwight Morrow, Robert A. Millikan and A. N. Whitehead, Harry Emerson Fosdick and Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Stuart Sherman and Walter Lippman, and communities like Pasadena, Nashville, and Chautauqua, New York, are evidences of the finer side of American life and point to an even better American civilization. The author's intensive study of significant books, both critical and creative, is combined with an unusual knowledge of life in the various sections of the country. This book is one inspired by a sincere enthusiasm and does not content itself with a mere superficial optimism in presenting the subject.

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ADVENTUROUS AMERICA

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A STUDY OF CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT

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EDWIN MIMS

AUTHOR OF "SIDNEY LANIER" AND "THE ADVANCING SOUTH"

DISCARD

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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TO

MY CHILDREN

FORTUNATE THAT THEY MAY LIVE TO SEE
WONDERFUL THINGS IN AMERICA

7727

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My indebtedness to books and to personal friends is apparent throughout the pages of this book. I am under very special obligations to Chancellor J. H. Kirkland, to my colleagues John Crowe Ransom, W. C. Curry, and Donald Davidson, and to Professor John M. McBryde of Tulane University.

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I

A PERSONAL FOREWORD

Allons! through struggles and wars!
The goal that was named cannot be countermanded.

. . . . . .

Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

. . . . . .

Allons! the road is before us!
It is safe—I have tried it.

WALT WHITMAN.

If you would understand the driving power of America, you must understand "the divers discontented and impatient young men" who in each generation have found in the American wilderness an outlet for their energy. . . . Instead of settling down to herb-tea and elegies, young America, having finished one big job, is looking for another. The noises which disturb you are not the cries of an angry proletariat, but are the shouts of eager young fellows who are finding new opportunities. They have the same desire to do big things, the same joy in eventful living, that you had thirty years ago. . . . They represent to-day the enthusiasm of a new generation. They represent the Oregons and Californias toward which sturdy pioneers are moving undisturbed by obstacles. This is what the social unrest means in America. It is not the unrest of the weak and unsuccessful, it is the unrest of the strong and ambitious. You cannot still it by talking about prosperity; of course we are prosperous after a fashion, but it is a fashion that no longer pleases us.

SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.

I

A PERSONAL FOREWORD

1918 found me midway of this life, not in a forest but safely ensconced in a professor's chair, lecturing on the Romantic and the Victorian periods of English literature and the "classic" period of American literature. From the standpoint of the province in which I lived I was a progressive, bearing some of the marks of the fight against intolerance, political, religious and academic, and rejoicing in evidences of the intellectual progress of the South. I had followed with interest and devotion the social and political reconstruction led by Roosevelt and Wilson, and was a believer in the fundamentals of the Christian religion—the real fundamentals. That I was somewhat conservative in my ideals and standards was gradually borne in upon me by a son then at Yale and later at Oxford and a daughter in Paris, and by the more intellectual of my students who were eagerly devouring the latest books and periodicals. The younger generation was knocking at my door—sometimes banging.

One day I received a letter from a friend who had become eminent as an interpreter and defender of the chief protagonists of modern literature. His frank and genuine words served to awaken me, even to startle me:

> You ought to be pleased because I called you mildly Victorian. You live in the classic age and the consolatory at-

mosphere of the great Victoria—with its immortal spirits: Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Poe, Lanier, *et al.* In that niche, you are cloistered and safe. You think in those terms, you teach with Victorian names on your lips, you sound the shibboleths of text-books. And, from the standpoint of the teacher of good English and of good literature, your position is pedagogically impregnable.

I live in another world—a world of eddies, and rapids, and waterfalls, hazardous and beset with perils—in company with Shaw, Croce, Inge, Bergson, Proust, Nietzsche, Brandes, Joyce, Schnitzler—the potential classics of the future. I breathe this fresh, invigorating air (even though it has its stenches), with keen delight, snuffing it gaily up my nostrils. . . . To use Nietzsche's phrase, I live dangerously in literary criticism.

Though I might have contested the point with him by claiming a less cloistered virtue and more knowledge of some of these resounding names, I thereupon began my intensive education in "modernity." I spent a year in Europe reading widely, especially in the modern French masters. I took advantage of the absence of one of my colleagues to give a course in contemporary English and American literature. Later I gave a course in a California university on contemporary poetry, and worked with as much zest and energy as I had in my earlier days when I had discovered the isles "which bards in fealty to Apollo hold." The horizons widened as the extensive reading of recent literature led inevitably to the consideration of social and intellectual problems. The ambition to know the signs of the times, to catch the very

form and pressure of this age, grew upon me. I came to rejoice in the poetry of Robinson and Frost and Sandburg—yes, even in free verse when it overcomes the limitations of license. The French naturalists, the great Russians, the latest British and American novelists and dramatists, broadened my views of literature. Santayana, Bertrand Russell, and John Dewey, I saw, had brought distinction and fresh meaning to the long quest of truth.

My natural tendency toward hero-worship was tempered by the biographies of Strachey and Ludwig and their less subtle followers. Henry Adams, Spengler, and Keyserling had to be reckoned with, however one might reject some of their conclusions. A long series of books about America by foreign and domestic critics sobered my faith in democracy. I even read all the books of the chief *advocatus diaboli* on all things American: I think I have not missed a single copy of *The American Mercury*. I have followed with increasing interest *The Nation* and *The New Republic*. The story of Randolph Bourne and his flaming zeal, and the more intellectual criticism of Van Wyck Brooks and his colleagues awoke answering echoes.

At the same time I was learning from a widening experience that extended to all parts of the country. I could reproduce all the characters and many of the incidents in Sinclair Lewis' novels. I did not need any interpreters to help me understand *This Side of Paradise* or *The Plastic Age*, nor the more serious indictments of American institutions of learning, for I

had been in them all my life. I saw democracy at its worst in the passage of an anti-evolution law in my own state and in the administration of Harding. Worse than all, I shared the disillusionment of my generation that came with the aftermath of the war, and especially with the tragic defeat of Woodrow Wilson. To one who had followed him throughout his whole career and who had read every word of his state papers, assured that they had upon them the stamp of immortality, his failure to swing this country into line with the passionate vision of a new world was the keenest disappointment I have ever had.

In the Spring of 1929 I felt that I had finished this phase of my education when I read Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Modern Temper: A Study and a Confession.* Here in one volume, written with real distinction of style and with abundant knowledge of all phases of contemporary thought, is the mood generated in the author by the intellectual convictions current in his time. He was determined to follow out every thought as far as he could without caring where it would lead and "without tempering any conclusion out of consideration to either his own sensibilities or those of any one else." The masters of the modern mind found in him a sympathetic and even submissive disciple. From the books which they had written and from the words which some of them had spoken to him, he felt himself "carried in a general direction which kept him side by side with many of them."

All the disillusionment, the scepticism, the de-bunking of traditions and sentiments, the deterministic philosophy, the futility of the search for any abiding faith, find adequate and felicitous expression. Here is the pessimism of Bertrand Russell's "A Free Man's Worship" or of Santayana without their belief in creative art as a refuge from the cruelty of an alien cosmic order. The cycle theory of history expounded in scientific terms by Spengler is unrelieved by any conception of the rôle that a man may play in accommodating himself to an era of civilization rather than of culture. Science, whose conclusions on many matters he accepts so unreservedly, leaves Mr. Krutch without any faith in rationality as the basis of progress: it has brought neither happiness nor wisdom. The freer handling of sex by contemporary novelists and psychologists causes him to look upon love either as an "obscene joke," or as a primitive physiological urge, or as the greatest of illusions; he posits both a Godless and a loveless universe.

He cannot accept Havelock Ellis' theory of life as an art, for "art has no affirmations, except those that are either so vague as to be useless, or based upon analogies so obviously false that they collapse when submitted to logical examination": if we embrace it we "may discover a new way of meditating, or perhaps a new way of despairing, but we know no better than we knew before what we ought to do." Beauty, humanly valuable, is biologically useless. The chief marks of humanistic culture—scepticism, irony, and

dispassionate analysis—unfit man for survival and lead inevitably to decadence, individual and racial. "Civilizations die from philosophical calm, irony, and the sense of fair play quite as surely as they die from debauchery." The great mind and the great culture are alike poised over an abyss and are in perpetual danger of plunging headlong. Philosophy—the search for "the phantom of certitude"—has no word of wisdom, for it ends either in blank materialism or in an attempt—witness James and Whitehead—to justify mysticism upon inadequate grounds. Metaphysics may be, after all, only "the art of being sure of something that is not so—logically, the art of going wrong with confidence." Religion has disappeared with all its supernatural machinery and its anthropomorphism. And the conclusion of the whole matter is that we are now waiting for some fresh invasion of the barbarians—the Russians, perhaps—who believe because they do not know, and that with a stoic resignation individuals must "live like men rather than die like animals." There is not even the consolation of Henley's "Invictus" for man is not master of his fate and he has no unconquerable soul—or any other kind of soul. At least, we are not dupes for we have discovered the trick which has been played upon us.

Such, in substance, is the latest expression of the modern temper, or, if one prefers, the modern distemper. This brief résumé can give but a faint idea of the book as a whole. It is as significant for this age as was Alfred de Musset's *Confession d'un Enfant*

du Siècle of a century ago in a similar period of disillusionment and chaos—with the difference that in the former book there was a broken heart, while in the later volume is a divided mind—the despair of intelligence rather than of the emotions. It is the prose version of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land,* with all its symbolism of a chaotic world. The author might well have taken as the keynote of his volume, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Is one, then, to accept this interpretation as *the* modern temper, is this the impasse to which humanity has come in its long quest for truth and its hopeful building of civilization? Is there another temper that may just as well be called the modern temper? May one build upon other premises and come to quite different conclusions? The very pessimism of this volume and of other writers provokes a counter reaction in those who have temperaments that are characterized by courage never to submit or yield to such counsels of despair, by hope that "creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates," by faith that is willing to take risks as it moves toward the invisible and the unknown,—in a word, by that spirit of adventure which attempts the seemingly impossible.

In my quest of the modern spirit I have not been able, like so many younger men, to forget what I had read before. After all, 1918, or 1914, or 1859, was not the Year One. Before Anatole France and Bernard Shaw, were Dante and Goethe; before Ibsen, Shakspere; before Nietzsche and Bertrand Rus-

sell, Plato and Kant; before Hardy and Robinson, Wordsworth and Browning. One of the worst provincialisms, as Whitehead has insisted, is the provincialism of time, and it is from this that many of the most intelligent leaders of the age have suffered. As Santayana well says, "We do not to-day refute our predecessors; we bid them good-by." In an age that has so many versions of the Everlasting No, we might now and then listen to the splendid affirmations of the Everlasting Yea,—and Tennyson's "Ulysses" may have meanings not dreamed of in the *Ulysses* of Joyce.

And, besides, I find so much in the literature, and still more in the life, of the day, that is directly opposed to the modern temper as interpreted by Mr. Krutch. Side by side with the superficial and complacent optimism so regnant in the masses of the people—an optimism reflected in popular books and periodicals,—and with the pessimism and cynicism that have followed as a natural reaction, is another temper, which cries, "A plague o' both your houses!" which takes full account of all the revelations that have been made by criticism and realism and then proceeds to change conditions and to reform institutions.

When I read of the pilots of the sky who fly in increasing numbers from continent to continent, I cannot admit that this is a decadent age or that romance and heroism have departed this world. The stories of Lindbergh, Byrd, and Ellsburg move me as much as

the exploits of Drake and Hawkins in the spacious times of great Elizabeth or of the pioneers of our winning of the West. When others talk of Babbitts or of the supermen of finance, I think of such men as Owen D. Young and Dwight Morrow, who in their culture and in their practical achievements show to a marked degree the new type of business man. The microbe hunters, the famine fighters, the pioneers of industrial research, the fighters against disease, move me to admiration. While I have talked with men in laboratories who have lost all the humane values of life and who have made out of the scientific method a prison of the soul, I was associated with Robert A. Millikan at the time when he was formulating for himself and his colleagues in American science a statement that has done more to clarify the long dispute between religion and science than any other utterance of the day. In the writings of Whitehead and Eddington I find a reaction against mechanism and materialism and a modesty with regard to the claims of science; they have opened the windows and let in the light. Recent gains in American civilization as interpreted by some of the best experts in America[1] have served to counterbalance the symposium of a few years ago by some thirty of the younger intellectuals, whose thesis stoutly maintained was that there was no civilization in These States. While I recognize the value and the veracity of the sociological survey of "Middletown," I know too many in-

[1] *Recent Gains in American Civilization.* Edited by Kirby Page.

stances of the transformation of Main Street to draw wholesale indictments. If I have been appalled by the sensational utterances and revolting methods of Billy Sunday and John Roach Straton, I have listened to the prophetic words of Dr. Fosdick and Dr. Cadman and a large number of younger preachers in metropolitan pulpits who, with their colleagues in various schools of religion, may be ushering in the New Reformation. Recent international events and treaties may prove to be important stages in the attainment of world peace.

Nor do I agree with those who find in contemporary literature only naturalism and disillusionment. Edwin Arlington Robinson is always aware of the gleam that shines over his gray and sombre world, and Eugene O'Neill is still looking beyond the horizon for the light that may come. Willa Cather has learned all that is good in the new technic and the new material, but in her novels she has interpreted the indestructible romance and heroism of the human heart. As Stuart Sherman said, she dreams of "a world richer, fuller, freer than our fathers knew, a world enriched by the perception of beauty which in them was but rudimentary, and enriched by the liberation of powers which they did not value or which they feared and suppressed." Vachel Lindsay, who so often takes impulse for inspiration and beats his tom-toms too vigorously, has now and then caught the rhythm of a nation moving West; he finds in the automobile and the song of the thrush a synthesis between the symbols of power and beauty.

If such an analysis of other tendencies of life and thought in this very age sounds optimistic, it is, I trust, an optimism chastened by looking the worst full in the face. If I emphasize the spirit of adventure, it is not the reckless adventure that discounts difficulties and is blind to obstacles. I have simply confronted certain options that to me are, in the words of William James, vital and not dead, momentous and not trivial, forced and not avoidable, and I have deliberately chosen between them. I cannot be satisfied with the attitude of the defeatist or the futilitarian, nor can I believe that the wisecrack of the smart set is the acme of human wisdom. Nor can I find a retreat from the difficulties of modern life and thought by some escape to a fancied Golden Age, be that the classic serenity of the Age of Pericles, or the unity of faith and action found in the thirteenth century, or the Victorian compromise.

I find support for my position in two recent books that seem to me as authoritative and as modern as any books written during the decade. Charles A. Beard in his introduction and epilogue to the symposium *Whither Mankind?* sees in an age predominantly scientific and technological the basis of hope and adventure. It is his belief that by understanding more clearly the processes of science and the machine mankind "may subject the scattered and perplexing things of this world to a more ordered dominion of the spirit"; that there is in the new order of affairs "a prospect for life on higher levels, more emancipated

from vain imaginings and conquerable sufferings, freer to make flights into the realm of the imagination." The spirit of intelligent control is here; "it has a fighting chance to prevail." Nowhere in the pages of this noteworthy volume is there "a signal for surrender or retreat." It is the challenge of science and the machine to modern thought. Philosophy will yet find illumination and give direction to our confused civilization, is the editor's confident hope. Our job is to clean house and open the windows to the new day.

Likewise, Lewis Mumford in his *Golden Day*—a book that is as searching a criticism of all that has happened in America since the Civil War as can be found—sees the chance for America to resume the career blocked out for her by Emerson, Thoreau, and Walt Whitman and so rudely interrupted by the Gilded Age and the undue emphasis on the one-sided interpretations of life by industrialism and science. He finds signs of a growing sensitiveness to beauty and to the culture which is the resultant of the totality of life. His concluding words are the summons to the militant and adventurous souls of to-day:

> Life is mean when it is entirely absorbed in instrumental activities. Beneath the organized vivacity of our American communities, who is not aware of a blankness, a sterility, a boredom, a despair? . . . The power to escape from this sinister world can come only by the double process of more complete modes of life, and of reformulating a more vital tissue of ideas and symbols. . . . To take advantage of our

experience and our social heritage and to help in creating this new idolum is not the smallest adventure our generation may know. It is more imaginative than the dreams of the transcendentalists, more practical than the work of the pragmatists, more drastic than the criticism of the old social revolutionists, and more deeply cultural than all our early attempts to possess the simulacra of culture. It is nothing less than the effort to conceive a new world.

"Allons! the road is before us!"

My mind and my heart vibrate to such words as Sidney's did to the old ballads. It is the same note that sounds in the "American Scholar" and the "Song of the Open Road." It is in tune with the spirit of initiative and self-reliance that has been dominant in America from the beginning. New conditions, new materials, a more complex civilization, but here is the opportunity—here or nowhere. That many Americans feel the same way will be made clear, I trust, in the pages of this volume.

Just as there is no better illustration of carrying coals to Newcastle than writing or talking to American people to-day about the disillusionment and pessimism that have followed in the wake of the Great War, so there is no better illustration of the necessity for right emphasis than the urging at all times the qualities of hope, patience, and faith. One need not belong to what Miss Repplier has recently called "the cheerful clan," meaning thereby the shallow optimists who know nothing of the strain and the suffering through which the world is now passing, to

sound everywhere the note of sane idealism. Have we not had enough of the literature of disillusionment? Many thinkers have done their part in clarifying our minds and in making real the world in which we live. It is now time to make a synthesis of the new knowledge and the old faith. Those who follow the way of adventure will be a remnant, but theirs will be the task and the responsibility of the prophets of Israel:

> "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
> Get thee up into the high mountain;
> O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem,
> Lift up thy voice with strength;
> Lift it up, be not afraid!"

II

THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

But in our blood
The voices of the generations past
Strive, and the generations still unborn
Are urgent in us that we play our part,
As actors in a stately tragedy,
To some triumphant close. Courage and faith,
These are most needful. Surely they shall avail!
Surely they have the truth! And as for Him
Whom we have sought beyond the stars in vain,
Perhaps He may be nearer than we know.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK.

The only life worth living at any time in any age is the adventurous life. Now by the adventurous life I mean primarily a life that has a capacity to be different. I mean a life that is willing to cut loose from the past for the sake of the future, that will take chances in casting off from old traditions and old techniques. I mean by the adventurous life a life unwilling to remain tied up in any port, preferring to ride the high seas in search of fairer lands—a life that finds serenity in growth.

RAYMOND FOSDICK.

II

THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

Frederick J. Turner, who has written most authoritatively about "the Frontier in American History," characterizes this element in national life as the courageous determination to break new paths, "an indifference to the dogma that because an institution or a condition exists, it must remain," and adds, "All American experience has gone to the making of the spirit of innovation; it is in the blood and will not be repressed." The appeal of the undiscovered, he insists, is still a potent one even in a generation that has suffered from disillusionment as to some of its most cherished plans and dreams. The pioneering of this period is intensive rather than expansive; it is that of irrigating and cultivating the desert rather than crossing it. "In place of old frontiers of wilderness, there are frontiers of unwon fields of science, fruitful for the needs of the race; there are frontiers of better social domains yet unexplored."

It is my purpose to consider somewhat in detail the application of this spirit of adventure to some of the problems of America. There is no attempt to minimize the value of criticism even when it takes the form of cynicism or pessimism. But the very difficulty of a particular situation acts as a tonic to the

brave or adventurous soul. As John Dewey has well said, "Discouragement affords just the occasion for a more intelligent courage." Does it seem sometimes that an age of science and machinery must inevitably subordinate intellectual and spiritual values to material? Then there is a demand that men bestir themselves to see that this does not happen. There may develop a civilization that has lost its spirit, but it is just as possible and just as probable that the conquests of science and machinery may lead to a type of culture not yet found in any civilization. It may be that democracy at the present time shows many evidences of failure, but intelligent leadership may bring about the correction of faults that seem so gigantic to many critics. Science and rationalism on the one hand and fundamentalism on the other may seem at hopeless odds, but there may be those who will gradually work out an adjustment or reconciliation that will lead to a new era in the history of religion. The problems of capital and labor seem at times insoluble, but there are signs that during the past decade distinctly new contributions have been made to their solution.

Here, then, is the open road to the future. Wherever we look in America we find men adventuring the unknown ways: adventurous science, adventurous business, adventurous literature, adventurous religion and philosophy. The fighting chance is all that a brave man asks. He does not ask for absolute guarantees. He takes counsel of his hopes rather than of

his fears. He follows his intuitions rather than his logic, though he does not ignore logic. He trusts his instincts, but disciplines them with his intelligence. He does not heed the mockers though a smile may be upon his own face. He rises from defeat and disillusionment to fight harder in the next struggle.

Above all, he thinks of probabilities rather than of actualities. Admitted that machinery tends to destroy individuality, he will seek all the harder to make machinery a means rather than an end, so that things will not be in the saddle and ride mankind. Admitted that Mammon has a great constituency in America, he will work with all his might to make him the servant rather than the ruler of man. He may live on Main Street or in Zenith City, and be constantly associated with Babbitts, but he will co-operate with others in establishing community centres and art galleries, parks and symphony orchestras. He will read all the criticisms of America, assess them at their true value, and then see what can be done.

It is obvious that many of the plans may turn out to be air-castles rather than buildings on solid foundations. A foe to real adventure is reckless adventure. We hear of the covered wagons that arrived but not of those that were wrecked along the way, of those who found a light at the end of the long trail but not of those who were lost in the storm or went back to their starting points. There are Cooks as well as Nansens and Scotts, fakirs as well as real scientists, cranks

as well as inventors, "jitney messiahs" as well as prophets. Emerson's words produced an intoxication in some of his less sensible followers that led to "isms" of every degree. Transcendentalism was with many mere moonshine, and idealism the vaguest mysticism. The South Sea bubbles of the eighteenth century fade into the stock gamblings of Wall Street with like disastrous results.

The sensible adventurers let none of these failures deter them. They are content with progress inch by inch rather than by leaps and bounds. Patience,—long, long patience—is one of their chief virtues. They are girt about with the stoutest armor before they attack Apollyon. They have counted all the costs and reckoned with all the obstacles, but they move forward. They have heard the call of their great American comrade:

"To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits for you."

If they are taunted with the words of the cynic that they don't know where they are going, they reply with the words of Richard Hovey in his "Unmanifest Destiny," where he is using the figure of the Ship of State:

"I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what sea shall be thy fate,
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great."

Obviously, such a point of view is in direct opposition to that of President Harding, who in 1920, after his triumphant election, ushered in the period of normalcy with these words: "America's first need is not heroics but healing; not nostrums but normalcy; not revolution but restoration; not surgery but serenity." These words are typical of a certain attitude of mind that has characterized perhaps the majority of the American people during the past decade. According to this attitude there are no more frontiers to cross, no more problems to solve. The ideals and practical policies of men who had dreamed of a new world and a new industrial and social order were no longer to be considered. The only virtue is "sanity" of mind, the only object of government is security, the only order is one undisturbed by a spark.

Such leaders would place plenty of ballast in the ship of state but are afraid of sails; or, to change the figure, they would put brakes on the chariot of progress even on level land and not be at all concerned about the motive power in the engine. At the slightest suggestion of reform they are apt to raise the cry of Bolshevism. The Constitution is viewed with a reverence second only to the Ten Commandments; they forget that it has been preserved only because great jurists have been able to give it a liberal interpretation to meet new conditions. They use the comforts and luxuries made possible by science but would put up in laboratories and libraries as a warning to scholars in quest of truth, "Thus far shalt thou go

and no farther." In a word they do not see with Raymond Fosdick that "the danger to any civilization or to any living thing whatever does not lie in progress, but in stagnation; not in growth, but in dry rot; not in change, but in the lack of it. The Great God Fear rules their lives." The only outcome of such a state of mind is a society standardized to the point of dulness and mediocrity.

It is little wonder that such complacency has produced in the minds of many of the most brilliant men of this generation a reaction to the opposite extreme. Almost anybody feels like putting on the *bonnet rouge* when he hears or reads some popular leaders. But why go to the opposite extreme? The spirit of adventure cannot live in an atmosphere of sophistication, rationalism, cynicism, and pessimism. Satire, which is a legitimate form of literature and has a cleansing effect in any society, has often degenerated into a cheap and reckless smartness. Too many authors have become what George Meredith calls "the over-laughers"—men to whom "a horse laugh is worth a thousand syllogisms,"—play-boys who "heave dead cats into sanctuaries and go roistering down the highways of the world." De-bunking institutions and moral codes, idol-smashing, has become one of the favorite sports of the age. Scepticism, recently so alluringly set forth by Bertrand Russell as the real attitude of mind that counts, not only asks, with Pilate, "What is truth?" but what is patriotism, love, morality, value? Mephistopheles no longer

seeks for Faust in lonely towers but presides in many clubs and groups.

II

Men who have been affected by the wholesale scepticism of Anatole France, the tragic irony of Hardy, and the pessimism of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, have produced a literature of despair that now assumes large proportions. The more recent popularity of Aldous Huxley has given evidence that the philosophy of futility is one of the prevalent systems of thought in certain circles. One of the best summaries of contemporary American literature has as its central theme the "frustration" that our authors have felt in their efforts to portray life and character with the background of the American scene.[1] "A quagmire of uncertainties, scepticisms and depressions" is Irwin Edman's terse characterization of the literature that most appeals to sophisticated and rebellious minds. Even science, which is so dependent on curiosity and adventure for its progress, has become with some of its followers one of the most depressing influences by its insistence upon the littleness and bestiality of man and on the seeming purposelessness of the universe. The well-known confession of Theodore Dreiser that the reading of Huxley and Darwin, Spencer and Haeckel, was the main intellectual influence on his thinking can readily be understood by the

[1] T. W. Whipple, *Spokesmen: Modern Writers and American Life.*

philosophy that dominates his novels—human nature is still in the jungle; man is subject to chemical and physical forces that determine his conduct, and he has no moral responsibility, no chance for individual initiative. Mr. Ayres in his *Science: the False Messiah* expresses the view of many thinkers when he says, "No truly sophisticated man believes for a moment in the possibility of any general and sustained improvement in human civilization," and "Every generation has its hopes, and they never come off."

Especially significant is the fact that the youngest men seem to be most filled with doubt and despair. That this is not a literary pose was proved conclusively to me in recent talks with a number of representative young Americans of the more intellectual type. Let the conversation turn as it might, on the status of American culture and literature, the present industrial order, the prospects of peace, the basis of religious faith or wholesome philosophy,—the conclusion was one not only of doubt but of irremediable pessimism. They praised Walt Whitman and Emerson, Goethe and Matthew Arnold, but the real masters of their thinking proved to be Henry Adams, Melville, Hardy, Anatole France, the Russians, and the most ruthless of modern determinists. They say frankly that the older generation having made a mess of the whole thing, they can see no way out. They have not even the pathetic yearning of Arnold for an age of faith that may yet dawn. They must therefore either laugh that they may not weep, or take refuge

in a point of view that leads to the futility of all striving and to the destruction of all values. They not only have a contempt for all half-way measures of reform, but they do not indulge in the dreams of Utopias that have so often cheered the souls of revolutionists. With the gradual abandonment of hope in the great Russian experiment, there is nothing left except to look forward to the next war that will wreck civilization or to a general destruction of the capitalistic system of society.

The antidote for such pessimism in contemporary thought is the spirit of hope. One may have all the most discouraging facts about human nature, about actual conditions, about the course of history, the most serious doubts about purpose in the cosmic universe or values in individual life, and yet cling to the fighting hope. If he by ever so narrow a margin cleaves to the sunnier side of doubt and allows for possibilities or even chances, he may still be on the side of the angels. Charles Eliot Norton used to say that if he saw in any book "After all we need not despair," he would know that an American wrote it, but as one reads many of the books that are now being written —I mean the really important books that are being widely read—the saying might be revised to read, "After all, there is scarcely any ground for rational hope."

James Harvey Robinson could not, by the widest stretch of the imagination, be thought of as a facile optimist, but his study of history and his acceptance

of evolution as the key to it causes him to hope. For him the idea of progress is "the greatest single idea in the whole history of mankind" in the vista of possibilities which it opens before us. The long disputed sin against the Holy Ghost has been found, he says: it may be "the refusal to co-operate with the vital principle of betterment." He closes his *Mind in the Making* with these words: "If some magical transformation could be produced in men's ways of looking at themselves and their fellows, no inconsiderable part of the evils which now afflict society would vanish or remedy themselves automatically. . . . There might be no more war, no more struggles between capital and labor. We have available knowledge and ingenuity and material resources to make a far fairer world than that in which we find ourselves. . . . *We have first to create an unprecedented attitude of mind to cope with unprecedented conditions, and to vitalize unprecedented knowledge.*"

James Bryce, a more chastened optimist than when he wrote the *American Commonwealth*, closed his survey of *Modern Democracies* (1921) with these significant words—his last message to the world:

> For the founders of democracy, as for Christian theologians, Hope was one of the Cardinal Virtues. Less has been achieved than they expected. . . . The experiment has not failed, for, after all, the world is a better place than it was under other kinds of government. Without Faith nothing is accomplished, and Hope is the mainspring of Faith. Throughout the course of history, every winter of despondency has been followed by a joyous springtime of hope.

Hope, often disappointed but always renewed, is the anchor by which the ship that carries democracy and its fortunes will have to ride out this latest storm as it has ridden out many storms before. . . . It may be said that Democracy will never perish till after Hope has expired.

If hope is one of the main elements in adventure and despair one of its main deterrents, the same may be said of courage and its opposite, fear. The fundamental trouble with much pessimism is the lack of courage to face the difficulties of thinking and of living. The fear complex in the masses has been one of the chief subjects of modern psychology—the fear of taboos, conventions, inhibitions, drives men to conformity, to mediocrity and standardization. It is not so apparent that fear often dominates even "the civilized minority." The herd instinct that sways the multitude is just as potent in small groups of the emancipated. The fear of being dupes, of showing any tendency to be credulous, has kept them from any belief whatsoever. The fear of being considered sentimental has made them hard-boiled,[1] of being polite or genteel has made them vulgar.[2] To show any enthusiasm might spoil their reputation for sophistication. Some scholars are so afraid of being considered popular that they will not play their part in the humanizing of knowledge for those who lie outside the sphere of the specialists. Some scientists are so afraid that mystics or religious people will find

[1] *Cf.* Mrs. Gerould: "The Hard-Boiled Era," *Harper's*, Feb., 1929.
[2] *Cf.* James T. Adams: "The Mucker Pose," *Harper's*, Nov., 1928.

some satisfaction in any admission of the limitations of science that they wish to preserve an undivided front against any attempt "to let God in at a back door which may not exist." Far too many have written during the past decade in fear that they might receive blows, not from the big stick of public opinion, but from the bludgeons of the iconoclasts and the swashbucklers. The mocking laughter of the cynics has reverberated through far too many studies and studios.

It is significant that when Sir James Barrie went back to his alma mater to make the address as rector of the University of St. Andrews, he should have chosen as his subject the simple word "Courage." I think he never displayed better knowledge of the human heart, or a more profound analysis of the needs of this present time, than when he spoke those simple and charming words to the younger generation. As he made live again the last hours and the last words of the great explorer Scott and his companions at the South Pole, as he recalled the stories of the poor boys of Scotland who had in every generation made their way through the University by the sacrifice and the courage of dauntless souls, as he suggested the heroism of the Scotch people as they had gone out to the uttermost parts of the world, he gave a new connotation of an old word. It was the sound of the bugle not only to his immediate audience, but to English-speaking people everywhere who need courage to withstand weariness and doubt and despair.

III

The natural reply to the demand for hope and courage is that men have no faith, the other most essential element in the spirit of adventure. Henry S. Canby, who reads and criticises more books than perhaps any other American and who ought to know what is going on in contemporary literature, said recently, "As a civilization we are less sure of where we are going, where we want to go, how and for what we wish to live, than at any other intelligent period of which we have record." Walter Lippman in a well-known essay called "Drift," which has been reproduced in many collections of essays calculated to give young men in college some idea of the best contemporary thinking, says: "No mariner ever enters upon a more uncharted sea than does the average human being born in the twentieth century. Never has the road been wilder, or the sign-posts fewer. Our ancestors thought they knew their way from birth through eternity; we are puzzled about day after to-morrow. Never before have we had to rely so completely on ourselves for we have no guardian to think for us, no precedent without question. We are homeless in a jungle of machines and untamed powers. The iconoclasts did not free us. They threw us into the water, and now we have to swim."

And no wonder. The masters of the modern mind are in such hopeless disagreement as to their conclusions and beliefs that they leave ordinary human be-

ings bewildered. Insisting that a man has a right to believe only that which is in accordance with reason and with a rational analysis of facts, they themselves come to diametrically opposed interpretations of man and the universe and of many less cosmic phenomena. Whom shall my soul believe? becomes the unanswered question of many who have as great a desire to believe only that which is rational as the fear of being misled by dupery or credulity. The authority of science and of the scientific method has such a grip on the minds of men in every domain of knowledge that they fear to do violence to the integrity of their minds. And yet they are confronted with the necessity of choice between alternatives that seem equally guaranteed by men of supreme intellectual power.

If we postpone to another chapter certain essential questions as to conditions in America, we are confronted by an even larger question in which they are involved: Has there been progress in the history of mankind, is there such a thing as progress? It would not have been difficult to answer that question in the Victorian age when Tennyson's well-known words about the one increasing purpose and the widening thought of mankind were joyfully accepted by scientists and religious leaders alike. But the Machine Age and the universal disillusionment caused by the World War have raised the question, in minds as widely divergent as those of Dean Inge and Raymond Fosdick, as to whether after all progress is not

one of the illusions. Do we still have "the old savage in a new civilization"? Is modern man merely "a naked Polynesian parading in tophat and spats"?

Oswald Spengler, even before the World War, wrote his *Decline of Western Civilization*, in which with mathematical and scientific accuracy he outlined the history of all cultures and civilizations as they pass through the stages of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Great cultures, he insists, "appear suddenly, swell in splendid lines, flatten again and vanish, and the face of the waters is once more a sleepless waste. The culture suddenly hardens, it mortifies, its blood congeals, its force breaks down, and it becomes civilization. . . . Each culture has its childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. . . . At last in the gray dawn of civilization, the fire in the Soul dies down . . . finally weary, reluctant, cold, it loses its desire to be."

The pertinency of this general philosophy of history—really Byron's well-known lines in "Childe Harold" reduced to scientific terms—is that Western Europe and America are living in "the early winter of a full civilization" instead of on "the golden summit of a ripe culture." Our course is as fixed as that of any natural law, and he who does not acknowledge this inevitable law, or fate, must "cease to be counted among the men of his generation, and remain either a simpleton, a charlatan, or a pedant." What is the use of any western country's trying to evade its predetermined course? Materialism and industrialism

alone count for the future. We live not in Pericles' Athens but in Cæsar's Rome; hence men are foolish to follow careers in music or painting, or in architecture for the possibilities of architecture were exhausted three hundred years ago. Men should devote themselves to technics instead of lyrics, to commerce or the sea instead of to the paint-brush. No philosophy is of any moment except scepticism.

Spengler's point of view is, essentially, that of many others. The remarkable popularity of *The Education of Henry Adams* was due not only to its style but also to its expression of what was in the minds of so many of its readers, and it still dominates the thinking of many. Even before the Great War, Adams had gone through every stage of disillusionment with regard to modern progress. The fruitlessness of the search for some ultimate truth was never more poignantly expressed than in his summary of his long quest for an education: "He could only blunder back alone, helplessly, wearily, his eyes rather dim with tears, to his vague trail across the darkening prairie of education, without a motive, big or small, except curiosity to reach, before he too should drop, some point that would give him a far look ahead. He was morbidly curious to see some light at the end of the passage." But the light never came either on his own personal problems or on those of the world. The universe is only chaos, and humanity's only goal is anarchy. "Meanwhile he watched mankind march on, like a train of packhorses on the

Snake River, tumbling from one morass into another, and at short intervals, for no reason but temper, falling to butchery, like Cain." Humanity seemed to him like "an acrobat with a dwarf on his back, crossing a chasm on a slack rope and commonly breaking his neck."

Is the test of one's intelligence to be his acceptance of such conclusions? What about other men who have, in looking out on the same world, come to a different interpretation? It is a noteworthy fact that two of the authors of the most popular histories of recent times accept the theory of evolution as the working basis of their historical outline; both of them begin in the dim and shadowy world of inorganic matter; both have as a thesis the unfolding of a vast design and purpose and, strangely enough, both of them close with a glowing expression of faith in the future. No one would accuse Mr. Wells and Mr. Van Loon of underestimating the terrible cataclysm through which we have just passed. Mr. Wells, indeed, puts the alternatives of the immediate future as education or catastrophe, but clearly his faith is that mankind will rise to the emergency of the present crisis. He says by way of conclusion to his *Outline of the World's History:*

> Out of the trouble and tragedy of the present time, there may emerge a moral and intellectual revival, a religious revival, of a simplicity and scope to draw together men of alien races and now discrete traditions into one common and sustained way of living for the world's service. . . .

The beginnings of such things are never conspicuous. Great movements of the racial soul come at first like a thief in the night and then suddenly are discovered to be world-wide. Religious emotion—stripped of corruption and freed from its last priestly entanglements—may presently blow through life again like a great wind, bursting the doors and flinging open the shutters of the individual life, and making many things possible and easy that in these present days of exhaustion seem almost too difficult to desire. . . . There is a social consciousness at work in our minds and hearts that will yet deliver us from the wicked man. In spite of much occasion for pessimism to-day, there is occasion for greater optimism than man ever before had.

Now what is one to believe in the face of these differences of opinion? One would think that, in science if anywhere, there might be found a substantial body of fact and of theory to which one could give himself unreservedly, but even Bertrand Russell, who finds in science the basis of any philosophy that has any value, says that the old glad certainty is gone, and that "the proofs of the validity of induction are as numerous as the proofs of the existence of God; but not one of them is calculated to carry conviction to a candid mind." The presidents of the British Association of Scientists in successive years gave expression to two diametrically opposed views of religion and science.

The only logical answer to such questions seems to many agnosticism or scepticism. Huxley said that scepticism is the highest of duties and that blind faith is the one unpardonable sin. In a recently published

volume entitled *Sceptical Essays*, Bertrand Russell has formulated for the general public the theory of those who prefer doubt to faith. William James, he says, used to preach the will to believe: "For my part I should wish to preach the will to doubt. None of our beliefs are quite true; all have at least a penumbra of vagueness and error. Every man of science whose outlook is truly scientific is ready to admit that what passes for scientific knowledge at the moment is sure to require correction with the progress of discovery. . . . In science, where alone something approximating to genuine knowledge is to be found, men's attitude is tentative and full of doubt. . . . If only men could be brought into a tentatively agnostic frame of mind about these matters (religion and politics) nine-tenths of the evils of the modern world would be cured. . . . Thus rational doubt alone, if it could be generated, would suffice to introduce the millennium."[1] Scepticism is "the courage to doubt everything and to believe nothing without sufficient evidence."

Now it is just there that we feel the need of William James' the will to believe, or his justification of faith in contradistinction to intellect alone. One's attitude to the various dilemmas of thought that I have suggested may be one of indifference—why worry about the condition or future of America, or the Machine Age, or religion, or philosophy?—or, it may be one of scepticism as defined by Russell and as held by

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 155.

so many intellectual leaders to-day; but some are not willing to be left dangling in mid-air; they must choose between alternatives, and act upon that choice. They cannot do otherwise. James' title essay and the other essays in the volume *The Will to Believe*, so often lost sight of to-day, ought to make an even greater appeal to this generation than to his own. We need it more, for determinism is far more widely spread.

James believed that moral and other vital questions cannot wait for sensible or logical proof. There are cases where a fact cannot come at all "unless a preliminary faith exists in its coming, and where faith in a fact can help create the fact." In truths dependent on our personal action, then, faith based on desire is certainly a lawful and possibly an independent thing. "Hardly a law has been established in science, hardly a fact ascertained, which was not first sought after, often with sweat and blood, to gratify an inner need. Not a victory gained, not a deed of faithfulness or courage is done, except upon a maybe." "Often enough our faith beforehand in an uncertified result is the only thing that makes the result become true. . . . As the essence of courage is to stake one's life on possibility, so the essence of faith is to believe that the possibility exists. *Faith means belief in something concerning which doubt is still theoretically possible.*"

It is now known that James came to this point of view through personal experience. Kallen in the in-

troduction to his selections from the writings of James[1] makes it clear that James passed through a crisis which well-nigh wrecked him. "Insomnia, digestive disorders, eye troubles, weakness of the back, and sometimes deep depression of spirits, followed each other or afflicted him simultaneously. He kept growing worse and worse to the point of suicidal mania." His letters of the time and the accounts of him by his family and friends all show the reality of the crisis. His son is authority for the statement that the following experience recorded in the *Varieties of Religious Experience* to illustrate the "sick soul" is autobiographical (would that all sick souls might read it!):

> Whilst in this state of philosophic pessimism and general depression of spirits about my prospects, I went one evening into a dressing room in the twilight, when suddenly there fell upon me without warning, just as if it came out of the darkness, a horrible fear of my own existence. . . . I became a mass of quivering fear. After this the universe was changed for me altogether. I awoke morning after morning with a horrible dread at the pit of my stomach, and with a sense of the insecurity of life that I never knew before, and that I have never felt since. . . . It gradually faded, but for months I was unable to go into the dark alone. . . . I have always felt that this experience of melancholia had a religious bearing. . . . I mean that the fear was so invasive and powerful that, if I had not clung to scripture-texts like "The Eternal God is my refuge, etc.," "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, etc.," "I am the Resurrection and the Life, etc.," I think that I should have grown really insane.

[1]Modern Library Edition.

In a letter to his father he wrote:

I think that yesterday was a crisis in my life. I finished the first part of Renouvier's second *Essais* and see no reason why his definition of Free Will—the sustaining of a thought because I choose to when I might have other thoughts—need be the definition of an illusion. . . . *My first act of free will shall be to believe in free will.* For the remainder of the year, I will abstain from the mere speculation and contemplative *Grüblei* (grubbing among subtleties) in which my nature takes most delight, and voluntarily cultivate the feeling of moral freedom, by reading books favorable to it, as well as by acting . . . accumulate grain on grain of wilful choice like a very miser. . . . Not in maxims . . ., but in accumulated acts of thought lies salvation. . . . Now I will go a step further with my will, not only act with it, but believe as well; believe in my individual reality and creative power. My belief, to be sure, can't be optimistic—but I will posit life (the real, the good) in the self-governing resistance of the ego to the world. *Life shall be built in doing and suffering and creating.*

Kallen, reviewing all these evidences of the victory of James in this crisis of his life, says that it was a "self-accomplished psychological reintegration," a new sense of his place in the world and the significance of his attitude toward it, in a word, the attainment of his philosophy. It is equally clear that the other basis of his philosophy was the pioneer spirit of America that gradually conquered a continent—"the spirit of initiative, adventure, risk that realized possibilities and made them come true." Or, as Dr. Crothers said: "James was led by instinct from the

crowded highways to the dim borderland of human experience. He preferred to dwell in the debatable land. . . . He loved the wilderness of thought where shy wild things hide—half hopes, half realities. They are not quite true now,—but they may be by and by. . . . Truth to him was not a field with metes and bounds. It was a continent awaiting settlement. First the bold pathfinders must venture into it. Its vast spaces were indefinitely inviting, its undeveloped resources were alluring. . . . The one thing he demanded was space. His universe must not be finished or closed. . . . Do not those words give us a glimpse of the American mind in its natural working? Its genius is anticipatory. It is searching for a common ground in which all may meet."

With due recognition of the dangerous extreme to which the idea of the will to believe may be carried by credulous and thoughtless people—and no one was more conscious of this possibility than James himself—and without at present considering the special religious and philosophical ideas involved in it, one ought to see how it may be applied to some of the fundamental dilemmas of thought and to social conditions which have been suggested in this chapter, and to others yet to be considered. One is confronted on all sides by the demand that an intelligent man believe nothing that cannot be absolutely demonstrated, by the idea that all faith is synonymous with credulity or illusion.

On the contrary, according to James and to other

philosophers of all ages, he has the right to make certain assumptions and act upon them. He should not surrender to the voice of the cynic or the pessimist. His fear of dupery may be just as fatal as credulity. The words of Clifford express this haunting fear: "It is wrong always, everywhere, and for every one to believe anything on insufficient evidence," but we need also to remember James' retort, "What proof is there that dupery through hope is so much worse than dupery through fear?" We ought to be ready "to act in a cause the prosperous issue of which is not certified in advance." This is the same moral quality which we all call courage in practical affairs. "Simply to deny because we have not indisputable proof, or to fall into the state of acquiescence and indifference, is to miss the tang of heroic and adventurous living."

All of which is to emphasize once more faith as an element in adventurous living. Because it has so often been associated with religion, men have not realized its importance in every other field of living and thinking. The best definition that I have seen in recent years is that of L. P. Jacks, as "reason grown adventurous," or, as another has put it, "reason grown valorous." "This is the essence of faith," says Prof. Mather of Harvard in his *Science in Search of God*, "not merely the *holding* of a belief, or the *making* of an assumption, but more than that, *activity* on the basis of the belief or as a result of the assumption." There was never a worthy thing done in this world that did not have in it the element of faith. Make all

the calculations that one may as to facts and conditions, bring to a particular situation all the logical analysis that one may command, there is still the incalculable, still that which transcends analysis, still the invisible and the unknown element which challenges one's courage and one's faith, and the greater the deed and the greater the hypothesis the greater the adventure. The fact that some unbalanced minds may make this philosophy the basis of fanaticism does not keep wise men from following it. The faith of a James or a Bergson is very different from the faith of a moron.

It is a striking fact that James' colleague, Santayana, who of all modern philosophers has maintained the authority of reason even to the point of the acceptance of absolute determinism, should have in his poetry expressed best this idea of faith as related to action. The same man who said that James did not really believe, but only believed in a man's right to believe that what he believed might be right, that reason bases itself on science for "science contains all trustworthy knowledge," that "faith in the intellect is the only faith yet sanctioned by its results," and that "psychology graduates from literature into science only when it seeks the mechanical and the material explanation of every mental event," wrote a sonnet that is one of the best expressions of the value of faith in human action:

> "O world, thou choosest not the better part.
> It is not wisdom to be only wise,

And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies:
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoking pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine."

IV

The same sort of faith that guided Columbus is evident to-day. Science and machinery have made a new world, a new civilization, and have made new problems, but the same spirit is needed to combat the evils attendant upon such progress. The adventurous leaders of to-day need not suffer by comparison with those who lived in what now seems the heroic age. The scouts of the *Leather-stocking Tales* are not more heroic or resourceful than the pilots of the sky. Lindbergh, descendant of immigrant pioneers with the blood of the Vikings in their veins and heir of all that science and machinery have achieved, is as romantic a figure as any poet ever fashioned; the light that beat upon him has not been dimmed by the simplicity and modesty of his bearing in the days that have followed. Commander Byrd, descendant of Virginia Cavaliers who built Westover on the James,

is now adding to his conquest of the North Pole an exploration of the South Pole that would have found its place in Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

John Muir, who walked and lived in the storm-swept Sierras like a man of the primitive world with an added knowledge of science and the imagination of a poet, is succeeded on the Coast by a Millikan, who in his laboratory parts the atoms until they become a universe of revolving planets and on mountain tops in two continents finds the new cosmic rays that still further make matter seem like spirit; and by George Ellery Hale, who with the use of the hundred-inch telescope at Mount Wilson gives new meaning to Keats' watchers of the skies and is now planning a new telescope that will still further extend the limits of the cosmic universe.

If it be objected that such achievements only serve to emphasize the predominance of the material and scientific tendencies of the age, what shall be said of the development of American architecture? Nothing was cited more frequently a few years ago as an illustration of the barbarism of American taste than the skyscraper buildings in the big cities; an artistic soul like Lafcadio Hearn felt that the buildings of Lower Broadway were like canyons of iron and steel from which he must flee to New Orleans or Old Japan. But architects and builders have so changed the character and quality of towering buildings as to produce entirely different effects, until now it is recognized that they have made real contributions to the archi-

tecture of the world. The sky-lines of New York and other cities present a quite different aspect and lend themselves to etchers and painters. Even so critical a writer as Lewis Mumford says that certain architects have created vast structures which, by sheer mass and proportion and disposition of the parts, sometimes acquire the dignity of great building. "There is nothing in European or American architecture since the seventeenth century to equal in originality of design and in positive distinction the important buildings of the last thirty years."[1] Not less significant is the improvement in suburban architecture, and in landscape architecture and gardening. When individual instances are united with city plans on a large scale, the encouragement is all the greater. The Singing Tower in Florida is a real symbol of what is happening in all parts of the country.

Another illustration of the spirit of adventure is the career of Gutzon Borglum. Born in Idaho and educated in Nebraska, he went to Paris to study sculpture and returned to California to practise his art. Discouraged by the outlook of art in America, he returned to Paris with a view of staying there or in London the rest of his life. One day he got to thinking: isn't there something an artist can do in America, does she just hammer and build? Maybe after all there is something there waiting to be expressed. With characteristic forthrightness he took the next boat for home. His Lincoln statue in the

[1]His chapter on the "Arts" in *Whither Mankind?*

Capitol and the Mares of Diomedes in the Metropolitan were soon recognized as the work of an original artist.

Then came the opportunity to work out on a gigantic scale a monument to the Confederacy on Stone Mountain near Atlanta. The story by Gerald W. Johnson of his conception of the idea, of his partial achievement, and of all the struggles between, is one of the most inspiring stories in American history.[1] "Impossible" is the theme of the story. "Impossible," said the sculptors,—"an insane project that would make him the laughing-stock of the world." "Impossible," said the engineers, to construct any means by which men could work on such a precipitous cliff. "Impossible," said the photographers, ever to make a lens that would throw his design on the mountain 700 feet away. "Impossible," said everybody, ever to get Henry Cabot Lodge and Reed Smoot to put a bill through the Senate authorizing the issue of coins to the amount of two million dollars as a Confederate Memorial. And yet every one of these difficulties was surmounted. Whether we think of him as the engineer, the artist, or the publicist, Borglum's triumph was equally great—at least up to a certain point, when either the lack of sense and patience on the part of the directors or certain personal limitations of the artist, or both, caused the plan to be abandoned, and the artist to be dismissed.

But Mr. Johnson makes clear that, in a larger

[1] *The Undefeated.*

sense, it was not a failure. One supreme moment in the sculptor's life was the unveiling of the head of Lee on January 19, 1924:

> It is a curious fact that he, himself, was now to see his work for the first time from a range of more than fifteen feet. . . . There was scarcely a man who expected to see a real portrait when the flags covering the face were drawn away. They were morally certain that nothing better than a conventional figure could be produced by pneumatic drills on a mountainside. At last the signal was given and the covering flags were swept back. . . . Then from somewhere back in the crowd a hushed, amazed voice spoke up. "My God!" it said, "it *is* Lee." The spell broke, and the roar from the crowd crashed back in echoes from the stone wall. . . . Such moments are what men live for and what artists above all other men live for.

Even this face was later blown off the mountain with dynamite, but all who ever saw it or the models for the other figures that were to compose the design two hundred feet high and 1,300 feet long must feel that here was a partial fulfilment of a vision of a mighty procession moving across that mountain toward its doom. Borglum has enlarged the dimensions of his art. Henceforth there will be another order—the order founded by Borglum, of colossi that are not static, as are those of Egypt, but that are full of life and movement. Even now he has begun another even vaster project in the Black Hills of South Dakota—a national memorial to the pioneers of the West, the gigantic figures of Washington, Jefferson,

Lincoln, and Roosevelt as an integral part of the design. Is there not something in his dramatic art of the same thing that we find in architecture? He is a realization of Whitman's vision—"of a native expression-spirit . . . different from others, more expansive, more rich and free . . . by American personalities, plenty of them."

One other illustration may be cited: If any factor in national life has suffered from criticism it has been higher education. At a time when benefactions have been most lavish and students most numerous, colleges and universities have been most under fire. Those on the inside are quite as well aware as any others of the serious limitations and handicaps of education, but they are not taking the criticism lying down. They are giving most important answers to the critics by initiating definite projects of reform. Orientation courses for freshmen at Columbia, honors courses under the leadership of President Frank Aydelotte of Swarthmore, the working out of related majors and minors in almost all the colleges, the system of comprehensive examinations recently inaugurated at Harvard, the experimental college at the University of Wisconsin under the direction of Meiklejohn—are all evidences of intelligent experimentation and adventure.

Not the least hopeful aspect is the clearing of the intellectual atmosphere—the reaction, as I see it, against the negative spirit that has too often characterized recent thought. Irwin Edman, trained in

the philosophy of Instrumentalism, is far more sensitive than his masters to Plato and the fine arts. In his latest book he is definitely committed to the search for "a religion that utters our loyalty to things of the spirit, a morality that is a programme toward a harmony of life, and an art that is a clear picture of those eternities for which men can clearly continue to care." He knows the value of the revolt against the tight world of tradition, but insists that if we have "exploded factitious idealisms" we must find new sound ones. I do not know wiser words than can be found in his chapters on "Religion for the Faithless," "Patterns for the Free," "Philosophy for the Lawless," "Sentiment for the Cynical."[1] The recent election of Robert M. Hutchins as President of the University of Chicago is an indication that the younger generation in educational leadership has arrived.

[1] *Adam, the Baby, and the Man from Mars.*

III

A NEW TYPE OF BUSINESS MAN

What has been going on quite openly for the last twenty-five years is the spiritualization of business. . . . Material processes—matter itself—are primarily manifestations of an invisible energy. . . . Economic mastery is a continuing cosmic process. . . . The return to the higher priesthood of man's economic conquest of the earth. . . . The gradual emergence of a mystical attitude toward the mastery of the economic environment.

MARY AUSTIN.

To define what Sam Dodsworth was, at fifty, it is easiest to state what he was not. He was none of the things which most Europeans and many Americans expect in a leader of American industry. He was not a Babbitt, not a Rotarian, not an Elk, not a deacon. He rarely shouted, never slapped people on the back and he had attended only six games since 1900. . . . *While he was bored by free verse and cubism, he thought rather well of Dreiser, Cabell, and so much of Proust as he had rather laboriously mastered. . . . All the while he dreamed of motors like thunderbolts, as poets less modern than himself might dream of stars and roses and nymphs by a pool. . . . Because it is an adventure that we have here—the greatest in the world—and not a certainty of manners in an uncertainty of the future, like all of Europe. . . . Our adventure is going to be the bigger because we do feel that Europe has a lot we need. We're no longer satisfied with the log cabin and the corn pone. . . . Why shouldn't one help to create an authentic and unique American domestic architecture? . . . Dismiss the imitation chateaux. . . . I'd certainly like the adventure of trying.*

SINCLAIR LEWIS.

III

A NEW TYPE OF BUSINESS MAN

With Herbert Hoover, an engineer and later Secretary of the Department of Commerce, as President of the United States; with Charles G. Dawes, a banker and but recently Vice-President, as Ambassador to Great Britain; with Dwight Morrow as Ambassador to Mexico, undertaking one of the most difficult tasks of diplomacy; with Owen D. Young and his colleagues, J. P. Morgan and Thomas W. Lamont, all of them leaders in Big Business, just returned from a highly successful unofficial mission to Paris, business may be said to be looking up, even in the political life of America and of the world. One can imagine great disturbance in the shades of those who in the good old liberal days were denouncing the malefactors of great wealth and their domination of government, or the unmitigated joy of the Internationalists and the communists of Europe and Russia as they hail this fresh evidence of the reign of Capitalism in this foremost representative of Western civilization. The House of Morgan with all the forces it represents seated securely on the throne of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns in this new imperialism; the Machine dominant in civilization; the sinister figure of the Secretary of the Treasury pulling the strings of the puppets that do his will!

So it would seem to some, but to others these names with all that they connote suggest quite another story and interpretation—the amazing transformation of business and the changing ideas of the function and methods of government. Consider, for instance, the significance of the personality and career of Owen D. Young, who illustrates as well as any other American of to-day the general theme of this book. He is one of the best examples of a new type of business man. Receiving, and showing throughout his life the effects of, a liberal education—he is one of the directors of Phi Beta Kappa—trained as a lawyer at Harvard and achieving marked success in his profession, he became in time the head of the General Electric Company and identified with other business organizations. He has been quick to apply to industry all the most enlightened methods and principles of the progressive business leaders of the country and has made contributions thereto. It was altogether fitting that he should have made the address at the formal inauguration of the School of Business Administration at Harvard. The words he spoke are the key-note to his own life as well as an expression of the new era in business:

If I were to speak for men of business, which I am none too well qualified to do, it would be to express gratification that business is recognized at last as a profession, and being so recognized by Harvard, becomes a learned profession. If I were to speak for men of learning, which I am less qualified to do, it would be to express satisfaction that

scholars are now to find their way to the market place as they have heretofore to the pulpit, to the law courts, to the hospital and to the forum.

Looking backward, one wonders why our visit for this purpose had been so long delayed. Why is it that the Harvard Business School was not founded until 1908 and not adequately housed until this hour? The medical school was established in 1782, the law school in 1817 and a divinity school in 1819. The education of the ministry, however, may be said to have been a prime object of the foundation of itself, and the chief effort of our earlier years. The founders of Harvard said that they "dreaded to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." Is one to conclude that Harvard was fearful of an illiterate ministry of religion in 1636 and was not apprehensive of an illiterate ministry of business until 1908?

In those words is all the difference between the old and the new era—a recognition of the place of science, of learning, in business leadership. His enlightened views of labor as an element of production and of the rights of labor in modern industry are seen in the entire programme of his own company and in the part he played in the two industrial conferences during President Wilson's administration and as chairman of the Unemployment and Business Cycles Committee under Secretary Hoover. His liberalism in politics was well expressed in a statement giving his reasons for supporting Gov. Smith.

His services on the Dawes Commission had marked him as the man best fitted to serve as chairman of the Reparations Commission from this country and

made inevitable his selection as chairman of the international committee. The successful completion of that task is universally attributed to his leadership. There were times when disaster seemed inevitable; his energy, his tact, his magnetism, his indomitable faith through the long months were the greatest single factor in the solution of the most difficult of problems. But more significant than even the settlement of the reparations problem was the establishment of the International Bank as the agency through which the terms of the settlement could be executed, and furthermore as an agency through which even greater results in international co-operation may be attained. Mr. Young's description of it as a piece of machinery which will make possible an application of capitalism as successfully in the international field as now exists nationally and as so constructed that it will help all countries to expand without hurting the others has been hailed as the most significant event since the Armistice. As *The New Republic* says: "It is a demonstration of the fact that, when confronted by a problem of awe-inspiring difficulty in solving economic factors, man does not have to depend on the unguided operation of unchangeable 'human nature,' proceeding according to 'unalterable economic laws.' He can devise mechanisms and institutions calculated to produce the results he wants." It is generally agreed that the bank will provide an elasticity to international credit and the social control of economic forces.

Thus to a world full of despair and doleful prognostications comes a flash of inspiration. Here may be a clearing-house for world trade, as the League of Nations is the clearing-house for world ideas and the World Court a clearing-house for judicial decisions. And the chief protagonist in this drama returns home without any demonstration such as had been planned for him,—a quiet, modest man who had set forth upon a seemingly hopeless adventure, and found something that went beyond any foreseen calculations.

Just before sailing for Paris, Mr. Young made an address in Dr. Fosdick's church—another illustration, some would say, of the alliance of business and organized religion—outlining his conception of the application of the Golden Rule in business. Modestly admitting that all is not right with business, he claimed that in the last quarter of a century great progress has been made toward the right. The difficulty does not come so much from bad men and bad principles as it does from the difficulty of applying right principles to increasingly complicated situations. The new fact in the best business leaders is the growing sense of trusteeship: one no longer feels the obligation to take from labor for the benefit of capital nor to take from the public for the benefit of both, but rather to administer wisely and fairly in the interest of all.

Nor is Mr. Young alone in his attitude or in his striking career. On October 24, 1928, the Confer-

ence of Major Industries, with the co-operation of the New York Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association of New York, gave a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria in honor of nine pioneers of American Industry,—Henry Ford, Orville Wright, Glenn H. Curtis, Thomas A. Edison, Charles M. Schwab, Julius Rosenwald, George Eastman, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, and Harvey S. Firestone. Introduced to the two thousand guests by President Nicholas Murray Butler in concise and felicitous words, each represented some particular phase of modern industrial development, and the group might be said to suggest the forces that have led to America's prosperity and supremacy. Mass production, mass consumption, the use of scientific research in business, the spirit of invention and initiative, the better relations between employers and employees, higher wages, better standards of living, co-operation in the form of profit-sharing or holding of stocks, philanthropy, the increasing intelligence of the masses of the people—all these characteristic features of the American social and industrial system might be visualized in their careers and their work.

If one imagines a similar gathering of typical captains of industry a generation or more ago, he would find many similarities but even more contrasts. Their biographies and autobiographies, which have appeared in recent years, constitute what Charles A. Beard calls "a chronicle of highly irregular and sometimes lawless methods, ruthless capitalism, menacing intrigues,

and pitiless destruction of rivals." The harmful effect of such men on the social and political life of America can scarcely be exaggerated. They were like the buccaneers and pirates of a former age, the Plugsons of Undershot so denounced by Carlyle. They took advantage of all the natural resources of the country and employed methods of economic strife and political corruption that have long been discredited.

They and their less distinguished counterparts have furnished abundant material for contemporary novelists and satirists. In Dreiser's *The Financier* Frank Cowperwood's first philosophy of life is gained from his watching a lobster devour a squid at the fish market. How he would gloat over it! He concluded that things live on each other, and so must men. He became innately and primarily an egoist, "convinced that great mental and physical force was the prime requisite in business, and that the giants of commerce and money could do as they pleased." Something chemical and hence dynamic—money and love—was uppermost in him and clamoring for expression. But at the height of his pride he realized, along with the glory and the power, "the ashes of Dead Sea fruit"—"an understanding that would neither be inflamed by desire nor satisfied by luxury; a heart that was long since wearied by experience; a soul that was as bereft of illusion as a windless moon."

Just such characters as Cowperwood figure in other novels of Dreiser, in Frank Norris' *The Pit* and *The*

Octopus, in Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* and later novels, in the poems of Carl Sandburg, who, as Amy Lowell said, can never see any virtue in a millionaire. In more serious sociological volumes, the outstanding leader of America, who fixes our values and standards, who walks ruthlessly over the destruction of individuals, groups, and even nations, is the superman of business, the despot of steel and oil and finance. Even Booth Tarkington essayed in *The Plutocrat* to portray the type as seen from the standpoint of some clever sophisticates travelling with him abroad, though at the end of the story he is compared with the Roman type in his "old, old passion for giantism."

A very different type of man is the booster now universally known as Babbitt. Owen Wister in a recently published story, "Safe in the Hands of Crœsus,"[1] has represented the struggle going on in the mind of a young graduate of Harvard between the profession of law and the career of business and advertising as unfolded by the manufacturer of a new standardized food from Los Angeles. The author and his friend, a Frenchman, watch the struggle, both of them having spent the summer in France in the enjoyment of real leisure. The young man sees through the sophistry and the grossness of the millionaire—"the predatory power of his eye, the massive breadth of his brow, his vital hair, his battering-ram expression,"—but he finally yields to his

[1] *Harper's Magazine*, Oct., 1927.

appeal: "Come out and shake hands with Los Angeles. See our city grow overnight. We'll help you make up the time Harvard wasted for you. If these colleges back East don't drop their high-brow stuff and teach our boys how to make money, they'll be dead as Europe." The Frenchman concludes that what the American loves best is publicity and that the hell for the typical American would be "Eternal Privacy."

Now the men to whom I referred are neither supermen nor Babbitts, though there are still plenty of them in all parts of the country. Walter Lippman, in speaking of the "New Capitalism" and of the men who have brought it about, says:

> There is no doubt that the large corporations are under the control of a very different kind of man from what they were when Roosevelt, Bryan, and La Follette were on the warpath. The executive has learned a great deal that his predecessor would have thought was tommyrot. His attitude toward labor, toward the public, toward his customers and his stockholders, is different. His behavior is different. His manner is different. His press agents are different. I am far from thinking he is perfect even now, but I am certain he is far more enlightened and that he will take ever so much more trouble to please. He is no doubt as powerful as he ever was, but his bearing is less autocratic. He does not arouse the old antagonism, the old bitter-end fury, the old feeling that he has to be clubbed into a sense of public responsibility. He will listen to an argument where formerly he was deaf to an agitation. . . . The net result of the new attitude on the part of capital has been to create a new attitude on the part of the public. . . .

> Suspicion has died down. . . . During the last four years the actual prosperity of the public, combined with the greater enlightenment of the industrial leaders, has removed from politics all serious economic causes of agitation.[1]

What they have accomplished in changing the conditions and ideals of business has been set forth at greater length and with many details by a number of experts.[2] Something has happened, they contend: "American business is unlike business anywhere else; it is unlike itself as it was only a few years ago." The World War, the abundance of raw materials, mass production, will not explain America's unprecedented industrial prosperity. The evils of laborism, such as the principle of limiting the quality and the quantity of production, and the evils of capitalism have more and more disappeared as a new era of co-operation and of new economic theories has prevailed. Standardization and mass production have not reduced, as was freely predicted, human beings to the mindless condition of automatons. There has been something here of the faith and adventure that has characterized American progress in other lines.

Essentially this widespread prosperity has been due to the abandonment of the traditional economic theory that wages must necessarily be taken from profits, as if there were a natural wage for labor, meaning the bare living wage. "Something in the

[1] *Men of Destiny*, p. 24.

[2] Tugwell, *Industry's Coming of Age;* Garett, *The American Omen;* Julius Klein, in *Whither Mankind?;* Shipley, *The New Way to Net Profits.*

American mentality and spirit" has brought about a co-operation between employers and employees to increase production and consumption and at the same time to increase wages and profits. Owen D. Young and other industrial leaders have voiced the idea of "a cultural wage—a wage not alone enough to supply every reasonable human physical want, but enough to satisfy the spiritual and mental hunger which we all have." Scientific management has increasingly emphasized the principle that "the human problem in commerce and industry is a major problem," and that whatever tends to increase the individual's power of production entitles him to an increasing share in the profits of business. "The machine now comes rightly to be regarded as an extension of the wage earner's power of production in order that his power of consumption may rise."

There has been a revolution not only in the minds of employers but of employees. The American Federation of Labor, the first labor organization in the world to realize the importance of the factor of production in economic society, at its annual convention in 1925 declared:

> We hold that the best interests of wage earners, as well as the whole social group, are served by increasing production in quantity as well as quality, and by high-wage standards which assure sustained purchasing power to the workers, and therefore higher national standards for the environment in which they live and the means to enjoy cultural opportunities. We declare that wage reductions

produce social and industrial unrest and that low wages are not conducive to low production costs.[1]

II

The most spectacular illustration of all these changes is Henry Ford. Rose Wilder Lane tells of a visit made during the World War to the Ford factory by a Commission from the French Chamber of Commerce.[2] They inspected the huge plant—six thousand machines in operation in one room using fifty miles of leather belting—then the hospitals, the rest rooms, the ventilating system which changes the air completely every ten minutes, the labor-saving devices, and all the other features of this gigantic enterprise. They understood everything, even the extraordinarily high wages, but one thing they could not understand—the reduction of the price of the car when there were more orders than could be filled. Ford said in answer to their bewilderment: "I and my family already have all the money we can possibly use. We don't need any more. I think an automobile is a good thing. I think every man should be able to own one. I want to keep lowering the price until my car is within reach of every one in America. You see that is all I know how to do for my country."

The Commission reported to the French people that this was "the biggest thing they found in America." In that incident, with all its implications, may

[1]Garett, *op. cit.*, p. 183. [2]*Henry Ford's Own Story*, 166 ff.

be found the suggestion of Ford's revolutionary achievements in handling his own business and in influencing other business men. The Ford Motor Company, which the elder Rockefeller calls "the industrial wonder of the world," cannot be understood except by considering the man of whom it is the lengthened shadow. He has his limitations: one would not go to him, as so many interviewers do, for his views of art or education or history. But what man in history has ever said and lived up to such ideas as the following,—ideas in which there is a strange blending of practical and ideal values, of individual and social development?

War between capital and labor is just like any other war. It happens because people do not understand each other. The boss ought to show his books to his employees, let them see what he's working for. They're just as intelligent as he is. They'll use their heads for him. They'll help *him in hundreds* of ways he never would think of.[1]

The only trouble is that people make a distinction between practical things and spiritual qualities. I tell you, loyalty, friendliness, and helping the other man along are the only really valuable things in this world, and they bring all the practical advantages along with them every time. If every one of us had the courage to believe that, and act on it, war and waste and misery of all kinds would be wiped out over night.[2]

Democracy, every man's right to comfort and plenty and happiness, human brotherhood, mutual helpfulness—these are the real practical things. . . . These are the things which will last. I have proved them over and over again

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. vi. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 128.

in my own life. . . . I will spend every ounce of my energy I have, every hour of my life, in the effort to prove it to other people.[1]

In his mammoth plant Ford has had the opportunity, unhampered by any want of capital, to put into operation his ideas of factory management. He put his vast profits back into that smooth, efficient organization in such a way as to help all parts without disorganizing it. His men were to work "quickly, efficiently, without the loss of a moment or a motion, all of them integral parts of one great machine." He meant to consider not only the efficiency but the happiness and comfort of his men. Thence came his plans for sanitation, health, education, five-dollar a day minimum wage. He kept up the bonuses and then introduced profit-sharing. He provided opportunities for homes after a careful survey of conditions by experts. "Every man who works for me," he said, "is going to get a comfortable living. If an able-bodied man can't earn that, he's either lazy or ignorant. If he's lazy, he's sick. We'll have a hospital. If he's ignorant, he wants to learn. We'll have a school."

One can scarcely escape the conclusion of an astute English critic, A. G. Gardiner, that Ford is "a simple emotional visionary . . . but with a genius for manipulating the ponderable things of life—one of those great natural forces that shape the destinies of the world, and there is such a soul of goodness in him

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 183.

that we can hardly doubt that his place will be high among the benefactors of men."[1] A former Socialist candidate for President, after a thorough investigation of the Ford factory, said: "Let others decry him; I will not. He is doing more for the salvation of the working class than any Socialist. . . . I do not care what his theories are. I care everything for facts, and he has them."

But Ford is not alone among the business leaders of this generation. Stuart Chase, who confessedly has tended to view modern business with a somewhat bilious eye—its wastes, its paradoxes, its frequent injustices and absurdities—has recently summed up the gains and new outposts of business and industry in these words: "American industry, with or without the assistance of business, has in the past ten years increased production, increased the real wages of the wayfaring man, reduced the hours of labor, made inroads on the blight of child labor, adjusted for the better the position of women in industry, improved working conditions in the shop, introduced an energetic campaign against industrial waste and loss, and built up purchasing power."[2]

A letter that Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation wrote to President Roosevelt, March 15, 1907, expresses the attitude of enlightened business men to the regulation of corporations by the government:

[1] *Portraits and Portents.*
[2] *Recent Gains in American Civilization*, p. 41.

Notwithstanding I hear from some of my acquaintances who are men of experience and great ability that the present agitation, investigations and prosecutions have a tendency to depress values and slacken prosperity, it is my opinion that sooner or later, probably sooner, the results will be beneficial. I think the attitude of the present administration, as frequently stated in your utterances, is exactly what this country needs. I do not intend to be a hypocrite. If any company in which I am interested is wrong, it must get right. All of us must be measured by the standard of right. The application of this principle, from which as President you have never deviated, is building for you a monument which will be permanent. It is embodied in the sentiment expressed by you: A square deal for all.[1]

I heard not long ago the story of how Judge Gary was told rather bluntly by a distinguished scientist that his company profited less by scientific research into the particular problems of the business than several other larger industrial concerns of the country, notably the Dupont Company. Quick to seize upon any new idea and stung somewhat by the remark, he asked the head of one of the subsidiary companies of the Steel Corporation, himself a well-trained scientific student and executive, to make a thorough investigation of what might be done. The result was that within a few months a regular department of scientific research was established under the direction of one of the leading scientists of an Eastern university.

That story is typical of what is going on in the

[1] *Elbert H. Gary.* By Ida M. Tarbell, p. 193.

leading corporations. There are now six hundred research laboratories in various industries.[1] An even more noteworthy fact was the organization of the Harvard School of Business Administration, which, with some other similar schools not so well financed and organized, is creating a new skilled profession. Who would have thought ten years ago that business men would be looking to universities for the solution of financial problems? If it be objected that this is but another illustration of the fact that practical subjects are now crowding out the more liberal or cultural studies that have been associated with academic instruction, it would be easy to counter with the idea that there is great gain when men of skilled intelligence trained in an academic atmosphere do much to put business on a more scientific basis.

In such institutions and leaders as have been cited —and they might be extended indefinitely—one perceives a distinct change of attitude and type, which gives one the basis of confidence that captains of industry are more aware of their relations to one another and to the general public, and that they have a greater sense of responsibility and a desire for social fairplay and justice. Furthermore, in many of them there is a marked tendency toward an intelligent philanthropy directed toward education and the fine arts, a more humane culture that has regard for the intellectual and spiritual values of life.

[1]See *Pioneers of Industrial Research* for inspiring stories of such men.

III

If American wealth is unprecedented in history, is not American philanthropy also unprecedented? The New York *Times* estimates the total philanthropy of last year as $2,330,600,000—a total of $20,000,000,000 since the war. I doubt if the general public has yet realized the epoch-making importance of Andrew Carnegie's *Gospel of Wealth*, promulgated with the zeal of a crusader some forty years ago. His stern words to his colleagues in business and his forcibly expressed creed that for one to die rich was a disgrace, assume all the greater meaning in light of the fact that he lived up to his preachments and that he died with only a reasonable modicum of his fortune left for his family. The enormous benefactions of Mr. Rockefeller to education, to health, and to the promotion of the social sciences are recognized by even so idealistic a soul as "Æ" as examples of "the planetary consciousness" that he fixed upon as one of the characteristics of America. The significance of such philanthropy and of the numberless gifts of other men cannot be overthrown by the cheap sneers of those who impute all such generosity to self-advertising or to a suppressed conscience due to the manner of accumulating the fortunes.

The most cynical must be impressed with the quality and the extent of the work undertaken by the Rockefeller Foundation as summarized by President George E. Vincent's latest annual report:

During 1927 the Rockefeller Foundation, in disbursing from income and capital $11,223,124, (1) aided local health organization in eighty-five counties of six states in the Mississippi flood area; (2) operated an emergency field training station for health workers in this region, besides contributing toward the support of nine other training centres elsewhere; (3) assisted nine schools or institutes of public health and three departments of hygiene in university medical schools; (4) gave aid to seventeen nurse training schools in nine countries; (5) furnished funds for land, buildings, operation, or endowment to nineteen medical schools in fourteen countries; (6) supported the Peking Union Medical College; (7) paid two million dollars toward a new site for the University of London; (8) helped Brazil to maintain precautionary measures against yellow fever; (9) continued studies of that disease in West Africa on the Gold Coast and in Nigeria; (10) had a part in malaria control demonstrations or surveys in eight states of the Southern United States and in eleven foreign countries; (11) aided nineteen governments to bring hookworm disease under control; (12) contributed to the health budgets of 268 counties in twenty-three states of the American Commonwealth and of thirty-one similar governmental divisions in fourteen foreign countries; (13) helped to set up or maintain public health laboratory services or divisions of vital statistics, sanitary engineering, or epidemiology in the national health services of nineteen countries abroad and in the state health departments of sixteen American states; (14) made grants for mental hygiene work in the United States and Canada; (15) provided funds for biological research at the Johns Hopkins University and aided investigations in this field at Yale University, the State University of Iowa, the University of Hawaii, the Bernice P. Bishop Museum in Honolulu, and certain universities of Australia; (16) helped the League of Nations to conduct study tours or interchanges for 125 health officers from

forty-four countries, to supply world-wide information about communicable diseases, to train government officials in vital statistics, and to establish a library of health documents; (17) provided, directly or indirectly, fellowships for 864 men and women from fifty-two different countries, and paid the travelling expenses of 115 officials or professors making study visits either individually or in commissions; (18) made minor appropriations for improving the teaching of the pre-medical sciences in China and Siam, for the operating expenses of hospitals in China, and for laboratory supplies, equipment, and literature for European medical centres which have not yet recovered from the after-effects of the war; (19) lent staff members as consultants and gave small sums for various purposes to many governments and institutions; (20) made surveys of health conditions and of medical and nursing education in fourteen countries.

Such precedents in wise and comprehensive philanthropy have been followed by men in all parts of the country. Julius Rosenwald's success in establishing the mail-order business upon a sounder financial basis and in working out a comprehensive and effective plan for his employees to share in the profits is not more noteworthy than his benefactions to Chicago and to the University of Chicago that have caused him to be regarded as a foremost citizen of the Western metropolis. Even more far-reaching have been his gifts for the establishment of Negro rural schools throughout the South and for the maintenance of their colleges and universities. More recently he has given $20,000,000 as a permanent endowment for such aid. The wisdom of his benefactions has been

that in every instance his gifts have been conditioned upon the raising of three and four times as much by states or by communities.

The Commonwealth Fund of $38,000,000 established by the Harkness family and their specific gifts to Yale and Harvard, the Russell Sage Foundation, the Duke Foundation, the Juilliard Foundation of $20,000,000 for the promotion of musical study, Otto Kahn's patronage of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the Guggenheim fellowships for the stimulation of scholarly research and creative work, the gifts of G. H. Eastman, Payne Whitney, and George F. Baker, the $10,000,000 Child Welfare Fund established by Senator Couzens, the raising of $20,000,000 as a fund for the promotion of scientific research, are outstanding illustrations of American wealth directed to wise ends. But they are not exceptional. Every American university has its alumni and friends who have made possible remarkable expansion, and almost every community of any importance has had gifts that meant larger opportunities for music, art, and literature. Americans have developed as much real initiative in giving away their money as in making it, and the co-ordination of the work of various boards and foundations is a significant phase of American co-operative plans.

IV

So far I have spoken of men who have been primarily business men and who have served the public

either by administering their business in the most enlightened way, thereby adding to the sum total of human welfare, or have out of their accumulated fortunes promoted the interests of education and culture. Mr. Robert S. Brookings of St. Louis is a man who retired from business at the age of forty-six to spend the rest of his life in distributing the money he had made and in public service. His career up to this time reads like a typical "success story" of one who arose from poverty and by sheer business energy and ability accumulated a comfortable fortune. Then something happened that changed the whole current of his life; he took thought of himself and his future. With every prospect of accumulating one of the large fortunes of the country, he made up his mind that "the greatest satisfaction in life lies, not in accumulating a fortune for a body of trustees to administer, but in playing the most interesting side of the game by administering his own estate in life." To use his own words:

As I had given nearly thirty years of my life to accumulating a comfortable estate, I began to reason with myself as to whether or not developing the Cupples Company and the Cupples Station, and my other interests promising financial returns, had not pretty nearly reached the climax of that sort of satisfaction; and whether, with my expectation of life, I could not get more pleasure out of giving the thirty or more years of such expectation and my money to some constructive public service. I investigated nearly every form of philanthropy, and gave some thought to a political career. I finally made up my mind that the training of men and women for leadership was the one thing

much the most worth while. The dynamic development of modern civilization with its social problems, I felt sure, would need all the trained, intelligent direction which a government by the people could secure—hence the University.

Accordingly he became the President of the Washington University Corporation in St. Louis. He applied to an institution then struggling for a bare existence the qualities of business administration that had made his own success. With his benefactions and those of other citizens of St. Louis personally solicited by him, he secured an attractive campus on the outskirts of the city, put up buildings according to an excellent architectural plan, increased the endowment, and brought together a larger and better faculty and student body He took special interest in the reorganization of the medical school, which now, by the funds given by individuals and the General Education Board, ranks with the best medical schools of the country.

His growing interest in education and his wide reading led him to see the possibility of applying to the business of government the best results of scholarly research. He felt that Washington was the best place for the promotion of such research. He had in mind at first the development of a graduate department of his own university at the Capital, but the idea grew until he saw an even broader national scope for the work. Out of his plans there gradually developed three institutions: the Institute for Government Research, the Institute of Economics, and the Graduate

School of Economics and Government, all finally merged in the Brookings Institution, which was formally incorporated Dec. 8, 1927. He has in all the departments of the work been interested in a national budget system, and in furnishing to members of Congress the best available facts on all public questions, "an assembling and interpretation of economic data which form the basis of national and international policies." It is well known that Mr. Dawes, in his work on the national budget, relied largely on the facts gathered by these various groups of experts, and that the enactment of legislation necessary for reorganizing the numerous bureaus comprising the national administration was made possible by their study of the problems involved. Confidence in the work inaugurated by Mr. Brookings was greatly enhanced by his services as chairman of the Price Fixing Committee during the Great War as well as by his general services as a member of the War Industries Board. The non-partisan character of the work is seen in the fact that he and his fellow workers have served alike the administrations of Taft, Wilson, and Coolidge, and that he has been the trusted adviser of Herbert Hoover.

All of this work has been done upon the principle so well set forth by himself in an appeal to the Carnegie Confederation for additional funds:

> The events of the past ten years, and particularly these of the years since the war, have gone far to emphasize the fact that the many governmental questions are in their es-

sence economic questions. It is clear to-day to thinking men that the basis upon which just settlements must be made as between groups of citizens and as between nations must be *economic*. . . . The situation seems ripe for the inauguration of some agency, competent to collect, interpret, and lay before the country in clear and intelligent form the fundamental economic facts concerning which opinions need to be formed.

And yet, while the emphasis of his public service has been upon economic facts, including questions of capital and labor and of agriculture, he has always subordinated them to the intellectual and moral values implicit in them. Deprived of an education, he is one of the best illustrations of the right kind of self-educated man. He is refined, gentle in manners, at home in any company of scholars and artists. In Rome, where he now spends his vacations, or in any other European capital, he might be considered as an illustration of what America can produce in the way of an accomplished gentleman.

The country during the war learned what business men like Mr. Brookings could do in the service of the government, and there are signs that it may find them useful in times of peace. One of the phenomena of the recent Presidential campaign was that leaders in business held important posts in its management without having their motives impugned. The distinguished services of Ambassador Houghton in Germany and in England are recognized by all Americans. Reference has already been made to the

prominence of business men in the present administration.

The selection of Dwight L. Morrow as Ambassador to Mexico was hailed with almost universal acclaim by a public that ten years ago would have regarded with suspicion any suggestion of the appointment to governmental service of a member of the House of Morgan. His achievements, especially in the solution of the vexing financial and church problems, have clearly vindicated the confidence of the administration and the public. A man of exquisite taste and social charm, interested in the conduct of Amherst and other educational institutions, he represents in the best possible way the business leader in a democracy. In all parts of the country may be found men of similar qualities, men like Norman Davis, Matthew S. Sloan, and Howard Coffin, who completely belie the caricatures that have been so often drawn of men of great wealth.

It may be claimed with justice that an increasing number of business men are cultivated in their tastes and refined in their manners. They would not agree at all with Henry Ford, that music, painting, literature, and architecture are "useless super-refinements," or with his reported remark that he would "not give a plugged nickel for all the higher education and all the art in the world." I know a group of men in New York who are in the habit of meeting at lunch, not to discuss business problems, but to talk in the most intimate way about books and music, public af-

fairs, and even philosophy. I know rather well the members of one of the chief advertising companies of America—all of them college graduates, some of them at one time teachers in leading universities and scholars of great promise. They conduct their business on the highest principles of honor and square dealing, and live in beautiful suburban homes where they find the right use of leisure far away from the noise and routine of a modern city. Frank C. Rand of St. Louis, the president of the largest shoe company in the world, re-read with his sons the classics that he studied in school and college and is as steadfast an advocate of the classics as the late Dean West or the president of the Southern Railway. He is one of the valued trustees of his alma mater, not because he wants to control the opinions of the Faculty but because he is interested in maintaining a citadel of liberal culture.

Such men and their companies are responsible for a more liberal attitude toward their employees, for sounder policies of business competition, for a more considerate attitude to the public as seen in their desire to serve its best interests, for the increasing opportunity of the public to share in their prosperity by investing in stocks and bonds. They may have been brought to this changed attitude by criticism or by legislation, or by that characteristic attitude of English-speaking people to anticipate social changes through adaptation, conciliation, and compromise, but whatever may be the explanation, the new type of

business man emerges from the confusion of the present time. American initiative and progressivism may yet accomplish what has been considered by some radical thinkers as possible only under the form of revolutionary legislation or violence—the more equitable distribution of wealth and the welfare of society as a whole. At least we may cherish the hope —the illusion some would say—that by slow and gradual reform on the part of both constitutional government and individual statesmanship in business we may avoid the dangers that threaten Western civilization. They furnish the patterns, individual and social, by which the future may be shaped. We are fast approaching the realization of what Tugwell calls "a socialization of business without socialism and an organization of society without capitalism."

Consider, for instance, the possibilities in the personality and career of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Inheritor of a vast fortune, he has avoided all the pitfalls that men associate with the sons of the rich. No prince of the golden days ever came into his inheritance with a greater sense of *noblesse oblige*. No laborer in America has worked harder or longer. No believer in the essential spirit of democracy has been more democratic in his habits and tastes, or has avoided more consistently the luxury and social glitter generally associated with the aristocracy of wealth. What is more important, no man has adopted a more sympathetic attitude toward organized labor and its problems; his rather romantic adoption of the garb

and living conditions of the Colorado miners was not a mere gesture of benevolence but the natural expression of his desire to see the other man's point of view. Those who were on the inside of the Industrial Conference in Washington during the administration of President Wilson have testified repeatedly that no man in the conference worked harder or had to a greater degree the respect of the three parties involved in the discussions. He took positions that were a surprise to the laborers and that would scarcely be sanctioned by many industrial leaders. His clear-cut messages to the Senate Committee investigating the oil scandals and his stern policy toward some men prominent in one of his own companies indicated a civic responsibility and a militant conscience characteristic of the best type of public servants. His defeat of Robert W. Stewart in the struggle for the control of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana still resounds throughout the country. It could not have happened ten years ago.

In contrast with Mr. Ford, he has conceived of philanthropy as a means of furthering great causes outside of business interests, and, unlike his father, he has not delegated the bestowal of his benefactions merely to boards of experts, but has rather taken a direct personal interest in every gift that he has made. He is making the distribution of his fortune and income a career that commands his intelligence and his insight as well as his generosity. Think of the variety of his gifts and their timeliness and urgency. He is

not only an interested and intelligent member of the Rockefeller boards, but he has directed large personal gifts to specific ends. It may be a building for the University of Paris to serve the interests of foreign students, or a fund for Egyptian exploration, or the restoration of the colonial town of Williamsburg, Virginia, or the endowment of Hampton, Tuskegee, and Fisk—and these are only a few of his more recent gifts,—but always there is the feeling that he has the will and the ability to develop a technic with which to provide for the needs of his fellow men and a genius for helping to solve human problems. There is simply no way of estimating what such a man may do during the next quarter of a century, not only in the ways that have already been indicated, but in inspiring men to do the same sort of things, in furnishing a model for intelligent and responsible leadership.

V

Even greater possibilities lie in the fact that for the first time in American history a business man, an expert scientist and engineer, is now President of the United States. He is a product of industrial civilization, possessing its mentality, its faith, and its genius. To read the story of his life from 1899 to 1914, is to have a new sense of what American training and methods, machinery and organization, have meant in the development of the most unpromising sections of the world. His mastery through practical experience of

the work of mining, his knowledge of metallurgy and chemistry, his administration of financial and human problems involved in extensive mining enterprises, his study of transportation problems, and his contact with men of all nationalities and races, led to the recognition of him as one of the most eminent engineers of the world. By 1912 he and his colleagues had offices in New York, San Francisco, Shanghai, St. Petersburg, and Mandalay.

Little did he realize how near he was to the realization of his somewhat vaguely expressed desire that he might retire from business and do something for his government, nor in what unexpected way the call would come. After a visit to some Russian mines which he was developing and to some of the European capitals in behalf of the San Francisco Exposition, he was starting home when the Great War came. Commandeered by Ambassador Page to help work out the problem of getting stranded Americans home, he was then approached on the problem of Belgian Relief. What should he do? It will not do to abbreviate the account by Will Irwin of the struggle that went on in his mind. It is the key to all his later life and work:

> For three days he sat with Mr. Page and the Belgians, threshing out details, imagining possibilities. And for three nights he walked the floor, weighing in the balance his own personal perplexities. Between flights to the war zone I was lodging with him as his guest; and waking from war-tortured dreams I used to hear the steady tramp of his feet

on the floor above. I thought then and I think now that never for a moment did he consider refusing this call for service. He was choosing between comparative sacrifice and complete renunciation. His own affairs were in a ridiculous tangle. Two or three weeks before he had said to a friend: "I think I'm broke. Of course, you understand I shan't be in want the rest of my life. I can always earn my living by engineering consultation fees. But as for having anything ahead, so that I may retire in comfort and do what I please—I guess that's over."

. . . If he held on and played out his hand, he stood to win a very great fortune indeed. In his work with mines he had specialized on base metals. He and his associates were in position to command a good part of the zinc and lead minerals in the world. And these, the materials of shells and guns, and airplanes, were becoming as gold. No other American business man had such intimate commercial knowledge of so many countries. Had he cared alone for money and the power that money brings, he might have brought out of the war an enormous fortune,—and without taint of profiteering. Carry that on to the period after the war and it is easy to see that he might have become one of the richest men in the world. . . . As for the bird in the hand, he was one of the leading engineers of the world; from fees alone, he commanded professional income that comes only to leaders. Should he try to keep a hold on part of his business, or let them all go? That, I think, was his quandary. . . . If he remained in business the charge that he was looking for concessions and advantages would hang round his neck like a millstone. Moreover, this thing would demand every energy he had.

On the fourth morning he came down to breakfast with his accustomed mien. We were alone in the dining room. He bade me good morning, poured and sweetened his coffee, looked up and said: "*Well, let the fortune go to hell!*"[1]

[1] *A Reminiscent Biography of Herbert Hoover*, p. 134.

What this momentous decision meant as it led him from step to step during the next five years is known of all men who do not forget, or who are not blinded by partisanship. The full story of the Belgian Relief Commission, of the Food Administration during and after the War, and of the Supreme Economic Council makes one of the most inspiring chapters in the history of civilization. The mere statistics of funds handled, lives saved or strengthened, nations and races involved, are staggering. The efficiency of organization always resting on the volunteer basis rather than on force or law, the morale of those who worked with their "Chief," the delicate and firm handling of every conceivable diplomatic situation, are only surpassed by the spirit of sympathy that was the governing motive of the vast enterprises whether they were concerned with the giving of bread, or the prevention of disease, or the restoration of economic life and order. If he became, as the late Frank Cobb of the New York *World* said, "the greatest administrator that the world has ever seen," he was also, by the scale of his operations, the greatest humanitarian of all time. The most finished product of an age of science and machinery, he gave evidence of moral and spiritual qualities that transcend all technic. He became

> "On fortune's crowning slope
> The pillar of a people's hope,
> The centre of a world's desire."

So he seemed in 1919 when he returned to his

home at Palo Alto for rest from his long labors. Despite his reduced capital and the flattering financial offers that came to him from all sides, he did not hesitate to accept from President Harding the secretaryship of the Department of Commerce—at that time the least important place in the President's Cabinet. He had been known in his early engineering days as "a great doctor of sick companies" for he knew how to diagnose the trouble and put them in a prosperous way. He took "a dead, rudimentary department, whose importance no one else recognized," and transformed it into "a major agency for increasing and stabilizing our national economic life." He knew what it was to work without precedents in a field for which he was fitted by his experience and observation. Space does not permit even a summary of his various activities: his widening of foreign trade through expert knowledge of actual conditions at home and abroad, his fundamental handling of the problem of unemployment by enlisting the support of every agency involved, his efforts to bring about simplification in manufactured products so as to reduce the variety of non-essential rather than essential sizes and forms, his elimination of waste in production and distribution by a policy of co-ordination and co-operation, his organization of radio and airplane service on a sound basis, his establishment of bureaus of information helpful to exporters and importers in Washington and in many local offices. In a word, he knows as well as any of the men mentioned in this

chapter the intricate problems of mass production and all other features of modern business.

And all this he has done, not by legislation or force; it is this fact that distinguishes his type of efficiency from the German type. His philosophy is all summed up in the sentence, "Almost any human problem can be settled if you can get all the interested persons in one room and make them talk it over." That is why manufacturers have agreed to so many of his suggestions and why so many labor leaders know that his plans for raising the standards of living and for removing the evils of unemployment are wise and just. He has thought out, as perhaps no other man, the relations between individual initiative, group co-operation, and government aid. Thoroughly committed to the American spirit of individualism in industry, he knows that the national government can be of help in suggestion and in furnishing every sort of expert information.

Does it seem sometimes as if the President's main emphasis is on material prosperity, as if he thought that that magic word was not only the most effective campaign slogan but really the great desideratum of the American people? Have we got no further than the full dinner pail or the full garage? Do bungalow houses and enamelled bathtubs, radios and movies, now within easy reach of the working classes, represent the height of civilization? After all, was not his work with the Belgians and other Europeans and later with the Russians to relieve their bodies rather

than their souls, to satisfy their hunger for bread and not their hunger for art and beauty?

So it seems to many liberals and artists. But his answer would come quick and hot: "The moral and intellectual progress of the Nation is not the offspring of poverty or low living standards. . . . The opportunity for education and the growth of understanding are the products of economic progress—not of economic degeneration. Devotion to economic improvement whether in individual effort or in improved methods enlarges the field of leadership; it is not a stimulant of idle or luxurious living."

And those who have followed his career and read without prejudice his utterances know that moral and spiritual values are the nearest to his heart, that economic prosperity is a means to an end rather than an end in itself. When he brings about a nation-wide movement for better homes, more convenient and more beautiful, he is thinking about the families that may make them centres of light. When he heads a committee for the raising of $20,000,000 for the endowment of scientific research, he is thinking of pure science as well as applied. It was significant that Stanford University should have been chosen as the place of his acceptance speech, for his alma mater has been through all the years of his wandering the centre of his interest and affection. He is the best illustration of all that has been said of the new type of business man.

IV

THE OTHER SIDE OF MAIN STREET

To one born and bred there, a town may be less a force than a fragrance. . . . The two words "Portage Wisconsin" have become for me mesmerized, as have certain words of power in which orientals and others find potency, words which through immemorial repetition by the devout have become charged. . . . They do something which the words "Vienna," "Paris," "Pasadena," and "Calcutta" cannot accomplish. . . . May it not be that one born and bred in a town, and rooted there by ties, by houses in which one has lived, by first school, and by a grave—may it not be that such an one does actually see that town heightened, drawn through into deeper perception, adjusted to contacts not only of the eye and the memory, but of other and far more sensitive cells and powers? . . . And now I wonder whether there is here involved a consideration not of emotion, not of the group soul—but rather of a new physics intimating that love-association does actually unveil properties and perhaps surfaces unknown to the sense of the casual passerby.

ZONA GALE.

IV

THE OTHER SIDE OF MAIN STREET

One of the joys of living is finding exceptions to rules and individual instances that belie generalizations. It is not at all a tragedy, as Herbert Spencer thought, to have a fact destroy a theory. To one in an expectant and curious mood the surprises that one meets here and there in the American scene constitute a perpetual delight. I have often wished that somebody would be as assiduous in collecting Americana of a more favorable character as *The American Mercury* is in presenting every month evidences of the stupidity and fanaticism of These States. From hidden places in provincial newspapers, from conversations with less obtrusive people, from observations of individuals rather than conventionalized types, might come revelations that would be less ridiculous and less portentous.

John Cowper Powys, an Englishman who has travelled and lectured so long and extensively as to become almost a naturalized citizen, has well said, in answer to some of the typical criticism of America, "The worst things in this country are emphatic and impressive; the best things imponderable and fluid." He writes of "those intangible things that touch most intimately the life of the spirit—those aspects of American life that are less solid than bricks and mor-

tar, less obvious than bridges or railroads." It is of some of these things that I wish to write in this chapter. It is well sometimes to narrow one's perspective: instead of trying to solve national and international problems, to see groups and individuals and communities that may by even their uniqueness have the potentiality of changing the large world of which they are parts.

These are some of the contrasts one may find as he travels in different parts of America:—

To read the satires on the Four Hundred of New York and then to meet Mrs. John Henry Hammond, great-granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, a social leader of rare charm and distinction, the friend and patroness of struggling artists, and an interpreter of the best poetry— To read the satires on college professors—"anemic priests mumbling their trite critical commentaries"—and then to know Chauncey B. Tinker, an authority on the Age of Johnson, the favorite teacher of Yale freshmen, and a pillar of the Anglo-Catholic church of New Haven, or to realize that William E. Leonard is at Wisconsin, Robert Frost at Michigan or Amherst, Lovett and Herrick at Chicago, Copeland and Dean Pound at Harvard— To read certain diatribes on standardization and advertising, and then to see the work of the Churchill Weavers at Berea, Kentucky,—mountain women under the guidance of an expert trained in India and Japan weaving garments that would have delighted the soul of Ruskin; or to find in Louis-

ville Mary Cummings with her two hundred working women who are treated as members of a family making artistic dresses from individual designs, and in her leisure moments writing poetry that is more like that of Emily Dickinson than any poetry that is now being written and that is yet individual enough to stand on its own merits.

To have in mind some quite natural generalizations about Texas and to meet in Dallas the group of literary men connected with the *Southwest Review* and the Dallas *News*, or Elmer Scott, who as secretary of the Civic Federation has made Dallas one of the centres of adult education in America, and who has been one of the chief supporters of the Little Theatre, the Open Forum, the Institute of Social Workers—a free and enlightened personality without a touch of the professional uplifter— Or to come to some well defined opinions about Georgia, and then to be in Atlanta when the Metropolitan Opera Company with all its star performers is giving its week of concerts in the crowded city auditorium; or to visit Miss Berry's school for mountain boys and girls and see them in their workshops, recitation rooms, sunshine cottages, and the beautiful Sir Christopher Wren chapel—potential citizens destined to play a part in the development of the mountain regions of America.

Who would expect to find James Branch Cabell in Richmond, or Sherwood Anderson editing two papers in Marion, Virginia, and celebrating the glory

of the country town in his latest volume[1]; or the president of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co. reading his favorite authors, Shelley and Anatole France; or a Little Rock lawyer writing an important book on *Renaissance Masters;* or a school-teacher in an obscure Tennessee village reading with a group of his fellow townsmen Norton's translation of the *Divine Comedy;* or the president of the University of Kentucky taking up landscape painting as a side-line for the enrichment of his vacations; or Professor Carver of Tuskegee Institute discovering some hundred products that may be made from sweet potatoes and peanuts; or a farmer in the Cochella Valley—the last outpost of the desert in California—talking nearly all of one night about William James and Santayana, under whom he had studied in that golden period of the mind at Harvard?

Would anybody have thought ten years ago that 50,000 people would buy Robinson's *Tristram;* or that nearly 100,000 would buy Ernest Dimnet's *Art of Thinking;* or that the Theatre Guild would now have 30,000 subscribers in New York and an almost equal number in a half-dozen other cities, and that because of the high standards of its performances it would be called by the critical St. John Ervine "the most important theatrical organization in the world"; or that Hoboken would become the latest "Seacoast of Bohemia"; or that Yale University would become through its dramatic school under the direction of

[1] *Hello Towns.*

George P. Baker one of the chief influences on the contemporary theatre?

Just when one is rejoicing in such individual instances—and they might be easily multiplied from the experiences of many others—he is apt to be reminded that, after all, they have such little influence on their communities or institutions. What is the truth about the communities of America, and especially about those that lie outside the more metropolitan centres? There was a time when most Americans would have agreed that the strength of America was the village. "It lay," as Carl Van Doren has said, "in the mind's eye neat, compact, organized, traditional: the white church with tapering spire, the sober schoolhouse, the smithy of the ringing anvil, the corner grocery, the cluster of friendly houses; the venerable parson, the wise physician, the canny squire, the village belle, gossip, atheist, idiot; jovial fathers, gentle mothers, merry children; cool parlors, shining kitchens, spacious barns, lavish gardens, fragrant dawns, and comfortable winter evenings."[1]

The village and countryside were enshrined in the idyllic pictures of Whittier's "Snowbound" or the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, but now we see them in the gray and disenchanting light of "Tillbury Town" or "North of Boston." The happy songs of labor give way to the melancholy questionings of "Caliban in the Coal Mines" or the moanings of young women in the factories. Whitman could

[1] *Contemporary American Novelists*, p. 5.

hear all America singing as he visualized in his dithyrambic words the contented masses; not so his successors, Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters, who live in the smoke and steel regions of the West.

Something has happened, and yet not enough to dim the vision of Vachel Lindsay or of those who believe that with all the disillusionment there has come, partly by reason of criticism and revolt, a new civic consciousness, a new co-operative effort in health, in education, in recreation, in art, in the right use of leisure, that will bring about a renaissance in the community life of America. One who does not see a wide-spread improvement in the architecture of homes and schools, colleges and churches, or who has not noted a growing interest in music, in folk theatres and dances, in various forms of adult education, in all that constitutes community welfare, is—simply blind.

The genial essayist of Cambridge, so lately departed, used to return from his journeys to and fro in America with a sense of exhilaration. He got the impression that a great many things needed to be improved, but that there are a vast number of eager and right-minded people on the job. He could never quite understand why others found such a desolating sense of moral aridity, undue nervous tension, morbid self-consciousness, a furtive interest in the forbidden, a fierce absorption in business. If he found some towns dull, they were "amusingly dull, deliciously dull with all manner of delicate varia-

tions in their dulness," and this he accounted a delightful discovery. He concludes that the American novelist of the future must have a wide hospitality for that which is still hopefully unfinished; he will have an appreciation for that which is still in the rough.[1]

It is scarcely necessary to suggest the answer of the contemporary writers who have led and followed the revolt against the village. Ever since the publication of the *Spoon River Anthology* and *Main Street*, novelists, poets, sociologists, have been busy tearing the mask from similar communities. "The roofs and walls of these towns are gone, and the passers-by have seen into every bedroom; the closets are open, and all the skeletons have rattled; brains and hearts have unlocked themselves and set their most private treasures out for the public gaze." Some men have written with sarcasm and irony, others with malice and deviltry.

Of a distinctly less bitter tone is Charles Merz' *The Great American Bandwagon.* It is an exaggerated "study of exaggerations." "Show us something that everybody else is doing, and we are off again—on our way to a ringside seat or a college degree, a church drive or a murder trial." When the bandwagon lumbers down the street we hop aboard it. We have the same good roads that Rome had, but instead of Roman arches we have filling stations—

[1]Crothers, "The Unfailing Charm of Some Novels," *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1928.

each the product of a national art, perfected and unchanging; we have scenery that is alluring and magnificent if we had only the time to see it as we rush through the land. It is the sweet land of secrecy with its 800 secret orders and their 30,000,000 members. The radio is the "National Tom Tom"—why not one silent night a week? The soda fountain is the new American Bar, where one-half billion's worth of soda water washes its way annually into the American stomach. Bigger and better murders fill the newspapers, while the craze for education leads to diploma correspondence and extension lectures and radio talks on apartment house management, practical table service, bond salesmanship, and bee-keeping. Suburban architecture under the stimulation of realtors leads to standardization and imitation of everything foreign. Business has discovered beauty, especially in the form of bathing beauties at Atlantic City, furnished by all the cities of America. All Americans go to Europe; the Leviathan is the latest model of the covered wagon. 20,000,000 people go to the movies every day, and they all celebrate an infinite variety of weeks and days in which propaganda is exploited. What fools we are!

Even the most bitter satirists and cynics have their more sentimental moods—witness Theodore Dreiser's *A Hoosier Holiday* and *A Book About Myself*, in which he actually grows sentimental about Riley and some of the incidents of his boyhood. He to whom politics is a low mess, religion a ghastly fiction, com-

merce a seething war, and woman nothing more than a two-legged biped like the rest of us, can write: "Yet for the dream's sake I would like to see the Republic live on. Its people, in spite of their defects and limitations, sing at their tasks. There are dark places, but there are splendid points of light too. Dream on! Believe! You may vanish as have other great dreams, yet even so, what a glorious, an imperishable memory!"

Alfred Kreymborg in one of the most interesting of American biographies[1] tells of his surprise at finding the American Main Street so responsive to his puppet shows and poetry as he goes like a troubadour from town to town. A vision came to him of an era, even in dollar-ridden America, not unrelated to the troubadour era of the Middle Ages in Europe. He learned to search for the finer and more hopeful aspects. At Salt Lake City he found that Yeats, Witter Bynner and Padraic Colum were in the same series of lectures, and in Los Angeles he saw and heard Vachel Lindsay do the seemingly impossible thing with an audience of a thousand women. When he met Sinclair Lewis in Paris, he challenged him to a debate on Main Street. He was as enthusiastic over his discovery as he was when he found that the sonnet offered as adequate a medium for the expression of his genius as free verse.

[1] *Troubadour.*

II

I think I may claim to have had some experience with Main Street. I was born in an obscure village in Southwest Arkansas that has since become a deserted village because a railroad chose one of its neighbors to boom. I went to school in a Tennessee village—Bell Buckle its name—that was not half so interesting as Sauk Center; no Carol Kennicott would ever have had a dream of any possibilities. I taught in a denominational college in North Carolina, the main building of which was scarcely different in architecture from that of the tobacco warehouses and factories that almost surrounded it. I then taught in the State University, which was situated in a village of dilapidated stores and ramshackle houses and whose inhabitants made their meagre living off somewhat impecunious professors and students. The state was then laughed at as the Rip Van Winkle among the states, not even yet awake; its most ambitious citizens got away as soon as possible. As a missionary of culture I made commencement addresses under bush arbors to the accompaniment of braying donkeys and squalling infants, and lectured to women's clubs whose members discussed all the writers from Homer to Kipling between spoonfuls of ice cream. As a citizen I rode one night—the darkest of all nights—to make a speech on a proposed bond issue for good roads to a dozen citizens, ten of whom voted in the negative after my colleague and I had pathetically re-

lated our experience in driving in a buggy over the worst road in the state. At another time, I took part in an educational campaign for a four-months school term when we were not quite certain that it was worth any child's time to go even for that limited time to some of the schools that were provided.

Does not this experience qualify me as an expert? And yet that is not the whole truth. I did not, like Walter Page and many of my colleagues, go away from such conditions, nor did I have the genius to turn the types of character I encountered and the meagre background into immortal satire or sentimental romance. And I have lived to see wonderful changes in the most unpromising conditions. The Webb School, then unknown, has sent well trained classical scholars to Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, even to Oxford, and they did not suffer by comparison with those trained anywhere else. Durham is now the site of Duke University which, by reason of the large benefactions made by the Duke family, is now constructing buildings that will be outstanding examples of Gothic architecture on this continent and is drawing to its faculty men as eminent as Prof. William MacDougal. Chapel Hill has become almost a model village, connected with the outside world by the best of roads, and is the home of a group of dramatists and playwrights, critics and scientists, who have made the University known throughout the nation.[1] North Carolina, which Henry

[1]See the author's "Scholars and Critics of Chapel Hill," in *The Advancing South.*

James found a desert with only Biltmore as an oasis, has become one of the most prosperous and enlightened commonwealths in the Union.

Such things do not just happen. Some people were there all along who saw the possibilities and dreamed dreams. They may have smiled at the crudities of life and character, they may have suffered from the obstacles and the long hard ways the pioneers had to go, but they never lost hope nor the spirit of adventure. My experience is not exceptional. All over this land there are communities that belie the generalizations that have been so freely made. Greenwich and New Haven, Middletown and Williamstown, Northampton and Brookline, do not suggest decadence nor "the ashes of New England culture." William Allen White's sketch of Emporia takes some of the sting out of the jibes at Kansas and the corn belt, and his remarkably beautiful characterization of his daughter snatched away in the glory of young girlhood supplements, if it does not refute, the revelations of the younger generation.[1]

III

Consider Nashville, for instance, the city in which I spent my college days and where I have lived for seventeen years. It has suffered greatly from the slighting remarks, almost casual, of men who never saw it. Matthew Arnold cited it along with other American cities as a citadel of Philistinism. Another

[1] *The Editor and His People.*

English poet, Robert Graves, in a eulogy of John Crowe Ransom's poetry spoke of the terrible handicap from which the poet had suffered from living in a city the very mention of whose name was calculated to provoke a smile similar to that which comes on the face of an Englishman when one mentions Pimlico on the vaudeville stage. O. Henry in one of his best stories, "The Municipal Report," wrote about the smoke and dirt and the factories in such a fashion as to arouse the indignation of the Chamber of Commerce to white heat. The average American has not differentiated it from the far more famous village of Dayton in the mountains.

And yet one of the greatest classical scholars of the Midwest has said more than once that he has only one illusion left—Nashville—and that many visits to the home of his earlier days has not shattered it. A leading New York clergyman, who spent a week there several years ago delivering a series of lectures that has since become famous, said to the Southern Society of New York that he and his wife had often said that they could wish for no happier old age than to spend their last days in Nashville. The English poet, Robert Nichols, who spent several days in the outskirts of the city when the dogwood and the redbuds and the iris were in bloom, exclaimed, "England and Greece combined." Hugh Walpole, Chesterton, and Tagore have written in their memories of America passages about Nashville that have brought joy to the inhabitants. Those who have lived

there for many years are quite confident that for natural beauty, for social charm, and for a rather diffusive culture, it is no mean city.

They would have to confess that there are some features of the city and that some things have happened which would give ample justification for criticism. No city in the country has suffered more from the dirt and smoke that at times infest it. There are ugly buildings and sites and streets that would raise the inquiry as to whether there is any civic spirit, or anybody cares. If there are any more blatant billboards of advertising I have not seen them. The Parthenon, which is justly the pride of the city, is adjacent to the ugliest of railroad shops. The Capitol, which, with the exception of a tower stuck on the top by the insistence of a committee without taste, is one of the best specimens of ante-bellum architecture, was until recently surrounded by shacks that were a disgrace.

I have seen the largest auditorium in the city packed with an audience that applauded every sentence of William Jennings Bryan's address on the Bible, which probably had something to do with the passing of the anti-evolution law, and at another time an even larger audience that was completely under the spell of Billy Sunday. Some representative citizens not long ago held a meeting of protest against an article of Meade Minnigerode's in which he had intimated that the wife of Andrew Jackson did not have the culture and the social charm of Martha

Washington or Dolly Madison; one indignant orator exclaimed that if he had the pistol that Jackson used in a famous duel he would take vengeance on the author of the slander. The homicide record of the city is second only to that of Memphis. Within the past few years an atrocious lynching took place that aroused the citizens to a determined effort to find the guilty persons, but nothing ever came of it. Speeches are sometimes made at the annual meeting of the Manufacturers' Association that sound the note of a half century ago in their attitude toward industrial problems.

Such would be the report on Nashville if one were looking for the unfavorable aspects alone. But there is another story. The same auditorium that rang to the applause of Bryan has been filled repeatedly with audiences just as enthusiastic over the concerts of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, now in the ninth year of a very commendable existence, or over better known orchestras of the larger cities. I have seen it filled with audiences to hear Walter Hampden or Fritz Leiber in Shaksperian performances. The shacks that surrounded the Capitol have been removed, and the War Memorial Building of classic proportions constructed with beautiful gardens surrounding it. The Parthenon situated in Centennial Park is an exact reproduction of the original with the pediments restored by well-known sculptors. Scarritt College—an institution for the training of Christian missionaries and social workers built by the Meth-

odist Church!—is one of the best pieces of Gothic architecture in America, its tower at once a thing of beauty and a sentinel of the spirit. And the Methodists, stimulated by this example, are building a church of the same type.

Outside of the smoke belt the hills afford the background for some of the most beautiful homes in America. The old Belle Meade estate, the best of the ante-bellum days, has been broken up into a suburban section of rare beauty. In another direction on one of the numerous roads that radiate from the city is the Hermitage, which by reason of its architecture and its furniture as well as its historical associations has become one of the shrines of the country, in many ways more impressive than Monticello. In still other directions are large stock farms that are bringing back to Middle Tennessee some of the prestige in fine cattle that characterized this section in ante-bellum days.

Nashville, it should be said, is not so prosperous an industrial city as Birmingham or Atlanta or Memphis; it has had no boom, nor does it have any large industrial plants, except the Dupont rayon industry some twelve miles away. The wealth is better distributed than in most cities. All the business "service" clubs are here with their usual mixture of boosting, standardized foolishness, and really good intentions and public service. It has many of the characteristics of Zenith City—but with a difference.

The leading banker, who might serve as the model for a typical success story of a man who without

schooling and from humble beginnings has amassed a fortune and has great power, would, if you met him in business transactions, appear a hard-boiled business man, but if you left his office with him at one o'clock, as is his custom, and had dinner with him in his colonial home some six miles from his office, and if you then rode with him in his old-fashioned buggy over his farm of a thousand acres—a farm as beautiful in its location and in its cultivation as can be found in America, and which he personally directs —you would soon come close to the heart of a man who has found the right use of his leisure and who talks with you as you ride along on questions of universal interest with an intelligence and a poise that the best educated man might envy. When you return with him to his home you may sit for hours in the evening with him and his cultivated wife reading and talking about books. Emerson and Jefferson, you find, have been his chief inspiration. Last summer he read every line of the poetry of John Milton. With a merry twinkle in his eye he informs you that he read one night Milton's account of Satan's journey from Hell through Chaos to the new earth. The next morning he read the story of Lindbergh's flight to Paris, "and, do you know, Milton wrote the best account of his flight." Such contemporary values does he find in the old classics. At another time he will tell you of reading Homer, or Dante, or the life of Pasteur or Osler, or the essays of Bacon. He is one of the few men, I dare say, who ever read the

Harvard Classics entirely through. While he is an individualist in his temperament and point of view—he rarely mingles in so-called good society though his home is a centre of real hospitality—he is a patron of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra and the chairman of the executive committee of Peabody College. He has long been an independent in politics, though he is old enough to have memories of Reconstruction days.

Such a type is perhaps rare in any community, but there are other business men in Nashville who have something of his spirit—men who travel a great deal in this country and abroad, who read books, especially biography and history. Nashville has a group of lawyers who have maintained the best traditions of the old-time Virginia lawyer as portrayed by Thomas Nelson Page. A judge of the Court of Appeals is president of the Tennessee Historical Society and a reader and writer of history of real distinction. An English professor reads every year to his classes papers written by another leading lawyer on Pepys' *Diary* and Boswell's *Johnson*, so scholarly and so brilliantly written they are. The leading lawyer of the city has a knowledge of the classics that he did not suffer to die with his graduation from college and an appreciation of English literature that he is passing on to his son just entered college.

Professional men and business men unite with university professors in maintaining some half dozen men's clubs of twenty members each that meet fort-

nightly to have dinner together and to consider, under the leadership of some one of the members, some question of vital importance—literary, scientific, social, religious. I do not know any community of its size that has so many of this type of club. The variety and freedom of opinion found in them have been a real contribution in breaking the supposed uniformity of Southern thought.

The Centennial Club for the women has crystallized the work that has long been done by smaller groups or clubs devoted mainly to literary discussion. It has been the means of bringing to the community the best results and methods of the General Federation and has been free from some of the fads of the feminist movement. Musicians of note, artists, social reformers, and more particularly the most eminent writers of England and America, have made the annual programmes of the Club a distinct factor in the cultural life of the city. Tagore, Chesterton, John Masefield, Hugh Walpole, Yeats, "Æ" Russell, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, John Erskine, Edwin Markham, Carl Van Doren, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Henry S. Canby, Thornton Wilder, Robert Frost, have been among the outstanding men who have appeared before large audiences. Nor has the Club failed to do honor to the group of Nashville poets known as the Fugitives, who have often acted as hosts of smaller literary parties to their more distinguished confrères. Rumors of wit combats and readings lasting on to the small hours of the morning have become a tradition of the city.

A striking fact about this group of poets and critics is that they are all natives either of Middle Tennessee or of adjacent states. John Crowe Ransom is the son of a Methodist itinerant preacher, Donald Davidson the son of a country school-teacher, Allen Tate the descendant of a well-known Kentucky family, Merrill Moore the son of a much beloved historian and romantic novelist, and so on through the group. They are a good illustration of what can come from the co-operation of a group of men different in temperament and in creative ability and yet alike in their essential similarity of aim and in their criticism of each other's work. Every one of the original group has become well known either as a poet, as a critic, or as a scholar.[1] They have co-operated with Donald Davidson in making a literary supplement of the Nashville *Tennessean* that has maintained real critical standards.

The fact that they are all, either as teachers or alumni or students, connected with Vanderbilt University suggests the importance of an educational institution in a community like Nashville. Vanderbilt's College of Arts and Sciences has for more than fifty years maintained high standards of admission and graduation; its medical department is now recognized as one of the most thoroughly equipped and endowed medical schools in the country, and the School of Religion has for many years been a citadel

[1]For a fuller discussion of the group see the author's *The Advancing South*, p. 199.

of liberal thought. With resources amounting to more than $25,000,000 it has become an institution of great strategic importance. Under the leadership of Chancellor J. H. Kirkland, who is as different as possible from the popular conception of the college president as set forth in a recent novel, it has not only grown in power, but has resisted the influence of dominant political and ecclesiastical ideas in this section.[1] Its answer to the anti-evolution law was to build well-equipped laboratories of biology, geology, and physics with the theory of evolution as the working basis of all who are working in these departments. The George Peabody College for Teachers is now the leading institution in the South for the higher training of teachers. More than half the student body for the present summer term are graduate students; superintendents, principals, supervisors and specialists in their respective fields of learning may be said to dominate the present wide-spread development of public education. Ward-Belmont, the largest junior college for women in America and especially notable for its English and music departments, draws students from Maine to California.

There is no place in which Negroes have a better opportunity for development than in Nashville. Fisk University for the academic and professional training of a constantly increasing number of those who are seeking higher education is now, under the presidency of Robert Elisha Jones and under the pat-

[1]See *The Advancing South*, chapter VI.

ronage of large educational boards and philanthropists, prepared to do the best type of work and is at the beginning of a great expansion. Meharry College, the one institution for the training of Negro doctors, has recently been moved into proximity with Fisk, with which it is to be affiliated in a work of greatly enlarged proportions. The general prosperity of the race is attested by a large number of business men and professional leaders of light and leading in the community.

In a word, Nashville has now become a city of great promise; that it will become more and more a community in which material prosperity is combined with intelligence, culture, and art must be evident from this partial survey of its achievement. Even in the fine arts, in addition to what has already been said as to architecture, there is decided hope for the future. The Southern Conservatory of Music, under the leadership of Signor De Luca, draws students from all parts of the country and has through its faculty connections with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Nashville has produced two sculptors, Mrs. Nancy Cox-McCormick and Belle Kinney, who have won national recognition, the former for her well-known portrait bust of Mussolini and the latter for her work on the Parthenon and in creating monuments for her native city.

PASADENA

William James, writing to his brother Henry in 1895, expressed his enthusiasm for California scenery and climate: "Really a miracle, Utopia . . . Perfection of weather. In short, the simple life with all the essential higher elements thrown in as communal possessions," and then added, "The drawback is, of course, the great surrounding human vacuum—the historic silences fairly ring in your ears when you listen—and the social stupidity." This same note has sounded constantly in what has been written about California. One is prepared to understand the widespread prejudice against Los Angeles, which has become synonymous with Babbittry, real estate boosting, Hollywood, Aimee McPherson, all sorts of fads and fancies of philosophy and religion. It is the Middle West raised to the *n*th degree of mediocrity and Philistinism, the middle-class heaven, "a completely motorized civilization." I suppose there is no place that on its surface gives one the impression of so many of the major vices of our democracy—its advertising, its mad scramble for wealth, its incessant boasting and boosting.

And yet one is constrained to say, as so often in thinking about America, that where sin abounds, much more does grace abound. To one who is detached enough to see the basis for the popular impression and yet has been permitted to share somewhat intimately the social life of Los Angeles and its sub-

urbs, there comes a more favorable impression. Even Hollywood with its sensational and hectic life he knows to be the scene of the Bowl concerts given during the summer months by a great symphony orchestra under some of the foremost conductors of America to ten thousand or more gathered in the open air. Not far away America's version of the Passion Play is presented night after night, while at San Gabriel one may witness the Mission Play, presenting in a graphic and artistic way the romantic history of Father Junipero and his colleagues, who introduced their religion to the Indians and built those temples whose very ruins have played an important part in the architecture of the region. The development of such suburban districts as Beverly Hills and their canyons, the palisades around Santa Monica, the buildings of the southern branch of the University of California in one of the most picturesque spots of America, the new municipal hall and public library of Los Angeles, the particularly fine architecture of the University Club and the Friday Morning Club—all these are evidences of an improvement in public taste that augurs still greater things when Los Angeles shall have become one city from the ocean to the mountains.

If the reader regards this as a somewhat roseate view of the city, let him consider Pasadena, surely a community that belies all the generalizations about the larger city now slowly encompassing it. There was a time when rich Americans, desiring recreation and climate during the winter months, or older ones

believing in the possibility of the lengthening of life in this region, built their homes or lived in the hotels. In recent years more and more of them have become real citizens and have developed a community spirit that has found expression in the city plan now so well under way, in the public schools and the technological school, in the Community Theatre, which now has a building of the best Spanish type for the performance of its plays, and in the California Institute of Technology.

It was a good day for Pasadena when George Ellery Hale came to take charge of the Mount Wilson Observatory. Of his fame as an astronomer and as an organizer and administrator of the staff and work of this observatory, it is not necessary to speak; what is more important now is to emphasize his far-seeing vision, his personal magnetism, and his uncommon executive ability in bringing from the East such men as Millikan and Noyes, and later William B. Munro, Max Farrand, H. S. Pritchett, and Frederick J. Turner to serve with him the various institutions that claimed his interest. He first saw the possibility of correlating the work of the Observatory, the Institute, and the Huntington Library and Art Gallery. At the same time he enlisted the co-operation of such business men as Arthur H. Fleming, Henry Huntington, H. M. Robinson, Walter Chandler, Charles W. Gates, and George Patton, who have been interlocking directors of these institutions, all working to a common end—the making of one of the real centres

of scientific and scholarly research in the world. The Institute of Technology, for a good many years struggling for bare subsistence, has become, by the generously given fortune of Mr. Fleming and his entire devotion to its financial management and by the gifts of the General Education Board and individual philanthropists of the community, not only one of the best engineering schools, but one of the chief centres of chemical, physical, and now biological research.

A striking feature of the plans of the builders of the Institute is that they are all agreed that the humanities must not be ignored in the instruction or in the atmosphere of the institution. Men of culture themselves, they have insisted that the students shall have courses in history, literature, and philosophy as a definite part of the curriculum. They believe that "scientific erudition can be illuminated by humanism and by imagination." There has just been completed at the very centre of the beautiful group of buildings the Dabney Hall of the Humanities to be directed by Prof. William B. Munro, who spends six months of his academic year at Harvard and six in Pasadena. An endowment of $400,000 enables the authorities to secure an adequate library and such teachers and lecturers as Bernard Fay and other leading scholars of America and Europe.

It was at the Institute that the statement on the relation of science and religion, afterward signed by the leading scientists, liberal preachers, and publicists

of America, was prepared by Dr. Millikan.[1] This emphasis upon culture, religion, and philosophy as necessary for scientific progress is the natural result of the co-operation of so many leaders in this community—men of wealth, scholars, artists, preachers, and other moulders of public opinion. The totality of man, the symmetrical view of life, thus receives a striking and effective confirmation.

Not very far from the campus of the Institute are the Huntington Library and Art Gallery given by the late Henry E. Huntington to the state of California, and now to be administered by a Board of Trust composed largely of the same group of men who are interested in the Institute and the Mount Wilson Observatory. To one who had the privilege of spending three hours with Mr. Huntington in his collections of pictures and books, the possibilities of this foundation cannot be exaggerated. Coming into the market when some of the greatest English libraries were for sale and with unlimited resources, he was able to get together what the best experts say is one of the two or three most valuable collections of books in the English-speaking world. The library is especially rich in the early and rare editions of books published before 1642 and in American history.[2] It is to be altogether for the use of scholars, and every privilege and opportunity will be provided for their

[1] See p. 273 in this volume.

[2] For a full and accurate account of the library and art collections see Dr. Hale's article in *Scribner's Magazine*, 82:31.

most effective work, even, in some cases, scholarships. When the preliminary work of cataloguing and arranging the books has been completed, and when American scholars have been made aware of just what material is there, scholarship will receive a new impetus. And not less significant is the collection of forty or more portraits by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Raeburn, and Hoppner, and the landscapes of Constable and Turner.

Astronomers at Mount Wilson, scientists at the Institute, scholars of all kinds at the Library, painters as well as the general public at the Art Gallery,—all of them working under all but ideal conditions and in a spirit of co-operation growing out of the common plans and ideals of trustees and directors; all of them living within a radius of a few square miles and brought together in the charming social life of Pasadena and in the new Athenæum Club especially established for them,—surely here is one part of the American scene and civilization not dreamed of in the generalizations of cynics and pessimists. It is all a reality, but still more alluring is the vision of what will be done in that little corner of the nation during the next quarter of a century. To the carpers who insist that the Huntington millions were given for the purposes of advertising and self-aggrandizement, or that there is no culture that can be imposed on people, and that, therefore, nothing can be predicted as to the influence of such gifts on popular culture, or that scientific research is concerned only with unimportant

problems—well, there is nothing that can be said. Those who have less intelligence may fall back upon the belief that here within a comparatively short time a great experiment in real democracy has been launched and carried to a reasonably satisfactory point of achievement.

CHAUTAUQUA

One word that has become anathema to many Americans is "Chautauqua." The connotation immediately suggested is that of a tent on the outskirts of a village, a heterogeneous mass of farmers and villagers and their wives, a Boanerges denouncing and inflaming, jazz music, vaudeville stunts, etc. The injustice is all the greater when the same indiscriminate censure is applied to the mother of all the Chautauquas, the one by the side of Lake Chautauqua in western New York. The mention of the place suggests the Sunday School, prayer meetings, W. C. T. U., popular evangelists, fakirs of literature, a glorified Main Street.

A well-known passage in William James' *Talks to Teachers on Psychology* has done much to fix in the public mind a certain unfavorable view of the place. That Chautauqua has changed much since James' day is evident to all who take the trouble to inform themselves. John Erskine, who certainly has high enough standards of criticism and culture, said recently in an address on the possibilities of music at the Institution:

Many think that it is not necessary to say much, but we who are deeply interested think you have here one of the greatest possibilities in the whole land. . . . In this country the young singer finds it almost impossible to get experience in any of the great operatic rôles, but here they have the opportunity of practice under excellent direction such as exists nowhere else in the United States.

As I see Chautauqua in a few years you will have opportunities for young artists such as there is nowhere else in the world. Here they have a friendly audience before whom they can learn their shortcomings without criticism. It is to the honor of our country that there is still one place in the United States where life is simple and culture is high, and may it please God to keep it so.[1]

Some of the elements of the early Chautauqua are still there. One may hear, as he passes along the grounds on Wednesday evenings or early Sunday mornings, popular religious songs or fervent extempore prayers in the denominational houses, or see hundreds of nice old ladies who would be shocked at any idea that has been born in the past hundred years; he may hear at a meeting of the D. A. R. echoes of the fervor that created the black-list of American progressives. But he would scarcely be prepared to find Miss Phœbe Guthrie illustrating a lecture with types of pagan dances, or to find John Erskine lecturing in a crowded amphitheatre on the "Art of Fiction" after he had written *Adam and Eve*, or to hear Barrett Clark denouncing the censorship of modern plays, or to hear Ernest Hutcheson, Dean of the Juilliard Foundation

[1] *Chautauquan Daily*, August 7, 1929.

and one of the great pianists of the country, give a well-balanced discussion of Music in America before the Chautauqua Woman's Club, or to hear the New York Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Albert Stoessel giving daily concerts for six weeks with programmes ranging from the "Messiah" to "Faust,"—the same programmes that are given in metropolitan cities. He might be surprised to hear the head of the department of expression give a reading from *Marco Millions* or Paul Green's *White Dresses* or Miss Maude Miner read Galsworthy's *Escape.*

If he were open-minded he would soon see that Chautauqua, under the leadership of President Arthur E. Bestor, has become during the past decade one of the centres of culture and sound thinking in this country. It is to-day one of the best illustrations of the rise in the standards of popular culture, as the late Mr. Brownell pointed out in his *Democratic Distinction in America.* One finds in the group of three or four hundred guests at the Athenæum Hotel and in the increasingly beautiful homes on the lakeside some of the most cultivated people in America—men and women who have travelled extensively, who are thoroughly conversant with the latest books and who have learned the art of recreation and leisure. They find at Chautauqua not only an all but perfect climate and natural surroundings, but the best music, the best type of literary instruction and criticism, the enlightened discussion of political and social prob-

lems by men who are experts, and the most stimulating conversation growing out of public performances and the conflict of diverse personalities and points of view. Theodore Roosevelt rightly divined the genius of the place when he said that the ten thousand people there assembled constitute the best cross section of America—every type except the very rich and the very poor—and he would have been impressed today that there is a real aristocracy of culture in the increasing number of refined and thoughtful people.

One of the fundamental things that Chautauqua is doing is to make it possible for all the members of the family, from the infant to the grandparents, to stay together during the summer months. At a time when even young children go to camps, there is provision here for day nurseries, for children's sports and games and music, for older boys' and girls' swimming and other forms of recreation, and in their more serious moods courses in languages, or literature, or music. The fathers have in the new Golf Club or on the tennis courts the recreation they need, and they are at the same time drawn toward lectures and concerts in their wiser moments. Some of the most interesting students I have ever had have been some of the "tired business men" who have actually become interested in Keats and Browning and Robinson. The women, old and young, run the risk of being too much interested in the varied programmes—I have known a few to break down under the strain of hurrying from one performance to the other. The

Woman's Club with its thousand members at the height of the season, under the able and intelligent leadership of Mrs. Percy Pennybacker, in the course of even one season brings to the attention of the women enough suggestions to enable them to transform any Gopher Prairie that ever was into one of Vachel Lindsay's visions of Midwest towns. No one can estimate the influence of this club on the clubs of America in freeing them from those superficial tendencies that so often mar them.

All of which is to say that Chautauqua has continued to develop one of the chief aims of its founders —adult education. It saw, before the universities, the significance of the university extension movement in England. It was the pioneer of the summer schools now so firmly fixed as a part of the programme of every institution of higher learning. It still maintains its summer school for teachers, made all the more effective by reason of its affiliation with New York University under the direct supervision of Dean Withers. The courses and the Faculty compare favorably with the best now provided, with the added advantage of climate and other cultural opportunities.

An examination of the auditorium programmes for the past ten years reveals the large number of representative and distinguished Americans and Europeans who have appeared at Chautauqua, not simply for single lectures but for important series. It is a veritable clearing-house for the best knowledge and the most progressive ideas of this age. During the past

season, in addition to those who have already been mentioned, there were Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, James T. Shotwell, Percy H. Boynton, Thomas F. Moran, Captain George H. Wilkins, Lorado Taft, Hubert L. Willet, Edward Howard Griggs, Shailer Mathews, Bishop McConnell, Floyd L. Darrow, and many others. There has been a distinct trend toward liberal thought, which has not been without criticism from the more conservative element of the population, but which has been vigorously maintained by the President and the trustees. The production of modern plays by the Community Players of Pittsburgh, Erie, and Jamestown, has led to the building of the Norton Memorial Hall, in which these plays will be produced and which will be the nucleus of a school for the teaching of dramatic art. This hall—the first really beautiful building at Chautauqua—will also be used for the concerts of the Chamber Music Society.

One of the distinct contributions of Chautauqua to American culture has been the reading courses provided for the C. L. S. C. Zona Gale, one of the most pronounced of modern realists, has recently written a humorous and sympathetic description of a typical C. L. S. C. circle in a Midwest town of the eighties—"a homely renaissance, not of learning, but of study,"—"circles meeting on winter evenings when coal stoves glowed and on hot summer afternoons when muslin curtains stirred"; "thirty women were caught up by it and straightway looked through

windows where had been but walls."[1] All the stimuli were there—the love of books, latent in the pioneers and waiting the mellower time when it might flower; the social urge to walk together, the zest of competition in the race for seals and courses completed; and, "tenderest of all, the dumb desire to keep up with the young folk, already coming home from school with challenging inquiries." Well may it be called one of the high romances of education in the United States—"romance to be classed with the initial passion which laid the foundation of public school and university in the wilderness."

Seventy-five thousand now have graduated from the Circle, and 300,000 have read the books selected. One million copies of the books have been sold. The quality of the books has been steadily improved, and, again it must be noted, in the direction of liberality of thought. Do the critics of Chautauqua realize that such books as Claude Bowers' *Jefferson and Hamilton*, John Erskine's *American Character and Other Essays*, Guedalla's *Fathers of the Revolution*, Carl and Mark Van Doren's *American and British Literature Since 1890*, Dorsey's *Why We Behave like Human Beings*, Slosson's *Keeping up with Science*, J. H. Oldham's *Christianity and the Race Problem*, and Fosdick's *A Pilgrimage to Palestine*,—to mention a few of the outstanding books—constitute the pabulum of the "Chautauqua lambs"? If

[1] "Katytown in the 80's," *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1928. Reproduced in her book, *Portage, Wisconsin*.

one visits the Chautauqua Book Store, he is struck with an even more catholic and liberal taste, for it would be difficult to tell whether you were in Chautauqua or at Brentano's. Books displayed in the windows are enough to make the early Chautauquans apply for an injunction against the corrupters of morals and taste. Yes, Chautauqua has changed.

The climax of its educational opportunities and its provisions for popular culture is found in the Department of Music. It is no exaggeration to say that for two months Chautauqua is the musical centre of America, in the sense that more opportunity is provided not only for the hearing of the best music but also for the best instruction in voice, piano, violin, and organ. By reason of the connection of Mr. Hutcheson and Mr. Stoessel with the Juilliard Foundation and their close personal friendship with its new president, Mr. Erskine, a goodly number of those who study in New York during the winter and others who have been awarded scholarships come to Chautauqua for the summer months. The number of students is limited only by the ability of the instructors to meet the demands. The effect of the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra and of individual artists on these students cannot well be overestimated, nor on the three or four thousand people who fill the big amphitheatre day after day. Think of the effect on the public taste of those who come from every part of the country as well as from the towns and cities adjacent to Chautauqua.

Perhaps in the long run that which lingers longest in one's mind is the great crowd at the vesper services. Where else can one find a better illustration of the abundant life fostered in a spiritual and artistic atmosphere? The orchestra so often playing only in the Metropolitan or at Carnegie Hall, now blending strains from "Lohengrin" and Tschaikowski with those of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," or uniting with the choir of five hundred voices and the audience in the great old hymns of the church, and as a climax with the organ and the choir in rendering superbly Handel's "Largo." Nor does one forget the reading of the Bible in an impressive way by a real prophet, nor scarcely less impressive the reading of Robinson's "Flammonde" and of Ellen Terry's last words by Miss Maude Miner, one of the best interpreters of poetry and drama.

Surely there is in such a place and in such an occasion a regaining of that unity of poetry, of music, and of religion that harks back to the thirteenth century. I think that the most æsthetic as well as the most pious must have felt that here is a blending in perfect harmony of the elements that are so often discordant. That, to my mind, constitutes one of the great contributions of Chautauqua to modern life. It represents the spirit of the place in yet other respects: mind and body according well, work and play, specialization and culture, art and religion, democracy and aristocracy. The antinomies are here resolved into a synthesis, and life becomes whole and abundant.

YADDO

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than between Chautauqua and Yaddo. Everybody knows of the first, even though he may misknow it, but a look of bewilderment comes over the faces of even enlightened New Yorkers when you mention Yaddo. Saratoga Springs, of which it is a suburb, is known for its conventions, its mineral waters, and its horse races, but Yaddo! Well, the estate is so near the race track that one, if he listens, can hear the shouts of the multitude. How far away from the dust and the noise seems this veritable palace of art situated in the midst of an estate of six hundred acres looking out toward the Green Mountains! It is inhabited from June to October by musicians, artists, sculptors, novelists, poets, critics, and now and then a college professor who cannot qualify under the other heads—all of them rather poor, most of them struggling for their first recognition, all of them working for seven and eight hours a day. It is a sort of unique blending of Greenwich Village and Main Street.

The living conditions are as ideal as could be imagined—ideal for comfort, for enjoyment, and for work. For the hostess of the place, Mrs. Ames, is as well acquainted with the fine arts as with the details of domestic science or of house management. She understands the sacredness of the trust that has been committed to her by the Association that thus memorializes the original hostess of Yaddo. She has a sym-

pathetic understanding of every guest and leaves nothing undone to keep the individuals and the group in fine fettle and in working mood.

The story of the conception of Yaddo and of its final establishment is an interesting one. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask, who had for many years entertained in their home many of the most distinguished men and women of this and other countries, and who had especially invited for longer visits writers and other artists who might find there the best opportunity for work, conceived the idea of perpetuating the home by endowing it. On a beautiful afternoon in the summer of 1899 they were walking on the spacious lawn in front of the house when Mrs. Trask suddenly exclaimed:

> At last I know, at last I understand: The thing men say they feel at Yaddo is not what it is—it is what it is to be. The vision of the future is clear to me. Yaddo is not to be an institution, a school, a charity: it is to be always a place of inspiration, a delightful home where guests may come and find welcome. Here will be a perpetual series of house-parties of literary men, literary women and other artists. Those who are city weary, who are thirsting for the country and for beauty, who are hemmed in by circumstances and have no opportunity to make for themselves an harmonious environment, shall seek it here. At Yaddo they will find the inspiration they need: some of them will see the Muses, and all of them will find the Sacred Fire and light their torches at its flame. Look, Spencer, they are walking in the woods, wandering in the garden, sitting under the pine trees—men and women, creating, creating, creating!

We were silent, a moment, in the awe of the Event; then Spencer, ever practical, became jubilant and buoyant: now we will make the rose garden, now we can do things. I could not do them when I thought that Yaddo might pass into different hands . . . now we can work with delight: we must make it beautiful, for the artists. "Oh! Yes," I cried, "we must make it ready for the poets." Spencer had grasped instantly the whole enterprise; at once, like a schoolboy, he was eager to go forth to meet the adventure; and I, who ever love adventures, was eager to go with him, hand in hand.

Hitherto after our children were taken we had looked upon Yaddo as a place that had failed of its ultimate destiny; but now, the wonderful Yaddo life, with its mysterious power to which scores of men and women have borne testimony, was not to end with our death; it was to gain in fulness, in beauty, in inspiration. . . . Every tree we planted, every addition we builded henceforth, had a far-reaching interest.[1]

After a good many years that dream began to be realized four summers ago. Irwin Edman, who was one of the first guests, well characterized the whole plan as "inventive generosity"—another evidence that the wealth that so irritates European and American critics as the arch enemy to the development of native culture may turn out to be one of its surest nourishers. He is not at all sure that art flourishes best when the artist is uncomfortable, or that the artist will sing best when he suffers; "a touch of luxury may even enhance the spirit and give it wings." He found not the slightest suggestion of charity or of

[1] Quoted from Mrs. Trask's privately printed book on Yaddo.

philanthropy, but rather at all times the most gracious hospitality.

Harry Salpeter, one of the most recent guests, expressed the feeling of all who have ever been to Yaddo: "To be away from home, and yet to be at home; to be on a vacation, and yet to feel, and to be able to obey, the compulsion to do one's work; to be under deep obligation and never be made to feel the slightest sense of obligation; to talk shop and make shop seem vital and interesting; to live in another man's home as if it were one's own without the responsibility of governing it, and with friendly fellow guests, not too many, chosen for one. It has served to restore the ambition of those who had lost heart, and to awaken ambition in those brought for the first time into the company of the more successful. It has brought together representative workers from all parts of the country and it has extended welcome to foreigners of every race."[1]

Joseph W. Beach, Thomas H. Dickinson, Joseph K. Hart, Joseph Anthony, Jules Bois, W. C. Campbell, George O'Neill, Lynn Riggs, Byron Steel, Edgar Burrill, Carl S. Schmidt—to mention only the best known—in the first two years established a tradition of hard work that has been maintained during the past summer. During the five weeks of my residence there Alfred Kreymborg was writing a history of American poetry, and when the drudgery became too hard for him a new volume of poetry.

[1] *New York World*, August, 1928.

Ethel Kelly, author of *Heart's Blood* and *Wings* and of many clever poems that have found their way into the Conning Tower, was despite her invalidism writing a new novel that is even better than either of her others. Two other novels were being written by younger women whose reputations were yet to come. Hatcher Hughes, author of "Hell-Bent for Heaven," completed a play that was read to the assembled group on two successive evenings. Newton Arvin, professor of English at Smith College and author of many reviews in leading journals, finished a new life of Hawthorne and was preparing his *Heart of Hawthorne's Journals*, based on the manuscript now in the Morgan Library. Louis Kronenberg and Clinton Fadiman, literary advisers of Horace Liveright and Simon and Schuster respectively, wrote book reviews for *The Times* and *The Nation*, and, the impression prevailed, were pluming their wings for flight into creative work. At the same time a group of young painters and musicians and a Russian sculptor were working steadily in their studios.

After a day of concentrated work and after tennis or walks through the grounds or the surrounding country, the group would meet after dinner for a puppet show by the Kreymborgs, or the reading of a new play or a new series of poems, or a recital by one of the musicians, or better still, for conversation around the big fireplace in the living room. Many were the "wit combats" lasting until midnight when there was discussion of every known theme with a

variety of opinion due to difference of heredity and environment and temperament. The young New York poets and critics brought to their talks an intimate sense of personalities and incidents of the literary centre more real than can be found in the books or journals—Greenwich Village, the Algonquin Club, publishers' dinners and secrets, literary and artistic gossip that may yet be the basis of literary history. Social and political ideas of a more or less radical nature flowed freely, perhaps somewhat tempered by the significance of Yaddo with its history and background. At times there were visitors to lend even further variety to the personnel and group—Miss Learch, a Metropolitan singer spending the summer at Lake George, Thomas H. Dickinson, the editor of *Contemporary Dramatists* and of a campaign life of Governor Smith, President Moore of Skidmore College, a psychologist of distinction, and always in a near-by home George Foster Peabody, who was the intimate friend of the Trasks and has done more than anybody else to bring about the realization of their dream of Yaddo—accomplished man of affairs and of business, and friend of worthy causes in all parts of the country and especially in his native South.

I do not mean by the illustrations that have been given in this chapter to draw any generalizations for the country at large. The discussion would not be complete, however, if I did not call attention to the large number of national organizations that are seek-

ing by co-operative efforts and by propaganda of the right sort to bring about a better state of affairs in the communities of America. I refer to the Association for Adult Education, The National Playground and Recreation Association, The Association of American Architects, the Juilliard Foundation for Music, the Child Welfare Association, the Community Chest Movement, and many others that may be found listed in any number of *The Survey*. When due discount has been made for the over-organization implied in such organizations and for the superficial aspects of much of this work, it may be contended with justice that never before have there been so many people definitely and efficiently committed to the improvement of American social life and to the development of standards of taste.

Some one recently said that a citizen of Cleveland goes to bed every night with this question on his mind, "Have I co-operated to-day?" It is easy to grow sarcastic and cynical about professional uplifters and service organizations, but if one reads constantly *The Survey*, which is a clearing house for so many national associations, he is constantly impressed with the scientific and thorough means that are now being taken for the dissemination of right ideas and of a better balanced community life. I recently met one of the most intelligent representatives of the Adult Education Council who, having finished the reading of *Middletown*, was proceeding to the town which is supposed to have been the model for

this sociological study, with the definite purpose of seeing what could be done to bring within the reach of the inhabitants opportunities for the improvement of their leisure moments. Perhaps something may be done that will change the quality of life in what seems like a hopeless condition. And this is going on in all parts of America.

The spirit in which men and women are working in their communities is well expressed in Vachel Lindsay's "On the Building of Springfield":[1]

> "Record it for the grandson of your son—
> A city is not builded in a day:
> Our little town cannot complete her soul
> Till countless generations pass away.
>
> Now let each child be joined as to a church
> To her perpetual hopes, each man ordained:
> Let every street be made a reverent aisle
> Where Music grows and Beauty is unchained.
>
> Let Science and Machinery and Trade
> Be slaves of her, and make her all in all,
> Building against our blatant, restless time
> An unseen, skilful, mediæval wall.
>
> Let every citizen be rich toward God.
> Let Christ, the Beggar, teach divinity.
> Let no man rule who holds his money dear.
> Let this, our city, be our luxury."

[1]Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company.

V

THE JESTERS OF THE REPUBLIC

It seems as if the discovery by many men at various times that there is much evil in the world were a source of unholy joy unto some of the modern writers. It gives an author an elated sense of his own superiority.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

Meanwhile our Critics and our Highbrows vie
In proving life is worthless, Love a lie,
All Aspiration a mechanic thrust
Toward power, an eddy of the soulless dust;
All goodness but desire inhibited,
And Death a meaningless satire on the dead.

. . . . . .

Thus is the Mind by its own maggots soiled,
Whose only virtue now's to be "hard-boiled,"
Tough-fibred, fatuous, cynically pert,
Unwarmed by sunshine, undismayed by dirt,
Stolid toward beauty and anæsthetized
To all that Socrates or Plato prized,
To all Isaiah dreamed, or Jesus knew,
To all 'th' ineffable bloom of life, the dew
Upon hope's rose, the lustre, the pure gleam
Of spirit caught from Spirit, streams from Stream.

LEE WILSON DODD.

V

THE JESTERS OF THE REPUBLIC

It may seem strange to suggest that—along with complacent optimism, intellectualism, and pessimism—humor is one of the chief obstacles to the spirit of adventure. For humor has been one of the main characteristics of the American people, especially in the pioneer period. The anecdote or joke was as characteristic as the rifle, the plough and the covered wagon; the humorist like Davy Crockett or Artemus Ward as essential as the Indian fighter or the circuit-rider. The sad sincerity and the mellow wisdom of Lincoln were balanced by his tendency to interrupt the most serious business with a story of something that happened when he was splitting rails or keeping a country store. The successors of Mark Twain and Josh Billings are George Ade, Ring Lardner, "Mr. Dooley," and Will Rogers, who have kept us all from falling a prey to sceptred dulness. And the same may be said of the cartoonists, the columnists, and the paragraphers, who strike out flashes of wholesome humor that help men to keep their balance.

Very different from all this is the sophisticated humor of the Smart Set in contemporary literature. What a chance for somebody to write a book on the Smart Decade to supplement those on the Fabulous

Forties, the Dreadful Decade, the Yellow Nineties, the Mauve Decade! It is just ten years since a certain book of prefaces, to be followed annually by others of the same kind that have become the ritual, the models of style, for certain imitators, made its resounding appearance, and just about ten years since *Main Street* set the tone for much current fiction. On the title page of such a volume might well be put the words of Scott Fitzgerald: "To be as clever, as interesting, and as brilliantly cynical as possible about every man, doctrine, book, or polity," and perhaps as a contrast the words of Goethe, who seems to have been endowed, in this as in so many other instances, with the gift of divination that amounted to prophecy: "Many men have plenty of cleverness, and plenty of knowledge, but they are at the same time full of vanity; and in order to obtain from the shallow multitude the reputation of a *bel esprit* [in modern parlance, an intellectual] they fling aside all shame and reverence, and nothing is holy before their reckless wit."

The author of such a volume ought to have a quality always lacking in his subjects—namely fairness enough to admit that they have had much provocation for their excesses. Who that has lived on the main streets of the American scene and felt the stings of militant dulness can fail to have some sympathy with those who have sought by irony, satire, and bludgeoning blows to undermine the orthodoxies of the average American? The dulness, the medi-

ocrity, the uniformity, of American life have been easy marks for men of brilliant minds and trenchant styles. "Ignorance with spurs" has been met at full tilt by swashbucklers as well as by Don Quixotes and St. Georges.

But why should the revolt against dulness lead to the cult of smartness? Is the boob to be condemned and the smart-aleck enthroned? Many moderns would agree with Oscar Wilde that there is no sin except stupidity. It is dull to express one's enjoyment of nature, or his love of truth, or his allegiance to duty, or his sense of any values whatsoever. "Nature seems so stupid, so obvious, so unnecessary," said the leader of the Nineties; the Atlantic and Niagara were disappointing, and the Grand Canyon so common because there is so much of it. Ernest Boyd has recently said that, if Lincoln were to make his Gettysburg speech to-day, the world would snicker irreverently and would make sardonic jibes at the innocent evangelisms of Springfield.

Mr. Cabell has celebrated the function of dulness in human society in a passage at once lyrical and cynical:

> Urgent need arises that human dulness retain us (as it does) securely blinded, lest we observe the wayside horrors of our journey and go mad. One moment of clear vision as to man's plight in the universe would be quite sufficient to set the most philosophic gibbering. Meanwhile, with bandaged eyes we advance; and human sanity is preserved by the brave and pitiable and tireless dulness of man-

kind. . . . Yet note how varied are the amiable activities of human dulness, which tend alike to protect and to enliven progress! . . . Dulness it is that fosters salutary optimism as to the destiny of mankind, in flat defiance of everything mankind can do and does unblushingly. . . . In graver circles, dulness—sometimes mitred, sometimes eruptive with forensic platitudes—invents and codifies religion and makes euphonious noises about right and wrong as an ornate and stately method of imposing local by-laws. Equally among those favored mortals whom the income tax annoys does a kindred form of dulness become axiomatic about common sense and being practical. . . . Dulness it is that signally esteems itself well worthy of perpetuation; and in the action seeks to love, in the quite staggering faith that presently by some human being of the opposite sex love will be merited. And finally, dulness it is that lifts up heart and voice alike to view a parasite infesting the epidermis of a midge among the planets, and cries, Behold, this is the child of God Almighty and all worshipful, made in the likeness of his Father!

These and how many other wholesome miracles are daily brought about by our dulness, by our brave and pitiable and tireless dulness, by our really majestic dulness, in firm alliance with the demiurgic spirit of romance. Our dulness is our quite priceless possession.[1]

Dulness is, accordingly, synonymous not only with stupidity and mediocrity but with sanity, with respectability, with the golden mean as an ideal of wisdom, with compromise or expediency as a principle of statesmanship, with truth, or religion, or even love. The shafts of humor have been directed at all forms, all conventions, all standards, all institutions and or-

[1] *Beyond Life*, p. 316.

ganizations. The college, the community, the state, the church, democracy, marriage—all alike have been satirized with exaggeration and even malice. Common sense is, says Mr. Nathan, one of the dynamic illusions, while nonsense belongs to the aristocracy, "the civilized minority." Perhaps the greatest miracle, according to Ben Hecht, is that which enables man to tolerate life: it is "the miracle of sanity—a stupidity which has already outlived the gods." George Moore's idea of respectability is "a suburban villa, a piano in the drawing room, and going home to dinner"; such respectability is sweeping the picturesque out of life. With extreme sophistication he exclaims that Shakspere repels him because he is popular; "*Hamlet* is for the groundlings and not for the élite."

The various types of sophisticated humor range from "an irritating little noise that is merely a snigger and just misses being a cough"—a grin rather than a smile—to the horse-laugh, which is said by its chief practitioner to be "worth a thousand syllogisms." The wise-crack has become for many the height of wisdom. How far removed from the spirit of comedy as defined by George Meredith—humor "luminous and watchful," the sunlight of the mind, "mental richness rather than noisy enormity"—are the excessive laughers, ever laughing, who are as "the clapper of a bell that may be rung by a breeze, a grimace"; who are "so loosely put together that a wink will shake them"—a laughter without scruple or conscience! Pope, who has some claims to being

considered a satirist, was altogether wrong in his restraint when he said:

> "Satire is my weapon, but I am too discreet
> To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet."

Of the twenty or more recent books that have been accepted even by the general public as examples of sophisticated humor, I choose Mr. Nathan's *Land of the Pilgrim's Pride*, the title of which is abundantly justified in the chapter on "The New Morality." Some choice bits will serve to illustrate the current revolt in morals and the method or style of the civilized minority:

> The virgin does not stand as good a chance to get a husband as her lax sister. . . . Other qualities than chastity are demanded—vastly more important. A woman who has had experience is better than the average immaculate maiden. . . . She is not proud of her virtue but actually ashamed of it. . . . Virtuous heroines of fiction and the drama have to-day become a laughing stock. It is slang that has broken down the barriers of reserve. . . . Sex, once wearing the tragic mask, wears now the mask of comedy. . . . Sex is really of little importance—less so than tobacco or the wine cellar. . . . The civilized man knows little difference between his bottle of champagne, his seat at the Follies, and the gratification of his sex impulse. . . . Sin is rather jolly—when frailty becomes sufficiently general it becomes its own court, its own judge, and its own jury.
>
> The success of marriage in these latter days of Caucasian civilization must be looked for very largely outside the cities and in the small towns, villages, farms, and other such places, where life is relatively drab and uneventful.

Where life is thus drab, monogamy flourishes, as the cactus flourishes best in the desert.

Morality is a species of disease, of weakness. In comedy we find most of the true, deep, biting intelligence that has come down to us through the history of the drama. Comedy has made the human race wise. It is comedy that has purged men of their delusions. The Greeks profited vastly more from the purgative humor of the comic writers than from the blood and agony of the tragic.

As one thinks of such generalizations by one of the leading dramatic critics of the day, or of the more subtle irony of Mr. Cabell and Mr. Erskine, he may well be reminded of the passage in which Jules Lemaître represents the fairy Irony as saying to Ernest Renan: "I bring thee a charming gift, but I bring it thee in such abundance that it will encroach upon the domain of all thine other gifts, and warp them. . . . Thou wilt make sport of men, of the universe, and of God; thou wilt make sport of thyself, and in the end thou wilt lose all concern for the truth, all taste for it. Thou wilt mingle irony with the gravest thoughts, with the most natural actions, and the best; and irony will render all that thou hast written infinitely seductive, but unsubstantial and tragic."

II

Rather than treat individual books or authors, it may be well to suggest the milieu from which they come by sketching certain typical groups of writers as they have been described in their more jovial and

abandoned moments by the men themselves—not, mind you, by college professors or conservative critics or mid-Victorians or Puritans. Out of their own mouths we may judge them.

Chicago has generally been considered the literary centre of some of the most distinctive movements in American literature. Harry Hansen, in his *Midwest Portraits*, has given certain sketches of the Chicago group and excerpts from their conversations in Schlogl's restaurant or tavern. The decision to write the book came one night at two o'clock when "the merry and leisurely company that gave no signs of going home" were in the full swing of "odd banter on the trivialities of existence." Ben Hecht, in a drawling, gentle monotone, was exclaiming: "Our architecture, our streets, typify after all nothing but energy. We have just emerged from barbarism. We are taking the first steps in civilization. Geometrical patterns all about us. Thinking falls into conventionalized patterns. Only heaps of energy. Utilitarian masses. No ideas, only energy . . . barbarism." Maxwell Bodenheim is represented as "giving birth to epigrams with a deep frown on his forehead, a cynical smile on his lips": "I have a healthy contempt for the whole human race. I despise these fawning sycophants. I am the only one of four major poets of America who has never received a prize." "All bosh, just a pose," says one of the comrades, who exclaims, however, quoting Sandburg, "The past is a bucket of ashes." He is an editor who has found out

that "the editorial code demands on his part a certain amount of asperity and cynicism." Vincent Starrett is presented as "grave and ponderous and happy over Rabelaisian anecdote"; a promising young novelist hopes to become a new Fitzgerald, while another has the psychology of the Russians at his finger tips. Now and then there are visitors who add to the gaiety, revelry, and cynicism of the occasion—notably Sinclair Lewis and certain English novelists.

Carl Sandburg and Sherwood Anderson sit rather apart from their more boisterous companions. Ben Hecht is really the dominating personality—"a combination of street urchin and sceptical intellectual with some of the elements of the acrobat and mountebank." When some one asks him what new scheme he has for making a million dollars he outlines the plan of a new magazine and proposes a parade through the city to advertise it—sandwich men with their slogans and all the other elements of a circus parade, for it is one of his firm beliefs that "dignity means an empty mind." Mr. Hansen regards him (in 1923) as the most promising writer of the whole Chicago group: "Masters holds no more surprises; Sandburg can be plotted in straight lines and curves; Anderson can only repeat his apologia with more and more intensity and verboseness. But with Ben Hecht anything is possible." Once he gets rid of his journalistic ballyhoo and other eccentricities, what may he not do? The answer to this extravagant hope was *Humpty-Dumpty* and the announcement that he

would write two more books in which he would put all that he left out in his other books, ignoring censorship and repression. His principal characteristic is to say and write what will be most effective and to "send an arrow unerringly to the sore spot where it will give the most intense pain to his victim." He likes to make an audience writhe.

I know of no better characterization of the type of man who figures so largely in our contemporary literature and life than Hecht's characterization of himself:

> Born perversely. Out of this perversity, a sentimental hatred of weakness in others, an energetic amusement for the gods, taboos, vindictiveness, and cowardice of my friends, neighbors and relatives; a contempt for the ideas of man, an infatuation with the energies of man, a loathing for the protective slave philosophies of the people, government, etc., a determination not to become a part of the mind which the swine worship in their sty. A delirious relief in finding words that express any or all of my perversities. Out of this natal perversity I have written my books. I have only one ambition: to get away from the future caresses of my friends, from the intellectual malice of their praise, from the grunts of my enemies, and live in a country whose language is foreign to me, whose people are indifferent, and where skies are deeper.[1]

After enduring and becoming satiated with "the cursing matches" of some of these parties, Sherwood Anderson tells us in his autobiography[2] of a visit to New York City, where he met the smart fellows of

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 320.

[2] *A Story Teller's Story.*

the American intelligentsia who sat about in restaurants and wrote articles for the political and serious literary weeklies. It was their habit to pick out easy game and kill it with their straw shafts, and they "gained great reputation by pointing out the asininity of men." For a while Anderson was filled with admiration of such writers and vaguely dreamed of becoming such another himself. From that fate he was preserved by his natural inclination to seek beauty underneath the mass of American country life. It was of some of the same group in New York that a visiting Englishman, Llewellyn Powys, once wrote —a party consisting of Scott Fitzgerald, Mencken, Carl Van Vechten, Ernest Boyd, Rebecca West, and others. The chief of them, easily recognizable, "made schoolboy jokes and talked schoolboy talk with a kind of boisterous *bonhomie*." Miss West seemed to be "abusing her talent and originality for the satisfaction of obtaining a certain reputation for smartness in modish literary circles." "Perhaps my rusticity," Powys adds, "a certain agrarian quality in me, is of necessity averse to the kind of verbal levity, the clever badinage, that seemed to come so readily to the lips of the clever lady and Mr. Van Vechten."

Mr. Burton Rascoe, another of the Midwest wits who has come to join the wise men of the East, has recently told of the circumstances out of which arose the book entitled, *Civilization in the United States*, which is a comprehensive survey of life and thought in America by thirty of the younger critics, the gen-

eral conclusion being that there is no civilization in this country.[1] One of the unheavenly twins told the newcomer of the latest piece of buffoonery and intellectual horseplay in these words:

> We have got enough professors and New Republicans among the list of contributors to put the thing over as a *bona-fide* work of critical indignation. The plan is to get out the meat axe for everything the American boobery hold sacred. . . . Nobody will escape. The reviews of the book when it comes out ought to be gorgeously entertaining.

Mr. Rascoe continues:

> The scheme of the book was evolved over a table in Greenwich Village one evening, when, in a group of young writers, a common discontent with things as they are in this worst of all possible worlds was crystallized into a flaming resentment against the fact that alcoholic beverages had been made expensive and difficult to obtain by the Eighteenth Amendment. Young, sanguine, and exuberant, for all their intellectualism,—they set forth.

But neither Chicago nor New York satisfies the extreme left wing of American critics. Stearns himself, the leader in the enterprise just referred to, unsatisfied by the attack from within, hied away to Paris, where he still remains with some of his fellow ex-patriates. Sinclair Lewis has given a highly satirical account of the group of American artists and

[1] *The Bookman*, 66: 188. It is only fair to say that the account does not do justice to some of the writers. *Cf.* p. 166 in this volume.

writers who gather about the Café Dôme—an essay that makes us hope that he may yet turn his microscopic eye from the faults of the American boob and write an immortal satire on the smart set of this age.[1] He speaks of this particular café as "the perfectly standardized place to which standardized rebels flee from the crushing standardization of America." He meets a young author who, by his description of vomiting and the progress of cancer, has "entirely transformed American fiction," and a lady who has "demolished Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, and Goethe." For every genius there are seventeen disciples, mostly females. "The skinny lady who has gone out for vice with the same relentless grimness with which her sister back home exploits virtue" is said to belong to the Salvation Army of compulsory sin. "I first learned from them," says Mr. Lewis, "that it was imperative to adore, though not necessarily to read, Mr. James Joyce's *Ulysses*, who had used all six of the unprintable Anglo-Saxon monosyllables and had thus ruined their own chances of shocking people. To-day, Joyce is more passé than James Russell Lowell for there are seven fictionists in the group who can excrete prose more turgid, more illegible, and generally more distinguished than Joyce's." He adds that "after the damned impertinence on the part of such young literary bounders he would welcome the company of the most lowbrow

[1] *The American Mercury*, 6: 129. This hope has been fulfilled in certain parts of *Dodsworth*.

movie star"—a remark that gives point to the prayer of Don Marquis,

> "Give me the courage now and then
> To be as dull as are most men."

III

From such passages one gets, I think, a fairly accurate impression of the conditions and groups out of which have come many of the smart books of our time. The new thing about it all is that whereas men have always talked freely about all sorts of subjects in all sorts of vernacular and profanity, they have not always committed such talk to print. Mr. Ernest Boyd, in one of his inimitable "real portraits," after recording the tirades of one of the chief cynics of our time on "the snouters, the vice crusaders, the prohibitionists, the right-thinkers, forward-lookers, and viewers-with-alarm," in which tirade he had worked himself up to "a shout of contemptuous laughter," says that, as he closed the door he heard the rattle of his typewriter, and adds, "he had gone into action." For such men restraint, reticence, and discipline mean nothing. In line with the teaching of some modern psychologists they have let themselves go; the inhibitions are all off, and expressionism is the chief aim of the artist.

Furthermore, they exaggerate all things on the theory that you must exaggerate in order to attract attention: take the most radical idea and bring to it

every device of humor or ridicule, conceive a character as a type and give to it all the details of every individual who has suggested the type. They show a lack of discrimination, which ought to be the beginning of wisdom. They do not discriminate between sentiment and sentimentalism, between superstition and faith, between mediocrity and moderation. All rich men are Babbitts; all preachers are hypocrites and fundamentalists; all college professors, pedants; all conservatives, mid-Victorians and Puritans. In their reaction from platitudes, which include all generalizations with regard to patriotism, religion, morality, democracy, they magnify the paradox as the supreme form for expressing truth—the more contradictory, the more brilliant, the better. The height of tragedy for them would be "to die with all the epigrams unuttered." They have the quality of extreme youthfulness and remind one more of the college sophomore than of any other type; their gusto is "the drunkenness of the soul." They never hear the wise rebuke of Emerson, "So hot, my little sir?" They are iconoclasts with a torch for burning but not a hammer for building. Reverence is foreign to their nature; their one ideal is to debunk all the traditions and standards to which man has given allegiance. "Runnin' wild, lost control" would be the proper chorus of their Bacchanalian revelries. They are as intolerant and bigoted and dogmatic as the people whom they satirize. To them truth, if they write about it at all, is a phœnix, reborn every day; every

artist or thinker of the past is discredited. For them everything that is a year old is old-fashioned, and revolt is the only virtue.

But the art in which they are most proficient is that of shocking people. The corner-stone of their æsthetics is that the books which last are those that shock. To shock Aunt Jane or Mrs. Grundy, Babbitt with his stuffed shirt, the Methodists and Baptists of the Bible Belt, politicians, especially the reigning President, academic critics like More and Babbitt, is to reach the heights of literary art. One is reminded of the remark of a Frenchman: "There goes Baudelaire. I wager he is going to sleep under the bed tonight instead of in it, just to astonish it."

Some people who do not like to be shocked or to have the established order attacked in a radical way favor the policy of censorship. They ought to know by now that they get nowhere by such a method. The Watch and Ward Society is a melancholy illustration of how not to do it. Their lack of discrimination is as wide of the mark as that which we have noticed in this group of writers. Recently I heard Upton Sinclair give an account of his experiences in Boston, which led to a publicity that he could not have achieved with thousands of dollars and to a sale of his books that was unprecedented in his career. The futility of such censorship is apparent. The placing of *Jurgen* on the censor's list caused a book that would not normally have reached a sale of ten thousand volumes to soar to the heights when the censor's

ban was removed. The English have a better way of handling such matters. We need all the information that we can get with regard to the state of mind of any element in our population.

Some who would agree to the principle of the utmost freedom for the theatre and the press advocate the policy of ignoring or boycotting such men and books as we have been considering. I know of conservative circles who are entirely ignorant of some of the most significant things in contemporary literature and who believe that they can be dismissed with a wave of the hand. They are not aware of the popularity of many books and magazines, nor of the influence that they are exerting on public opinion. A reading of Mr. Beer's *The Mauve Decade* will suggest the immense difference between that decade and this. Harry Thurston Peck was one of the first champions of the latest foreign authors and was himself inclined to adopt the modern, or radical, point of view in all things, but he went to cover when the Puritan trumpets blew, just as the Yellow Nineties witnessed the catastrophe of Oscar Wilde and brought down upon the heads of him and his associates public condemnation.

But to-day magazines which twenty years ago would have scorned the writings of many contemporary authors welcome them. Publishing houses have their scouts or literary agents among the groups of the most radical and are competing with each other for the latest manifestation of the smart spirit. Book

reviews, the blurbs becoming more and more colorful and clamorous, the lecture platforms, women's clubs with their literary enthusiasts basking in the light that falls from their new idols, and advertising which dims the splendor of our advertising of goods —all these have become means by which the popularity of the most extreme books may be greatly extended. Some of the selections by the Book of the Month Club and the Literary Guild have aided enormously the Smart Set. The poor devils of Grub Street battering at the forts of folly have been transformed into successful giants wielding their battle-axes and beating their tom-toms. You cannot ignore them; you must even recognize their importance.

Those who believe that intellectual smartness is one of the disintegrating forces in American life should meet it in the court of public opinion. Preferably they should meet it with its own weapons. Nothing is more needed in contemporary literature than strong men, or even a strong man, who could turn the shafts of humor upon those who are supposed to have a monopoly of it. Simeon Strunsky, Elmer Davis, and Christopher Morley have now and then punctured the armor of the cynics. One can almost forgive Ernest Boyd for his "literary blasphemies" directed toward some of the standard authors when he reads his "Æsthete: Model 1924," "A Mid-West Portrait," "A Literary Enthusiast," and "Sinclair Lewis."

There is a still more effective way of combating

the cult of smartness—namely, to give increasing attention and praise to those creative writers, thoroughly modern in their spirit and technic, who have kept a certain balance, a certain perspective, a certain richness of mind. The work of Masters in stripping the mask from a typical Midwest village should be balanced with that of Vachel Lindsay in singing of the villages that may be in the future. The recent biography of Henry Ward Beecher looks all the worse when it is contrasted with Gamaliel Bradford's sympathetic and balanced life of Dwight L. Moody or with Gerald Johnson's *Andrew Jackson* or Beveridge's *Lincoln. The Rise of American Civilization*, by reason of its scholarship, its style, and its balanced judgment, dims the splendor of historical studies that are notable for their iconoclasm and smartness. Carl Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven* is not to be compared with the more important volume Alain Locke's *The New Negro.* Eugene O'Neill and Paul Green have brought to the contemporary stage a realism combined with poetry and tragedy that puts to shame the smart plays that have held the attention of Broadway audiences.

If one wants to know something of the southern mountaineers or other rural folk, let him read Miss Roberts' *Time of Man* rather than Stribling's *Teeftallow.* And if you would know the southern woman read, not the *Hard-Boiled Virgin*—the product of a highly sophisticated and emancipated woman who was schooled by her two masters in the art of cyni-

cism and pose—but Ellen Glasgow's novels, written by a woman of keen wit and irony but also of imaginative sympathy. Somehow I feel that Willa Cather has more wit and more wisdom than Sinclair Lewis; in her *My Antonia* and *Song of the Lark* she has combined realism and idealism, while in her romantic and stirring *Death Comes to the Archbishop* she has described a great religious leader who will live long after Elmer Gantry is forgotten.

Nor is it in contemporary literature alone that we find the proper antidote to smartness. Take the great humorists alone and balance them against the satirists of to-day. Aristophanes wrote *The Frogs*, but he wrote also some of the most beautiful lyrics that were ever penned, some of them marked by a love of country that is foreign to sophisticated minds. "That man Heine" was not only an ironist and a soldier in the warfare for the emancipation of man, but also one of the chief glories of German lyric poetry. Voltaire, to whom some of our cynics like to be compared, stormed the citadels of religious intolerance, but he erected by the shores of Geneva a temple to God. Swift, who has won the praise of the most brilliant iconoclasts of to-day, wrote the *Journal to Stella* and poems and letters to his friends that contained passages that would be called by some the rankest sentimentalism. Socrates was a gad-fly to the complacent and conservative citizens of Athens, but the *Phædo* and the *Apology* contain the words of an exalted faith in virtue and goodness and the ac-

count of a death and martyrdom that parallels the most sacred chapter in history. Anatole France once spoke of the two master gifts of man—irony which makes life amusing and pity which makes it amiable; some who have made him the chief god of their idolatry have had the first without its charm and have substituted for pity contempt. To Conrad life was tragic and ironic but it was not mean and grovelling.

The value of tradition in contemporary thinking was the burden of the late Stuart Sherman's writings. As he grew older he grew more sympathetic with the spirit of his own age, so much so that some looked upon him as a lost leader in the fight for real humanism. Although he followed with rare understanding and sympathy the main stream of contemporary literature and could use the weapons of ridicule and sarcasm, he remained to the end the most authoritative opponent of mere cleverness and smartness. He was the protagonist of those who would accept that which is useful in the new criticism and who would at the same time test literature by the standards of the great tradition. One of his fundamental virtues was that he was a master of the art of discrimination. In an essay on the "Humanism of George Meredith" he states the basic need of contemporary thinking in terms of the following series of distinctions, which may well conclude what I have been trying to say:

> How to give pleasure without corrupting the heart, and how to give wisdom without chilling it. How to bring into play the great passions of men without unchaining the beast.

How to believe in Darwin and the dignity of man. How to recognize the rôle of the nerves in human action without paralyzing the nerve of action. How to admit the weakness of man without dashing his heroism. How to see his acts and respect his intentions. How to renounce his superstitions and retain his faith. How to rebuke without despising him. How to reform society without rebelling against it. How to laugh at its follies without falling into contempt. . . . How to look back upon a thousand defeats, and yet cling to the fighting hope.

VI

WHEN THE DOCTORS DISAGREE

Our civilization is a perilous adventure for an uncertain prize. . . . Human society is not a constructed thing but a human organism. . . . We are adopting a false method of reform when we begin by operations that weaken society, either morally or materially, by lowering its vitality, by plunging it into gloom and despair about itself, by inducing the atmosphere of the sick-room, and then when its courage and resources are at a low ebb, expecting it to perform some mighty feat of self-reformation. . . . Social despair or bitterness does not get us anywhere. . . . Low spirits are an intellectual luxury. . . . An optimist is one who sees an opportunity in every difficulty. A pessimist is one who sees a difficulty in every opportunity. . . . The conquest of great difficulties is the glory of human nature.

L. P. Jacks.

We are no longer a colony of any European nation nor of them all collectively. We are a new body and a new spirit in the world. . . . Our culture is something to achieve, to create. Our school men and women are seen as adventuring for that which is not but which may be brought to be. . . . To transmute a society built on an industry which is not yet humanized into a society which wields its knowledge and its industrial power in behalf of a democratic culture requires the courage of an inspired imagination. We may fail—but the failure, if it comes, will be the theme of tragedy and not of complacent lamentation nor witful satire. . . . Some are too feeble or too finicky to engage in the enterprise. . . . Our public education is the potential means for effecting the transfiguration of the mechanics of modern life into sentiment and imagination.

John Dewey.

VI

WHEN THE DOCTORS DISAGREE

"Thank God! America is not contented; it is not drowned in security," exclaimed John St. Loe Strachey, the late editor of the *London Spectator*, as he summed up his impressions of a visit to this country in 1925. The conclusion is inevitable after one has read the books that have been written during the past decade by some of the foremost American critics, or the magazines and weekly journals that now minister to a constantly increasing public. Foreign critics have not been more detached or disinterested than have our historians who have investigated every period of national history, or biographers who have smashed many popular idols, or sociologists and economists who have subjected every phase of economic and social life to scientific scrutiny, or our creative writers who have found in the realistic treatment of national types and manners an extension of the technic and material of art. It is necessary to consider more in detail these more serious criticisms of America. The doctors have held a clinic, and they do not agree as to the diagnosis.

Even as far back as 1909 Herbert Croly in his *Promise of American Life* sounded the note of an intelligent and militant criticism that has grown in vol-

ume and in intensity. Taking as his text the words of Emil Reich, "Never has it been our fortune to catch the slightest whisper of doubt, the slightest want of faith, in the chief God of America—unlimited belief in the future of America," he professes an active and intense dislike of such a mixture of optimism, fatalism, and conservatism, such an easy, generous, and irresponsible optimism. While he believes in the promise, he is just as sure that it will not come automatically—it will be fulfilled, not by sanguine anticipations, not by a conservative imitation of past achievements, but by "laborious, single-minded, clear-sighted, and fearless work, and by the conscious recognition of national abuses." "There comes a time in the history of every nation when its independence of spirit vanishes unless it emancipates itself in some measure from its traditional illusions; and that time is fast approaching for the American people. They must either seize the chance of a better future, or else become a nation which is satisfied to repeat indefinitely the monotonous measures of its own past."

Croly outlines clearly the rôle of the critic as that of carrying on an incessant and relentless warfare on the prevailing American insincerity. He must "stab away at the gelatinous mass of popular indifference, sentimentality, and complacency, even though he seems quite unable to penetrate it to the quick and draw blood." There must be "free lances," for in all serious warfare people have to be really wounded for some good purpose. To produce in the minds of the

public some consciousness of its active torpor—that is a job which needs "sharp weapons, intense personal devotion, and a positive indifference to consequences." Where Croly differs from some of the free lances who have been quick to accept his summons is in his faith in the purpose and promise of democracy despite all its limitations; "democracy may prove to be the most important moral and social enterprise yet undertaken by mankind." It may develop what he calls the religion of human brotherhood, which may be realized only through the loving-kindness which individuals feel toward their fellow men and particularly toward their fellow countrymen. Exceptional leaders must furnish the patterns for such a development. They must be willing to fight. Like all sacred causes, democracy "must be propagated by the Word and by that right arm of the Word which is the Sword."

Croly's book may be considered as a permanent expression of the Progressive movement in American politics led by Roosevelt and Wilson. His vision of the possibilities of democracy was realized—in part, at least, his faith was justified.

Scarcely was this chapter of the triumph of liberalism ended when the great debacle came, and then that "slump in idealism" which characterized the aftermath. American democracy looked worse than it had ever looked: oppression of thought, herd psychology, mass production of ideas as well as of goods. The eclipse of liberalism seemed complete. The floodgates of criticism were opened and the free lances

had their day. Youth has been ever since in revolt. Some critics use the tomahawk or battleaxe, some the rapier, some rely on facts patiently gathered, and some express only the futility of the struggle and seem like beautiful and ineffectual angels beating their wings, not in a luminous void, but in a very dark chaos.[1]

This criticism reached a comprehensive expression in a symposium entitled *Civilization in the United States* (1922)—"the deliberate organized outgrowth of the common efforts of like-minded men and women."[2] These thirty men met fortnightly for several months to discuss, with a view to publication, the truth about American civilization. Out of these discussions grew the volume of five hundred pages in which every phase of American life and thought is subjected to the keenest analysis and the most searching criticism. Despite the different temperaments there is "a unity of approach and attack." They declare that the moving and pathetic fact in the social life of America is "emotional and æsthetic starvation"; for "we have no heritages or traditions to which to cling, except those that have already withered in our hands and turned to dust." They find our political life not only "corrupt but utterly unintelligent, characterized by incurable cowardice and

[1]For a summary see Waldo Frank's *The Re-discovery of America*, pp. 314–326.

[2]The most prominent writers were: Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, R. M. Lovett, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, John Macy, Ernest Boyd.

venality." A sweeping condemnation of all men in Congress is that "what they know of sound literature is what one may get out of McGuffey's Fifth Reader. What they know of political science is the nonsense preached in the Chautauquas and on the stump. What they know of history is the childish stuff taught in grammar school. What they know of the arts and sciences is—absolutely nothing." The press, daily and weekly, is all subsidized, and all news is therefore doctored. Education is "the great American superstition"; with its hierarchies and its dogmas and its futilities, the system is strangely like that of an established church, in which there is no freedom of thought or teaching. "Here are more hearts, empty and unfilled, and more restless minds than the world has ever before gathered together." The intellectual life which is found either in universities or outside is characterized by one word, "poverty." Women dominate the entire intellectual life of America, for men are willing to consign to them the unimportant things such as art, music, religion and literature, while they busy themselves with the man's job of making money and getting on in the world. Our philosophy is barren and has led only to an intellectual *impasse*. Our literary history, past and present, shows only blighted and arrested careers of individuals who might, in a different environment, have achieved worthy things in art and in literature. Even those who wrote one good book at the beginning of their careers had the iron hand of convention laid upon

them; they have been, for the most part, men struggling with an impossible handicap.

The words that run through such criticism are: capitalism, machinery, standardization, regimentation, materialism, Puritanism, Anglo-Saxon dulness and hypocrisy, lack of freedom of thought, indifference to beauty and to spiritual values. And the native critics are reinforced by intelligent foreigners. Mystics like Tagore and Gandhi, æsthetes like George Moore, mediævalists like Chesterton, satirists like Shaw, social scientists like Siegfried, and philosophers like Keyserling and Santayana,—all alike are moved by the poignancy, not to say tragedy, of the situation. America represents what is worst in modern civilization raised to the *n*th degree, and because of our power, the entire West may be drawn into our orbit. Only the Orient with its mysticism, or the return somehow to the Middle Ages, or some revolutionary order like socialism or communism, will avert the calamity.

There must have been something in the American public that was ready for such criticism. A country that was said to be impervious to new ideas and would take only the sugared and sentimental in literature has responded to the most revolutionary writers, until their novels have vied with those of Harold Bell Wright in popular favor, their poems have brought them a comfortable living, and their journals have flourished like the green bay tree. Surely the America which they knew in their youth has changed when

the very men who were most hopeless have invaded the old-line magazines and captured more than one citadel of supposedly conservative publishing houses.

II

Sooner or later all criticism of America comes back to Puritanism as the source of most of our ills. The very word has been the red rag at which many enraged rebels have charged. Whether they think of the early history of New England, or of the later dispersion of the Puritans over all parts of the country and their reinforcement by the hordes of Methodists and Baptists and other Protestant denominations, Puritanism has been the cause of the restrictions and prohibitions, the intolerance and bigotry, that have cursed American life. Losing whatever was its original somewhat primitive faith, it has created the "will to power" as the essence of religion and has thus joined hands with industrialism to produce the gospel of efficiency and success. It is the inveterate foe of all the fine arts and of a humane view of life. Underneath the form of a dead religion it has fostered the hypocrisy which is the source of all the rottenness and emptiness of modern America. The former statue of the Puritan, so grave and severe but powerful, has been replaced by the national caricature of a long lank clergyman of the Anti-Saloon League.

It is to this religious problem that André Siegfried constantly recurs in his monumental study, *America*

Comes of Age. In none too sympathetic manner he criticises the Protestant sects as still dominated by Calvinism in their desire to reform and uplift the group by crushing the individual and imposing laws on other people. The popular political leaders are really "evangelists," and business men have united piety and success in such a way as to destroy the real spirit of religion and to make of material success the chief idol of the people. A type of "Rotary Christian" is standardizing religion by introducing the efficiency of organization and the rigidity of creed. The Protestants have done all they can to make freedom of thought and of conduct impossible on the assumption that the minority has no right to complain, for it is all being done for their good. National customs must be safeguarded from foreign influence. The liberalism of Jefferson and Franklin has vanished with the numerous crusades in behalf of morality and orthodoxy. Prohibition has done its share in raising the standard of living of the American workman to "the highest level that the world has ever seen," but it is a part of a programme of Protestantism and Big Business to bring about a uniformity and standardization of all life.

Henry S. Canby with all this undiscriminating criticism in mind has recently spoken with righteous indignation against the prevalent idea that all grievances in literature are attributable to Puritanism:

> If a book does not sell, it is because the Puritans warped our sense of beauty; if an honest discussion of sex is at-

tacked for indecency, it is the fault of the Puritan inheritance; if the heroes and heroines of new narratives in prose or verse jazz their way to destruction or impotence, it is in protest against the Puritans.

Who is this terrible Puritan? He keeps books dull and reticent, makes plays virtuously didactic, and irritates all but the meek and godly into revolt. I am not an uncritical admirer of the Puritans. . . . But I object still more strongly to the anti-Puritans: those rebels who make unconventionality their only convention, with their distrust of duty because they see no reason to be dutiful, and their philosophical nihilism, which comes to this, that all things having been proved false except their own desires, their desires become a philosophy.

Is it true that because we are not to be damned for playing golf on Sunday, nothing can damn us? That because the rock-ribbed Vermont ancestor's idea of duty can never be ours, we have no duty to acknowledge? Is it true that if we cease being Puritans we can remain without principle, swayed only by impulse and events?[1]

It is well to put side by side with this protest Stuart Sherman's more positive and somewhat exaggerated definition of Puritanism as "one of the vital, progressive, and enriching human traditions"; it is not a fixed form of life; it is rather "a formative spirit, an urgent, exploring and creative spirit." Its chief characteristics are "dissatisfaction with the past, courage to break sharply from it, a vision of a better life, readiness to accept a discipline in order to attain that better life, and a serious desire to make that better life prevail."[2] We cannot therefore leave out

[1] *Definitions*, p. 164.
[2] *The Genius of America*, chapter, "What is a Puritan?"

this element of our national life without peril, much as we may be aware of its limitations.

That there was another side to early Puritanism has been abundantly established by historians and essayists, notably in recent years by Prof. Parrington in the sketches of John Winthrop and Samuel Sewall in his *Main Currents in American Thought*. What is not so generally recognized is that Puritanism had within itself the power of transformation, and that, after what Charles Francis Adams called the glacial period of the New England mind, it passed into the New England renascence of the last century. None of the modern critics have used more satire than Holmes showed in puncturing the Puritan tradition; none of the modern emancipators broke more radically from the shackles of thought of a preceding generation than Emerson, while the cosmopolitan culture of Lowell and Longfellow was a preparation —it may be a mild one—for the present era of seeking in all lands and cultures for excellence. Nothing could be further from the spirit of Cotton Mather than the "Eternal Goodness" of Whittier. The Harvard of Charles W. Eliot and William James was far removed from the early training school of New England clergymen. And yet all these men were profoundly influenced by their Puritan forefathers; there was a moral earnestness, a depth of spiritual vision, an immense energy, a public spirit that enabled them to change the whole structure of New England civilization.

Suppose that Puritanism should have yet another transformation, that its form should be even further modified, while something is kept of its essential spirit. Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, and Justice Holmes give point to the suggestion in so far as New England is concerned. It is often said that the hope of Beauty in this country is altogether in foreign and continental hands, that there is none in the native population. Leaving aside for the moment the patronage of the fine arts by wealthy Americans, many of them the descendants of Puritans, we note at the present time the development of the arts in the most unexpected places. Two American singers who have recently entered the Metropolitan Opera Company came from an inland city and from families who hold the most primitive religious faiths and who believe that music is an unworthy career for any child of God. The wind bloweth where it listeth, oftener among a people who really believe something than among sophisticated people. Out of strength comes forth sweetness is one of the laws of life. Some of our greatest universities, let it be remembered, came from the faith of simple folk in search of the ways of God. What we need to do, then, is not to be always setting Puritanism and Beauty or Intelligence at logger-heads, but to build upon the essential strength and faith of the Puritan the structure of a better civilization. It has always been true that out of the masses of the people, awakened to a new desire for the good life, have come some of the great intel-

lectual and artistic movements of history. To browbeat and humiliate the Puritan, even if it could be done, is not half so significant as to give him new eyes and to open up new vistas of human experience. Much of the promise of American life and art may lie in these descendants of the old Puritan stock, and a renaissance may yet come from the Bible Belt! Such things have been when the barbarians with fresh blood and new faith have restored in better form that which seemed destroyed.

III

If Siegfried emphasizes Protestantism or Puritanism as one of the major problems of America, he is also aware of the ethnic problem caused by a variety of races—"the nervous reaction of the original American stock against an insidious subjugation by foreign blood." On account of the juxtaposition (not union, he insists) of Negroes, Asiatics, Slavs, Latins, and Jews, there is "a vague uneasy fear of being overwhelmed within, and of suddenly finding one day that they are no longer themselves." With alarming statistics he shows the development of immigration from English or British stock to that of Northern Europe, and then in overwhelming proportions to Latins and Slavs—"a fantastic medley of people." Furthermore, the later immigrants, instead of seeking the open spaces of the West, congregated in the big cities and in the industrial and mining centres of

the East—"solid indigestible blocks." If there is nothing new in the facts cited with regard to immigration or with regard to the increasing birthrate of the new elements and the corresponding decrease of the British or Nordic or educated classes, one is impressed with the constantly recurring question: With fifty years' inundation of Latins, Slavs, Catholics, and Oriental Jews, "remaining undissolved like a layer of silt," is there any hope of preserving intact the Protestant spirit and British traditions from which the moral and political character of the country evolved during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries?

No wonder the Anglo-Saxon element is alarmed, but that is not the view of some who resent the Anglo-Saxon's domination and his Americanization plans. Hendrik Van Loon in his history of America has in a humorous, and sometimes smart, fashion, given expression to a new point of view regarding American history. The Republic, he claims, fell in 1865 and passed into the control of the rich and of the immigrants, who from being docile are becoming more and more ready to fight against Anglo-Saxon ideals and traditions; America has become "a polyglot boarding-house," and the boarders are in rebellion.

The descendants of Plymouth Rock demanded that they be regarded as the legitimate masters of the newly founded empire. They insisted that their language should be the language of the land, that their God should be the God of all the faithful, that their ideals of morality should become the accepted standards of conduct. That small group of

professional descendants will sooner or later be deprived of its power by those who only a short while before dug its ditches and blasted its tunnels.

These foreign strains have become more and more articulate in recent years. Mary Antin's *Promised Land*, *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, Michael Pupin's *From Immigrant to Inventor* are examples of the real blending of races, but the autobiography of Ludwig Lewisohn, *Up Stream*, states the case tragically and forcefully, and might be paralleled in many other lives. Waldo Frank's *Our America* was a bold defiance of those who had written our literary history altogether from the traditional point of view. Written primarily for the members of the French Commission that visited this country during the War, the book contends that the true America is not to be found in the books of Bliss Perry or Barrett Wendell, nor in official Washington, nor in the Philistines who welcomed them to their homes, nor in the histories that have magnified the Puritans, the pioneers, and the men of property, but in the buried cultures of the Indians and the Negroes, in the group of writers gathered at Schlogl's restaurant in Chicago, in the group of artists and musicians who flourished under the patronage of Stieglitz in New York, or in such insurgents of the old stock as Henry Adams, Melville, and Thoreau. The day has come for foreigners to assert themselves and claim their inheritance, and, as his later book[1] contends, to save

[1] *The Re-discovery of America.*

America from the jungle of a machine civilization. The only hope is that a new generation will break with the traditions of American life. English culture, hardened and straitened by Puritanism and Philistinism, is the worst possible basis for the culture of the future. There can be no adjustment or reconciliation; there is no hope of making a gradual evolution from one era to another. The basis of hope, if indeed there is any hope, is in a younger generation that will create a new world out of the chaos that now prevails.

Is the dilemma quite so acute as Mr. Frank would have us believe, or as Siegfried defines it in his major question, "Will America remain Protestant and Anglo-Saxon?" The process of the Americanization of our foreign population has its humorous as well as its serious aspects. But are not Americans gradually receiving what is best in the various cultures of our foreign population? Are not the multiplication of symphony orchestras under foreign conductors, the building of art galleries, the recognition of such books as those of Mr. Frank and Mr. Lewisohn and many others, evidences that sensible Americans realize that one of the great adventures of this nation is the blending of every sort of race and culture into one nation? It is a difficult job, one that has never been undertaken on so large a scale, but it might be done. Schauffler's "The Scum of the Earth" rather than Aldrich's "Unguarded Gates" may be the voice of the American mind and heart. There is no irreconcilable opposition

between Catholics and Protestants despite the appearances in the last election. There is constantly increasing evidence that even the most diverse racial elements in our population are making their contributions to our civilization and are being welded into a nation.

IV

But what may be said as to the industrial prosperity, the worship of success, the reign of Mammon in America? Siegfried admits that, "tested by the standards of living of working men, by the efficiency and power of the employers, by the general average of material welfare, the whole industrial system is justified." But he finds in the talk about "service" a good deal of twaddle—a combination of the civic virtue of the Protestant, the materialism of Bentham, and the scientist's devotion to progress. This is the doctrine of an optimistic Pharisee trying "to reconcile success with justice." The system turns the worker into a cog in a vast machine and so robs him of "the intense mental activity of the artisan or even of the peasant who can think in terms of the finished product." There is no such variety of work as in France and therefore less room for individual taste and patience. On account of its great financial power the country is assuming for the rest of the world the rôle of "a missionary bailiff or of an ambitious man in search of power," and from this may arise "a new

and subtle imperialism unlike anything we have seen before."

The concluding chapter—a comparison of European and American civilizations—is of distinct value and moment. Siegfried believes that the American people are "creating on a vast scale an entirely original social structure," but in its magnificent material achievements as well as in all other aspects—even including idealism and religion—it is "working toward the single goal of production." It is a materialistic society, "organized to produce things rather than people, with output set up as a god." If the aim of society is to produce the greatest amount of comfort and luxury for the greatest number of people, the United States is in a fair way to succeed. "But Fordism, which is the essence of American industry, results in the standardization of the workman himself." Artisanship has no place in the new world. "To express his own personality through his creative effort is the ambition of every Frenchman, but it is incompatible with mass production. . . . Can it be possible that the personality of the individual can recover itself in consumption after being so crippled and weakened in production?"

No writer has put more concisely or more clearly the conflict between the individual and the social order: "There is a growing tendency to reduce all virtues to the primordial ideal of conformity. . . . Can the individual possibly survive in such an atmosphere? . . . Will Europe end by adopting these

methods? *She hesitates.* In the light of the American contrast, we see that material pursuits have not entirely absorbed the soul of Europe, and that it can still appreciate free and disinterested thought and spiritual joys which can often be obtained only by renouncing comforts and fortunes. . . . Europe looks toward Asia as well as America. The discussion broadens until it becomes, as it were, a dialogue between Ford and Gandhi."

Of like significance is the point of view of Count Keyserling in his *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* and his *Europe.* He finds that life in America is given over to mechanical regulation and that "the tools enslave the man"; it is high time that Western humanity should recognize that it will not find, upon the path of progress, the one thing which is needful. The result of his later observations of European countries is in his later volume. What he says about individual countries need not be considered, but his final chapter of generalizations about the difference between Europe and America is characteristic of much contemporary thought: "In America the individual is simply ceasing to exist; all development is moving in the direction of standardization; manners and morals are becoming so uniform that the only parallel to them must be found in the army corps. The ideal of the same life, the same emotions, for all is steadily becoming a reality. . . . Intellectual interests as such play hardly any part in the life at large; all values are weighed by their practical application

and by their application to the collective benefit. . . . The majority principle leads to a tyranny more powerful than any which has ever existed before." The only hope for America is in the primitive life of the Negro and the Indian which will remotely become a new culture. The present emphasis on "a high standard of living rather than on the salvation of the soul" must pass away. The conclusion is that to Europe and Europe alone has "the task been intrusted to guard the sacred fire of the spirit."

This fear with regard to standardization is expressed in a somewhat novel way in *The Twilight of the American Mind* by Prof. Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia University, who maintains the thesis that by 1975 America will no longer afford opportunities sufficient to employ or engage the "Best Minds," so mechanized and stereotyped is the work of all the professions becoming. It is evident, he contends, that a man who finds no adequate outlet for his strongest native capacities and for his special abilities is "blocked, thwarted, and eventually upset." He may become neurotic, or simply apathetic, or savagely rebellious. After a comprehensive and penetrating survey of all the callings and professions the author comes to the conclusion that the Best Minds—the one per cent of the population determined by intelligence tests—even now cannot find opportunities for work. Of the 613,800 adult men and women who would qualify under the tests, there are jobs for only 176,200, distributed as follows: in industry, trade, trans-

portation and banking, 42,000; in engineering, 15,000; in medicine and surgery, 20,000; in law, 5,000; in journalism, 10,000; in colleges, 21,000; in public schools, 6,000; *in the ministry, none!* in social welfare, 1,000; in vocational guidance and personnel work, 6,000; in government service, 10,000; *in all the arts, 200;* in scientific research, 40,000. That is an alarming condition for the present, but when one thinks of 1975, the outlook is appalling—hence the twilight.

Even more alarming than standardization or plutocracy is the effect of the Machine on the minds of some modern writers, especially when it becomes objectified as a creature of the imagination. One thinks inevitably of the much-abused conception of Frankenstein or of the Dynamo as used by Henry Adams and Eugene O'Neill. In one of the most tragic autobiographies ever written, William E. Leonard has presented the "Locomotive God" as a symbol of the fear that has haunted his imagination since he was a child and that now paralyzes him so that he cannot move out of a restricted sphere. It is the demonic force that has pursued him—"The Face, the Jaws, of an Aboriginal Monster, shining from the Black Circle, ready to swallow him, to eat him alive." It is the Machine God—of Steel and Fire and Smoke—constructing and unmaking Man—a symbol of Material Dominions, of the delusions of a raucous America.

Under a different figure Waldo Frank has represented the chaos of modern life as a Jungle in which

machines take the place of the monsters that tore each other in their slime. "In lieu of tarantulas and banyan trees, we have machines; in lieu of the action on us of storms and unguessed myriads of bacteria and insects, we have the intricate pull and stress of economic forces." The Machine is "an anarchic mindless master in place of God to trample us and rule us."[1]

But Mr. Frank does not think that the Jungle is to be permanent, nor the Machine to dominate us forever. "The machine is an anarchic principle only so long as man is an anarchic atom. The machine is a monster only so long as man is not wholly man. The present capacity of the machine to surround man, to determine the forms and colors of his acts, to hold his energy and his allegiance, is a negative reflex of man's incapacity as yet to create a Whole in modern terms, and to assimilate the machine as a means and a symbol within it." It may thus become a symbol of spiritual growth. But the way is so difficult and the "groups" are so small!

Far and away the most authoritative discussion of this whole problem is Stuart Chase's *Men and Machines*—a scientific and well balanced survey of all the facts involved. Some of his conclusions afford little comfort to the prophets of despair. As he looks about the United States, "the most mechanized nation under the sun," he finds reason to believe that the number of those bound intimately to the rhythm of the machine is a small percentage of the

[1] *The Re-discovery of America* p. 71.

total population, and concludes that it still has to be proven that it is "a more evil thing to be at the mercy of a weekly pay check than at the mercy of the tide, the storms, the seasons, the Black Death, the lord of the manor, the pig-sty, and the gods." He asks pertinently whether the machine is primarily responsible for the regimentation. Is it more drastic than the regimentation enforced by the customs of another civilization? Is there a more standardized country than China? It is difficult to see how the enamelled bathroom is any more standardized than the old bathtub that hung on the back porch ready for use on Saturday night, or that the automobile is any more standardized than the covered wagon or the single buggies of pioneer days. It is Chase's idea that machine civilization as a total culture is less standardized than any former culture and that the machine is probably the greatest destroyer of standards that the world has ever seen. After balancing the good and the evil of machinery he concludes:

> Man is not the slave of his machines but he has allowed them to run unbridled, and his next great task is, by one method or another, to break them to his service. I see before us three alternatives—we can drift with the tide as at present. We can officially adopt some simple formula like "government by business" or "state socialism," and thus attempt to run a dreadnought with a donkey engine. Or we can face the full implications of the machine, relying on no formulas because none adequate have been created, with nothing to guide us but our naked intelligence and a will to conquer.

The last is the great adventure—the boldest, most exhilarating, most dangerous adventure that ever challenged the intelligence and spirit of mankind. From our brains have sprung a billion horses, now running wild and almost sooner or later to run amuck. Where are the riders with the whirling rope; where are the light-hearted youth to mount, be thrown, and rise to mount again?[1]

V

One wonders if George W. Russell ("Æ") did not come a bit nearer than any foreigner to the soul of America, or to one element in the soul, when he saw the more favorable aspects of even our industrialism. To one who himself has worked out a certain synthesis between poetry and practical work in agriculture, not only for himself but for Ireland, it seems that in the very magnitude of modern industry there is a suggestion of "a planetary consciousness" that may be a distinct contribution to civilization. He was impressed with the architecture of our big cities, "those monstrous cliffs of concrete and steel that blaze in the evening light"; here alone does an architecture "soar above the dreams imaginative artists have conceived of the Towers of Babel." The railway stations are "awe-inspiring," "so like do they seem in their vastness to temples of the mysteries." The people are "evolving beauty and elegance of their own." Russell finds "strong elements of romanticism and idealism" even in the powerful captains of industry. He sees the value of mass production. America is not

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 347.

simply an extension of European civilization but is developing a powerful character of its own. Here, in contrast with the situation described by Spengler, is "the beginning of a civilization where what is to dominate and inspire is yet unmanifested or is noticeable in but a few minds."

The conclusion is too good to abbreviate—it is such an antidote to much that has been written by Siegfried, Keyserling, and others:

> What is arising or to arise in the States? I think of it as some mood of planetary consciousness. I cannot get a more precise word. Intuition and reason alike prompt me to say this. In the ancient world where travel was difficult, dangerous, and expensive, the material basis for such a planetary consciousness was not in existence. The cultures of China, India, Egypt turned inward and brooded on themselves. Within the last century only has a nervous system interlocking the planet been evolved. Railway, steamship, cable, wireless, swift-evolving air transport, economic international organizations: the roar of the planet is in every ear. It is true it sounds in European ears also, but it is not the planet they were born under. The characters of European and Asiatic were formed in elder centuries, and they change but little from their intense self-concentration in the new era.
>
> Biologically, the people are made up from fiery particles of life jetted from many human fountains. The biological ancestors of the people in the States are European, Asiatic, African, with some survival of the aboriginal American. Nature will find in this multitude the materials to blend to make a more complex mentality than any known before with wide-reaching affinities in the subconscious. I notice, too, that the writers who form the spiritual germ-cell of

American culture—Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, and their school—think and write of themselves almost as naturally as being children of earth, as of being American citizens. That group manifest in their writings something like a cosmic consciousness. American statesmen, too, are beginning to formulate world policies, league of nations, world peace, a sense of duty to the world struggling up through the intense self-interest and pre-occupation with their own affairs.

The American benevolence is world-wide. The Rockefeller Foundation is as benevolent to Japan, France, England, Germany, Belgium, or Singapore as to neighboring Canada. It thinks of the health of humanity, not merely of the American people. I do not say this planetary outlook or consciousness is universal. It exists rather in a few minds. The ordinary man may not understand, indeed he is first repelled by the thoughts that move the mightier of his kind, but the same elements are in his being, and finally he reels after the shepherds who call. A planetary consciousness I surmise will grow up through centuries in this astonishing people, warring with its contrary idea which also has its own meaning and just basis. Our human faculties are burnished by their struggle with opposites in ourselves. And it is no less true of the ideas which become dominant in great civilizations. I imagine centuries in which in the higher minds in the States a noble sense of world duty, a world consciousness, will struggle with mass mentality and gradually pervade it, to establish there, and in the world, perhaps, the idea that all humanity are children of one King, or at least to make so noble an idea part of the heritage of those who come after, until, finally, as it must in the ages, it becomes the dominant idea in world consciousness.[1]

That is substantiaily the conclusion of the wisest

[1] *Saturday Review of Literature*, June 9, 1928.

of American doctors. Distinctly more solid and important than any of the books referred to in this chapter is the *Rise of American Civilization* by Charles and Mary Beard. Especially significant is the second volume with its chapters on The Industrial Era, The Gilded Age, Toward Social Democracy, The Quest for Normalcy, and The Machine Age. On the whole the Machine Age shows up so much better than the Gilded Age that hope is warranted. "America in this age offers material subsistence for the life of the mind more varied and more lucrative than any nation that has flourished since the beginnings of civilization in the Nile Valley." While Dr. Beard knows that complacency is dangerous and silly, he has no patience with hysterical sentimentality that magnifies a past age at the expense of the present. In answer to the oft-repeated denunciations of the commercialism, greed and corruption of the Harding administration, he has no trouble in citing instances in "the nobler, ampler, purer days of our fathers" that make contemporary scandals look pale and insignificant. His conclusion is that immense advances have been made in both state and national government—advances in efficiency, in standards of public honor, social justice, and humanity.

In a sort of appendix to this monumental history[1] Dr. Beard contends that, "judged by the reformers

[1] "Recent Gains in Government," in *Recent Gains in American Civilization.*

of 1890, more humane and democratic legislation running in the direction of greater justice has been put upon the statute books of the United States during the past twenty-five years than during the hundred and ten years that elapsed between the founding of the federal government and the inauguration of Benjamin Harrison." This progress in the federal government is matched, he continues, with that in state governments—health legislation, the care of defectives and delinquents, appropriations for the public schools, the opening up of backward regions by highway improvements, and that wide range of activities loosely grouped under social welfare. "A cross-section of state administration in 1870 with a cross-section in 1927 is itself an education in the processes of democracy—that poor thing so successively despised by the triumphant civilizations of Hungary, Italy, and Russia!" And the progress in municipal government from the time when Bryce drew such a dark picture in his *American Commonwealth* is even more marked.

These gains have been made, in spite of all that has been said about the decline of democracy, by the insistence of agitators, the endless discussion of the fireside, forum, shop, and office, the pressure of citizens' committees, the writings of critics, the logical and sentimental appeal of constructive proposals—"in short, by the activities of millions of men and women, most of them unknown to the pages of written history, who have thought, written, spoken, and

dared." The "unforeseen potentialities of what men and women think and do" lead naturally to:

> an invulnerable faith in democracy, in the ability of the undistinguished masses, as contrasted with heroes and classes, to meet by reasonably competent methods the issues raised in the flow of time—a faith in the efficacy of that new and mysterious instrument of the modern mind, the invention of inventions— . . . effecting an ever wider distribution of the blessings of civilization—health, security, material goods, knowledge, leisure, æsthetic appreciation, . . . subordinating physical things to the empire of the spirit—doubting not the capacity of the Power that has summoned into being all patterns of the past and present, living and dead, to fulfill its endless destiny.
>
> If so, it is the dawn, not the dusk, of the gods.

The conclusion of this extended analysis of contemporary books about America may well be upon that note of the dawn. That the patient under consideration is sick all will agree, but the remedy is to seek the vital sources of his strength and to let the sunlight play upon him. In the words of Carl Sandburg's latest volume of poems: "Good Morning, America."

VII

THE VENTURE OF THE GOLDEN MEAN

The via media *is of all ways the most difficult to follow. It requires discipline and self-control, it requires both imagination and hold on reality. In a period of debility like our own, few men have the energy to follow the middle way in government; for lazy or tired minds there is only extremity or apathy: dictatorship or communism, with enthusiasm or with indifference.*

T. S. Eliot.

It is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that so many people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. . . . Honest, clear, and unselfish co-operation for the realization of the good and true, that lies between two extremes, is seldom to be met with. What we do meet with is obstinate adherence to an obsolete and soulless tradition on the one hand, and a rash lust for change on the other; retardation without reason and haste without safety.

Goethe.

No writer who has expressed his personality with any fulness is purely Classic or purely Romantic. The supremely great writers cannot be labeled. . . . The supreme artists at their best rise above conflicts and propaganda, and are known not by the intensity of their partisanship but by the perfection of their balance. They show the virtues of all the schools. . . . The greater the age from the artistic point of view, the less likely is it to be marked by a notable deficiency in any of the three faculties [imagination, reason, and sense of fact]. In so far as it succeeded in giving the artistic form a deep, broad, permanently and universally satisfying representation of human life, it contains all these in well-balanced proportion.

William A. Neilson.

VII

THE VENTURE OF THE GOLDEN MEAN

One does not associate the idea of adventure with that of the golden mean. When we think of adventure we think of the pioneers, the trail-blazers; when we think of the golden mean we think of calm, serenity, poise, balance. After all, however, may not the greatest of adventures be found in attaining a certain fulness and abundance of life, in a better-balanced thinking, and in a state of society in which all the possibilities and talents of men have an opportunity for expression? Highly specialized living and the tendency to extremes in thinking may lead to disastrous consequences for the individual and society.

One of the most disappointing things about educated people is that they do not know how to react from one extreme without going to the other. The latest illustration of this general tendency is evident in the state of mind of many of the intellectuals, and even of the general public. If we contrast the "Mauve Decade" of the Nineties, so ironically and skilfully portrayed by Thomas Beer, with the present decade, we find that dominant leaders of thought have passed from the reign of conventions to the revolt against conventions and the convention of revolt, from sentimentalism to sophistication, from

"rose-pink" literature to "dirty drab," from Pollyanna optimism to the most depressing pessimism, from "uplift" to iconoclasm and from "service" to individualism and selfishness, from suppressed emotions and inhibitions to unbridled passions and undisciplined thinking, from the reign of dulness to the cult of smartness—smartness at any price.

The words "*A plague o' both your houses!*", thrice repeated by the dying Mercutio in his judgment upon the passionate rage that flowed through the streets of Verona, must have been often on the lips of calm and clear-eyed men as they have witnessed the conflicts between the conservatives and the radicals of our time. Instead of the houses of the Montagues and the Capulets, we have the houses of the Bolshevists and the Bourbons or Fascists, of Fundamentalists and Modernists, of Classicists and Romanticists, of Realists and Idealists, of the old and the new schools of poetry, of the old and the new education. Such sharply contrasted divisions are reminiscent of Aristotelians and Platonists, Puritans and Royalists, abolitionists and secessionists. The moderation of Friar Laurence with his wise epigram, "too swift arrives as tardy as too slow," the clear-eyed humor and intelligence of Mercutio with his judgment upon "those strange flies, those passion-mongers, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench," and the balanced appraisal of the disastrous feud by the Prince, who looks forward to a period of reconciliation and peace

above the tombs of the immortal lovers—these are all characteristic of the balance and the moderation of those who in times of revolution and reaction either wait in patience for the burning out of raging fires, or, better still, wisely mediate between the extremes and constructively evolve a new order.

It does seem as if even a limited education ought to cause an increasing number of men to see that if history, or literature which best sums up the form and pressure of any period of history, teaches any one thing, it is the wisdom of adopting the golden mean rather than the falsehood of extremes. From Aristotle's clear exposition of this phrase to the late Henry Watterson's generalization, based upon fifty years of observation and experience, that the moral alike for governments and men is: "Keep the middle of the road," this truth is writ large in the history of all peoples and all times, and is the one key to the many perplexing problems that engage the minds of men at this present moment. But to adapt a saying of Edwin Arlington Robinson's, "We have the ages for our guide, but not the wisdom to be led."

The extreme point of view or the extreme man is generally more picturesque, more colorful, in some ways more attractive,—the young man with his ardor, his passion for revolutionizing the world in a day, or the old man clinging tenaciously to the established order which he gilds with the glory of a past radiance, —but either way lies the probability, yes, the inevitableness, of error. Blake's saying that the road of

excess leads to the palace of wisdom is not so true as Bacon's wiser saying, "It were good that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovates greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived." Or his further observation, "In great place ask counsel of both times: of the ancient times what is best, and of the latter times what is fittest." That way wisdom lies, and the inevitable course of time or manifest destiny. Moderation, which is so often merely academic and aloof from the great currents of life and thought, may become, in Woodrow Wilson's fine phrase, "animated moderation." And thus the constructive thinker or leader may cause reason and the will of God to prevail.

Such a man is often misunderstood and misinterpreted by both sides of a controversy; he may, in the suggestive phrase of Charles Evans Hughes, get the brickbats from both sides as he calmly walks down the middle of the street, but his point of view must eventually prevail. Sometimes he is like the troubled and ill-fated Falkland marching to his doom with "peace" upon his lips, or like Erasmus maintaining an intellectual aloofness in the raging fires of Catholicism and the new born Protestantism, but he may be also like those wise and constructive leaders who have so often found the way in their own generation for a calm and gradual evolution of political, social, and religious ideas and systems.

The refusal of ultra moderns to adopt this *via*

media is seen in the words of James Branch Cabell: "Since Attica was young the middle road has been commended by sages and schoolmasters, by vestrymen and grandparents and bankers, and all the other responsible constituents of society, and yet . . . it has been the deviators from the highway, the strayers in by-paths and even in posted woodlands, whom men, led by instinctive wisdom, have elected to commemorate." And again: "Deluded people who view life sensibly . . . commend the middle road. They live temperately, display edifying virtues, put money in bank, and rise at need to heroism and abnegation, dispense a rational vehemence in which there is in reality something divine"! In a word, they are safe and sane, respectable rather than important.

By such logic Cabell lays the basis for his contrast between Marlowe and Shakspere to the advantage of the former, for Marlowe burnt himself out with pothouse dissipation, "alcohol being the midwife to his unexcelled passages of poetry," while Shakspere, successful playwright and citizen of Stratford, "voiced platitudes" by which he "comes home to most of us" and excelled in "the element of triteness." Marlowe saw that wisdom and power, wealth and self-control, are but "the toys and solaces of maturity," and so he wore himself out in one or two supreme creative efforts. In the same way Cabell would exalt Villon above Goethe and Wycherly above Milton. The golden mean of living is thus synonymous with such Philistine virtues as common sense and the practical

reason, moderation with tameness. That the one-sided, intense man is more significant than the many-sided, well-balanced man is one of the prevalent generalizations of both conservatives and radicals. One may still be fair to what extremists in every age have accomplished, and yet maintain that the very greatest men are those who have been characterized by symmetry and poise.

Aristotle is not yet de-moded as an authority in the literature of wisdom. He insisted that the qualities of character might be arranged in triads, in each of which the first and last qualities will be extremes and vices, and the middle quality a virtue or an excellence, as, for instance: cowardice, courage, rashness; stinginess, liberality, extravagance; sloth, ambition, greed; humility, modesty, pride; moroseness, good humor, buffoonery; indecisiveness, self-control, impulsiveness. If, he continues, the young commit a fault it is always on the side of excess and exaggeration. The great difficulty of youth is "to get out of one extreme without falling into its opposite. If we are conscious of erring in one extreme we should aim at the other, and so we reach the middle position." The extremists look upon the golden mean as the greatest vice; they "expel toward each other the man in the middle position"; the brave man is called rash by the coward, and cowardly by the rash man. Hegel meant the same thing when he developed his doctrine of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, and illustrated it by saying that the truth of conservatism and radicalism is liberalism.

If we lift this philosophy of right living and thinking out of the abstract into the concrete, we find that another application of the idea of the golden mean is in the controversy as to specialization and culture which now rages in the field of education. The emphasis on vocational or technical education is often predicated on the idea that only the highly specialized man can succeed in the modern world, and the point is clinched by the citation of this or that man who, admittedly, has achieved marked success in business or in the professions. One may counter with the citation of men who have been just as successful and who have yet found time in their work to develop their intellectual and artistic natures. If on the one hand we have Henry Ford, we have also the men who have been cited in the chapter on "The New Type of Business Man." If we have doctors who illustrate the value of the highly specialized training now so characteristic of the medical profession, we might cite also Sir William Osler, the greatest of them all, who spent the last half-hour of each day in reading the classic books that he called his bedside companions and who wrote essays that may well be called classics of his own. If we have pure scientists like Darwin and practical scientists like Edison, we have also Einstein, who has been cited by Havelock Ellis as a creative artist as well, comparable to Leonardo da Vinci in the wide range of his interests. Bergson and Bertrand Russell are none the less great philosophers because they have a multiplicity of in-

terests and write in a style that gives them a place in literature. If Dwight L. Moody and many another evangelist illustrate religious zeal disconnected from culture, Phillips Brooks and Harry Emerson Fosdick are instances of both culture and religion worthy of their great Master who interpreted and lived the abundant life. The men of the second type represent the totality of life, they cannot be ticketed and labelled or pigeon-holed; their personalities overflow the narrow range of a particular calling.

There is the same contrast to be found in periods of English history, some of which were ages of expansion and others of contraction. It would be generally agreed that the spacious times of great Elizabeth outshine the period of Puritanism, or the eighteenth century age of prose and reason, or the Romantic period, because all of the interests and values of life flourished, every type of genius and of creative activity was manifest; there was at once a stream of fresh and true ideas and a national glow of feeling. Lewis Mumford in his *Golden Day* contends with intelligence and zeal that the greatest need of America is to come into the development of the totality of life after the one-sided emphasis upon science, or material prosperity, or a narrow æstheticism.

II

If, then, the doctrine of the golden mean may be applied to individual and national ideals of life, it may also be regarded as a formula for settling con-

troversies between opposite extremes in every field of human action. It is the way of compromise and expediency, so often scorned by idealists but so potent in the actual affairs of men. It has often been said that the English people have built their whole political and social structure on the Aristotelian mean. Progressive conservatism or conservative progress—freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent—has been characteristic of their whole history. The exceptions such as the Civil War of the seventeenth century only serve to make clear the general rule. England stood still for forty years from fear of the revolutionary spirit that had raged in France, but, once awakened to the need of reform and to the demands of democracy, she moved steadily and gradually from the Reform Bill of 1832 to the administration of Lloyd George before the World War. Even now the conservative party is standing for principles of social and industrial legislation that would have astounded even the liberals of half a century ago. How often the conservatives have adopted the platforms of their opponents and thus brought about necessary reforms, and how conservative the Labor Party proved to be when it gained responsible power, are well known to all students of English history. The recent triumph of Macdonald has not shaken the foundations of the Empire.

One has only to contrast with this gradual development of democracy, brought about by compromise and expediency, the far more picturesque and dra-

matic history of France in the nineteenth century to see the difference between reform and revolution as two methods of progress. From the old régime to the Revolution, thence to the Empire, the Restoration, the Republic, the Empire, the Republic, the pendulum swung with deplorable results that are even now apparent in France. Not only France but all the Latin races show the tendency to react to logic rather than to actual conditions. One must be either a Catholic or a freethinker or an atheist; there is no middle ground. One must be either a conservative or radical; there is no middle ground. Hence the Mussolini reign in Italy at the opposite pole from Bolshevism in Russia. Whimsical old Samuel Butler, in so many ways opposed to the Victorian compromise, was for once a thorough Englishman when he said, "Extremes are alone logical, but they are always absurd; the mean is illogical, but an illogical mean is better than the sheer absurdity of an extreme."

Bernard Shaw, who has so often been out of sympathy with the English temperament, in his "last will and testament," *An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*, makes a comprehensive indictment of capitalistic society, but he sharply differentiates himself from the extreme theorists of the Continent. Nothing "stays put," for humanity is like a glacier always moving, but there must be control. Capitalism has gradually led to socialism for it has changed the industries of the country from petty enterprises into

huge trusts. And yet we must have some stable form of government—a representative and constitutional government; in other words, make socialism the established constitutional order in Britain. Only experiment will establish the right way. A general strike would be "a form of national suicide." Women and men should come together with sense enough to take counsel without coming to blows, and with business ability enough to organize the work of the community. We can nationalize the industries only one at a time, after "an elaborate preparation for their administration by a body of civil servants." Dozens of extensions of the civil and municipal services, dozens of annual budgets, will take us nearer and nearer to Equality of Income. Nothing is ever done, and much is prevented, by people who do not realize that they cannot do everything at once. Marxism is not only useless but disastrous as a guide to the practice of government. Meanwhile, "Heaven help us!, we must do the best we can." We cannot despair of democracy and capitalism without despairing of human nature. Shaw concludes with a bit of pleasantry that does not obscure the essential moderation of his proposal: "There will never be a week in which the Sunday newspaper will report that Socialism was established in Great Britain last Wednesday, on which occasion the Queen wore a red silk scarf fastened on the shoulder with a circlet of rubies consecrated and presented to her by the Third International, and containing a portrait of Karl Marx with

the famous motto, 'Proletarians of All Lands: Unite.' "

If one allows for the changed conditions of English industrial and social life and for a certain quality of Celtic extravagance, Shaw's analysis and conclusion are not unlike passages in Edmund Burke's speeches on the American War and his *Reflections on the French Revolution,* which so clearly express the genius of the English race in government and the principles of their statecraft. Never did the words of Burke sound so wise as in a world hesitating between Bolshevism and Fascism: "As it is the interest of government that reformation should be early, it is the interest of the people that it should be temperate. It is to their interest because a temperate reform is permanent, and because it has a principle of growth." "Whenever we improve, it is right to leave room for a further improvement. A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation. In what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete." "What is liberty without wisdom, and without virtue? It is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice, and madness, without tuition or restraint. Those who know what virtuous liberty is, cannot bear to see it disgraced by incapable heads, on account of their having high-sounding words in their mouths."

Now the United States, with the exception of the period of the Civil War, which is another illustration of the folly of extreme men, has applied this political

philosophy. Its history is that of a continued enlargement of the ideas of freedom and democracy—a gradual liberalizing of an original constitution to meet new economic and social conditions. Reference has already been made to the growth of liberal government during the administrations of Roosevelt and Wilson.

Some of the more personal and dramatic episodes in that struggle and in the present era are given in William Allen White's *Masks in a Pageant.* He uses the analogy of the seventeenth century in England to suggest the chapter divisions: The Old Kings (Croker and Platt), The Early Stuarts (Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley), Two Warwicks (Mark Hanna and Bryan), The Great Rebellion (Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson), The Restoration (Harding and Coolidge), and the Young Princes of Democracy (Al Smith and "Big Bill" Thompson). While some of the groupings may seem a bit far-fetched, the parallel is interesting and significant. Where the analogy breaks down is that there was no great rebellion or civil war, but rather a peaceful evolution that resulted in progressive legislation. The contrast between Roosevelt and Wilson on the one hand and Bryan on the other was, according to Mr. White, that Roosevelt "restated and reconstructed the Bryan dogma in realizable ideals," many of which Roosevelt left on the doorstep of the Wilson administration. Bryan could not "institutionalize public opinion" as Roosevelt and Wilson did, which reminds one of

Gladstone's oft-expressed desire to work through the institutions of his country the reforms that were uppermost in his mind.

If it be urged, as Mr. White suggests in this book and in his other writings, that the days of liberalism have ended, that, with the passing of Bryan, Wilson, and Roosevelt, America has descended into the area of normalcy, and that the disillusionment following the Great War and the Peace has made social and political progress impossible, the nominations of Governor Smith and Secretary Hoover gave emphasis to the contention of this chapter. Whatever may be said as to Mr. Hoover's part in a conservative administration and his failure to show the qualities of a responsible leader in affecting public opinion, no fair-minded man can deny that the total effect of his work has been to bring nearer to solution some of the problems of capital and labor, or that his spirit and method of work are in line with liberal progress. It is equally true that Governor Smith has given the best exhibition of the progress of state government in the directions already noted, and that on national issues his progressive views were so clearly expressed as to cause weeklies like *The New Republic* and *The Nation* to support him. There is no better illustration of the effect of American institutions on those who lie outside the Anglo-Saxon tradition than his liberal policies and his methods of work; with his training and inheritance he might easily have been a demagogue or a radical rather than a constructive statesman. His

interpretation of the spirit of American Catholicism and his sympathetic approach to the problems of farm relief and power control are the best evidence that the sharp division emphasized in Siegfried's *America Comes of Age* between Protestant and Catholic America, and between rural and urban America, may be merged into a composite, if complex, whole.

If the general trend of American history, and more especially the particular chapter emphasized by Beard and White as centering about the leadership of Roosevelt and Wilson, is an illustration of reform rather than revolution as a method of political progress and therefore of the golden mean in politics, so much cannot be said of the present status of religion in America. The houses seem to be arrayed against one another as for a deadly conflict.

To recur once more to the dramatic episode enacted at Dayton, Tennessee, some four years ago,—and one can scarcely write a book or an article without referring to it—we find a shining illustration of the falsehood of extremes, or of the way in which an issue becomes confusion worse confounded by the fact that it is misrepresented by two protagonists. There is only one thing to be said about the law that gave rise to the trial—there is no room for equivocation or special pleading: it was unwarranted and unjustifiable from every standpoint. But when Clarence Darrow appeared as the chief representative of the intelligence and conscience of America and William Jennings Bryan as the spokesman of the embattled hosts

of fundamentalism, the immediate question of the constitutionality of the law or of the guilt of the defendant was lost sight of in the larger question of the relation of science and religion. It was a belated chapter in the controversy that had been waged since the memorable debate between Bishop Wilberforce and Huxley or between Huxley and Gladstone, and, as in the earlier incidents, the conflict was between the two extremes.

Mr. Darrow incarnated all the extreme tendencies of modern thought. His opponents had no difficulty in citing from his writings and utterances evidences of his complete agnosticism in religion, his championship of the deterministic philosophy which leaves no room for individual responsibility, his belief in Behaviorism—in a word, his complete adoption of the philosophy that is based upon science and science alone. He is, confessedly, a mechanist of the most extreme type. The lawyers of the State ransacked the writings of Loeb, Leuba, Haeckel, Nietzsche, to parallel his own opinions and to lend support to their attack on "atheistic science." Furthermore, he approached the whole issue in a spirit that was compounded of cleverness, smartness, and bravado.

On the other hand, Bryan represented the cause of religious superstition and bigotry at its worst. Never did a man more completely misrepresent true religion. He showed himself ignorant of real science and utterly failed to distinguish between theistic and atheistic evolution. His long established habit of

easy generalizations and sophistical argument reached its climax in his impassioned speeches. He used all the weapons of the extreme conservative—sentiment, ridicule, and the big stick of authority. He never appeared to worse advantage than when he was cross-questioned by his subtle opponent.

It was only in the trial of the case before the Supreme Court of Tennessee that the defense of Scopes was properly presented, and yet the general public never knew of the noteworthy work of the legal representatives of the Tennessee Academy of Science nor of the speech of Thomas H. Malone, who had volunteered his services in behalf of the defendant. In that speech was heard at last the voice of a man who spoke for the intelligent people of the state who had opposed the law because it did violence at once to true science and true religion. With a knowledge of the writings of churchmen who in declaring their belief in the theory of evolution held on to the essentials of the Christian faith and of scientists who combined scientific method and theory with a genuine religious faith, he outlined his indictment of the law as prejudicial to real freedom of teaching as the very corner-stone of American democracy.

III

Such laws as the anti-evolution law and other legislative proscriptions and restrictions are responsible for the present wide-spread revolt against laws,

conventions, institutions, and forms of all kinds, however ancient and hallowed they may be. Amy Lowell closes her best poem with a dramatic climax: "Christ! What are patterns for?" The poem represents a woman warring against the stiff brocade of an old-fashioned dress and the stays that imprison a vital body; she longs for the freedom and spontaneity of the flowers that bloom in her garden. The symbolism is apparent even before the final protest against "the pattern called a war," which had destroyed her lover who would have freed her from the conventions and forms of her restricted life. A like symbolism is seen in Robert Frost's "Mending Wall" in the cryptic saying of an old New England farmer, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall," in answer to his neighbor's epigram that has come down from his ancestors, "Good fences make good neighbors." The wall no longer served a useful purpose; why mend it? More passionately Carl Sandburg cries out:

> "Lay me on an anvil, O God,
> Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
> Let me prize loose old walls,
> Let me lift and loosen old foundations."

What is the use, men are asking, of having fences, foundations, walls, patterns, when their original purpose is no longer served? The youngest and most revolutionary spirits make no distinctions as they demand the abrogation of all standards of right and

wrong and all conventions, institutions and forms. The reaction against Victorianism and Puritanism is a partial explanation of the revolt against morals. Mr. Canby has felicitously summarized the progressive stages in the life of a typical member of the younger generation as portrayed in a typical novel: "At seven he sees through his parents and characterizes them in a phrase. At fourteen he sees through his education and begins to dodge it. At eighteen he sees through morality and steps over it. At twenty he loses respect for his home town. At twenty-one he discovers that our social and economic system is ridiculous. At twenty-three his story ends because the author has seen through society to date—does not know what to do next." Because many marriages end in failure, say the rebels, let us abolish the institution; the eugenists can manage the reproduction of the race anyhow. Because ecclesiasticism and bigotry flourish in the churches, let us get rid of an antiquated institution. Because government is under the control of a plutocracy and the industrial order leads to a hopeless standardization and mechanization of all life let us abolish both of them.

Now, in all good sense, is this point of view any better than the most extreme conventionality and orthodoxy? "There are two ways," says a recent critic, "of being a slave to convention, and the man who is afraid ever to agree with it is as much in its grip as the man who is afraid ever to differ from it." "The itch to outrage conventional emotion rather than to

elevate genuine emotion into its place," is one of the many instances of the revolt against convention ending in the convention of revolt. The revolt against the conventions of life may be as foolish as the placid and complacent acceptance of all the conventions. There is as much wisdom in submitting to some conventions as there is in submitting to the discipline and forms of art. That is a wise saying of Arnold Bennett's: "What form is in art, conventions are in life. . . . No art that is not planned in form is worth consideration, and no life that is not planned in conventions can ever be satisfactory. . . . The full beauty of an activity is never brought out until it is subjected to discipline and strict ordering and nice balancing. A life without petty artificiality would be the life of a tiger in the forest. . . . Laws and rules, forms and ceremonies, are good in themselves, from a merely æsthetic point of view, apart from their social value and necessity." Or as George Eliot says: "The right to rebellion is the right to seek a higher rule and not to wander in darkness."

There is no better illustration of this fundamental point of view than Shelley. If a man ever rebelled against every convention of society and all institutions and forms, he did—against all except the laws of poetry, the conventions of verse. That was one discipline he was subject to; no man ever poured more golden metal through the moulds of English lyric forms. If he could only have seen that there might be something of the same wisdom in recogniz-

ing the value of tradition as a check to individual passion and freedom, of institutions as forms through which some approximation to his golden dreams of humanity might be realized, if he could have found the proper synthesis of body and spirit, the ideal and the real, he might have attained a higher wisdom, perhaps without the loss of his lyric genius. Who knows?

What gave Prof. Lowes' *Convention and Revolt in English Poetry* its great value, published as it was when the controversy between conservative and radical critics of the new poetry was at its height, was not only its authoritative treatment of the literary problem involved but his phrasing of a universal truth about the progress of mankind in general. What a sound principle of social progress as well as of literary theory is this thought: "Genius of the highest order is far more apt to disclose the unexpected resources of whatever vehicle of expression it falls heir to than to spend itself upon the fabrication of the new. The best of the new poetry is old enough to touch the chords of memory and yet fresh with some unspent beauty of promise." At a time when the most advanced leaders of the poetic renascence, such as Amy Lowell and Louis Untermeyer, were emphasizing the necessity for free verse or polyphonic prose and for new vocabulary and themes, Robinson and Frost, the greatest of them all, were quietly adding another chapter to the history of poetry by handling the old verse forms with a certain freedom and originality,

and Edna St. Vincent Millay poured through the most conventional lyric forms the passion of her pagan spirit.

Holding nicely the balance between the two extremes, Lowes says: "What I should like to write over the door of every stronghold of revolt is the motto over the gateway of the castle in the folk-tale, 'Be bold, be bold—but be not too bold!', to which the insurgents will promptly and properly retort, with Hamlet, 'Be not too tame either.' And both are right."

And again:

> Art moves from stage to stage by two opposing paths: the way of constructive acceptance, and the way of revolt. The one is the road of the builders; the other of the adventurers and pioneers. . . . It is because human beings are what they are that the world advances, now by the creative transmutation of the old, now by the discovery and conquest of the new, and now through both together.
>
> The world and art alike move on through what, in the main, is a continuous evolution, punctuated by the sudden flaming or flowering now and then. For in poetry, as in the State, it is after all a constitutional régime, tempered by occasional revolution, that remains the least objectionable mode that has been found of muddling through.[1]

Such words as those emphasize the intimate relations between literature and thought and illustrate Emerson's definition of the scholar as Man Thinking. Just as the highest ideal of man is the many-

[1] *Op. cit.*, 134–5.

sided, total man, so the best type of mind is one that is characterized by balance, serenity, symmetry. Looking before and after, rightly dividing the word of truth, reaching conclusions that lie beyond logic or analysis, such a mind is the goal of human aspiration. I refer not only to builders of systems of thought, but to men of talent who saturate politics, religion, business, social life with thought. They are careful in all controversies to define terms and not to let words tyrannize over them; they make distinctions; they are fair rather than prejudiced, moderate rather than violent; they bring light rather than heat to the consideration of every problem.

Is not the art of discrimination the beginning of wisdom? The distinction between freedom and license, sentiment and sentimentalism, originality and eccentricity, faith that contradicts reason and faith that transcends reason, the classical and the pseudo-classical or science and pseudo-science, jingoism and patriotism, righteousness and priggishness, makes all the difference in the world. The man who does not distinguish between the idle rich and the working rich, the intelligent labor leader and the walking delegate of the I. W. W., between the scientist who is an agnostic or a determinist and one who is a Christian, may make fatal errors in thinking and in living.

All of this is to say that much of the wisdom of reading, writing, and speaking lies in right emphasis, which is at the opposite pole from carrying coals to Newcastle. Truth is not, except perhaps in some of

the eternal verities, abstract and absolute, but concrete and relative. What is true for one man is not *the* truth for another. Are not most truths half-truths? John Stuart Mill in making his plea for liberty of thought and discussion aptly said: "The only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject, is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every character of mind. . . . Conflicting doctrines, instead of being one true and the other false, share the truth between them; and the nonconforming opinion is needed to supply the remainder of the truth, of which the received doctrine embodies only a part. . . . Truth is so much a question of the reconciling and combining of opposites."

Applications of such balanced thinking have been found, I trust, in the main contentions of this book. They will be even more apparent in the two succeeding chapters.

VIII

THE LABORATORY AND THE LIBRARY

What the average man now wants is the large-scale production and the wide diffusion of science, art, music, literature, health, recreation, manners, human intercourse, happiness—the best to be had; and he is going to get them and to glorify whole-heartedly the heroes of culture who provide them for him. . . . The remedy is, in short, to effect a redintegration of the national will on the basis of a genuinely democratic humanism, recognizing as its central principles the duty of bringing the whole body of the people to the fullest and fairest human life of which they are capable.

STUART SHERMAN.

Science is an art in that it demands imagination. . . . Most scientific hypotheses are fictions. . . . Imagination is a constitutive part of thinking and the poet is the type of all thinkers. . . . Leonardo da Vinci was one of the most attractive and vivid figures that ever walked the earth because he was a complete man—engineer, artist, architect, philosopher, scientist. . . . Einstein looks far more like the musician than the man of science. He is an accomplished violinist and his face becomes illumined when he listens to music. . . . He has a profound admiration for Shakspere. . . . All great achievements in science, he holds start from intuition. . . . He closely associates the longings for pure knowledge with religious feeling, and he has remarked that in every true searcher of Nature there is a kind of religious reverence.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

VIII

THE LABORATORY AND THE LIBRARY

The seeming conflict between science and religion has overshadowed in the public mind the equally age-long conflict between science and culture or art. The Renaissance failed to reach its complete flowering because Humanists, like Erasmus and Montaigne, arrayed themselves against the New Science as well as against scholasticism. In the middle of the Victorian Age the debate between Huxley and Arnold paralleled that between Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce or Gladstone. At the present time there is a resounding strife between the Party of Nature (including the naturalists of science, literature, and philosophy) and the Party of Culture.

Is it an irrepressible conflict, or is there a larger synthesis to be made whereby Humanism may include the scientific method or spirit as an indispensable element in culture, or that science may find in Humanism that which supplements and reinforces its efforts for human welfare? Can Philosophy, which has tended either to make science the basis of all its conclusions or has taken refuge in an idealism that does not include reality, resume something of its former prestige and become the mediator between opposing forces? The fact that it has not been done except in rare cases, may be the basis for the faith

that it may be—another one of those possibilities that have figured so largely in this inquiry into the dominant tendencies of contemporary thought.

Undoubtedly science has had for some time the upper hand in the conflict. Even for the man in the street it comes with such amazing triumphs in the fields of theory and application that it seems the Lord and Master of the thought of the time. Huxley was pleading for its place—a very humble place—in the sun, but now that it has won that place—doubtless the largest place—it seems to demand all allegiance. As Walter Lippman says: "The scientific spirit now dominates the intellectual classes of the western world. . . . The teacher must consider himself bound by the code of science. In the scientific method he must find the only true and final allegiance of his mind." When one considers the rapid inroads on school, college, and university curricula, and when one adds the extreme specialization involved in technical, vocational, and professional training, the victory over the proponents of humane studies seems assured. The College of Liberal Arts—so long the citadel of liberal education—encroached upon by scientific subjects and by pre-professional training is lost in a No Man's Land, an orphan bereft of its fostering parents. Or if we consider the general situation outside of educational institutions, we are apt to conclude with Paul Elmer More, the most indefatigable champion of a losing cause: "The adventurous soul who to-day against the reigning scientific and prag-

matic dogma would maintain no vague and equally one-sided idealism but the true quality of the One and the Many, the absolute and the relative, will find himself subjected to an intellectual isolation and contempt almost as terrible as the penalties of the Inquisition and quite as effective in producing a silent conformity." Yes, the Demon of the Absolute—the name Mr. More gives to science—reigns quite as securely as the Demon of Mammon and the Demon of Mephistopheles.

So it seems, but is it as bad as that? Let us begin by being fair to science and its advocates. When Bacon in his audacity said, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," he saw before him and those who should work in his spirit and with the inductive method a hard and fixed universe. To the astronomers was opposed the Ptolemaic system, with the heavenly bodies arranged in concentric circles and with the earth as the centre; but they have pierced that small universe and have found Betelguese and a universe whose diameter is reckoned in light-years that dazzle the imagination. To the geologists, the surface of the earth was an impenetrable crust, but they have found what is beneath the earth—fossils that tell the story of its history. To the historians and anthropologists was opposed a definite chronology beginning with 4004 B. C., but through hieroglyphics and lost sources of knowledge they now tell the history of ten thousand years; in the latest outline of history we are carried back half a million

years. The biologists found a definite interpretation of life and its processes, but embryology and anatomy, botany and zoology, have carried us to the point where we stand in awe before the processes of life, unveiled and still unveiling. The social scientists have shattered many dogmas and generalizations. And the devout may believe that they have all been thinking the thoughts of God after him and making more intelligible, more useful, more beautiful the laws by which the universe and humanity have slowly evolved.

H. G. Wells expressed what most intelligent people feel when he spoke of "the empty gulf in quality between the superb and richly fruitful scientific investigations that are going on and the general thought of other educated sections of the community." "In their respective fields scientists think and work with an intensity, an integrity, a breadth, a boldness, patience, thoroughness and faithfulness—excepting only a few artists—which puts their work out of all comparison with any other human activity." In certain directions the human mind has achieved "a new and higher quality of attitude and gesture, a veracity, a self-detachment, and self-abnegating vigor of criticism that tend to spread out, and must ultimately spread out, to other human affairs."

The achievements of applied science have added weight to its authority in the revelation of facts and in the interpretations of hypotheses. The comforts and even luxuries of civilized man have increased

enormously, while the age-long terrors of pestilence, famine, drought, flood, disease, have been minimized. Scientists have invaded the fields of psychology, philosophy, and even theology, and have sought to discover answers to all questions in the world and out of it. So much so that the elements of a new religion of science are everywhere in evidence with its ritual, its dogmatic creeds, its infallible interpreters of truth. The old superstition, the old credulity, the old folklore have passed away. Long live the king![1]

The trouble is that some scientists, forgetting the modesty of the greatest masters, claim too much. Mrs. Gerould has recently spoken of "the idolatry of science." "Science, not content with filling its own place," she says, "has tried to supersede everything else. It has challenged the super-eminence of religion; it has turned all philosophy out of doors except that which clings to its skirts; it has thrown contempt on all learning that does not depend on it; and it has bribed the sceptics by giving us immense material comforts." The scientific method has changed the study of literature to philology, history to archæology, morals and æsthetics to physiological psychology. "The Inquisition never did anything so oppressive as to put all men, innocent or guilty, into a laboratory. There has never been tyranny like this."

[1] *Cf.* Ayres, *Science: the False Messiah*—a clever, but one-sided, attack on science and all other religions and messiahs.

II

A striking illustration of this idolatry of science is Harry Elmer Barnes' *Living in the Twentieth Century*, the very latest exposition of the revolution caused by modern science in all fields of knowledge. The opening chapter sketches in graphic manner the status of human society and thought in the middle of the nineteenth century—the Old Régime much like all previous periods of history, but separated by a wide gulf from this enlightened age. The intervening period has already brought about "greater transformations in human life and thought than were achieved between the so-called dawn of history and the middle of the nineteenth century." Think of the barbarism of the Age of Pericles or of the Age of Elizabeth because there was no appreciation whatever of the fact that "human conduct is the resultant of a certain definite type of biological or neurological heredity, conditioned by a vast variety of social stimuli playing upon the individual in the whole period which separates the services of the obstetrician from the solemn intervention of the mortician"! Think of Sophocles and Shakspere not knowing that momentous fact, or that "human life is but a form of bio-chemical behavior."

The mathematical synthesis of physical nature by Maxwell, Gibbs, Einstein, and others is, continues Mr. Barnes, "the most impressive and romantic achievement of the human intellect and probably the

one which will ultimately have the largest significance for the human race." Hardly less impressive are the triumphs in every other field of scientific research. Astrophysics has taught us that the earth is "a celestian juvenile and cosmic dwarf," and man "a highly temporary chemical episode on a most petty planet." It is not the bigness of the universe but the smallness of man that "makes talk about bettering the world seem so ridiculous to super-intelligence." There is nothing about human life or behavior which is in any sense unique and not susceptible of explanation according to naturalistic laws and principles. Psychology has become a branch of biology and denies the significance of the subjective in human conduct. The social sciences, which have to do with man and his culture and which include anthropology, history, sociology, social psychology, economics, political science and ethics, have become the basis of all understanding of social progress. Man is simply "the leading member of the Simian group of animals," and "the study of Simian psychology affords more in the way of a key to human behavior than all the books on theology ever compiled"; even the most trivial book on this subject will "tell more relevant and cogent things about human nature than all the ponderous tomes of an Aquinas."

It is easy to see all this in its relation to the author's interpretation of the "New History," which is the subject of the last chapter.[1] The historian must now

[1] *Cf.* J. H. Robinson, *The New History* (1912), "Historians are henceforth to be classed with scientists rather than with artists or literary men."

know all the physical sciences and all the social sciences. "No person unfamiliar with the glandular basis of human behavior can hope to interpret intelligently the conduct of man." The so-called drama of history is nothing but the reaction of the bio-chemical entity to terrestrial stimulation. "Human responses are no more mysterious or unique than the behavior of other animals or the reaction of organic tissues and inorganic substances as studied in the laboratory. . . . An historical situation is no more unique than a particular biological demonstration upon a guinea-pig. . . . Historical phenomena can be understood only to the degree that they are brought within the scope of the cogent type of scientific analysis as supplied by the relevant natural and social sciences." The historian of the future must know psycho-analysis and psychiatry—in fact, everything except literature or art, philosophy or religion. If he studies the Middle Ages, it is far more important that he should write about the first outcroppings of science than that he should consider the religion. If he studies the Reformation, let him be concerned about the economic results but not about the religious views of Luther or Calvin.

What would be the logical philosophy—if there is such a thing—to be drawn from all this? Determinism, of course. Modern biology, we are told, physiology, and psychology "offer simply unlimited proof that the free-will hypothesis is as incapable of scientific support as the astrophysical doctrines which

made plausible Joshua's heroic feat in the way of solar control." Human behavior reveals a process of strict determinism, "obeying scientific laws as invariable as the law of gravitation." It quickly becomes apparent that no one can be held to be personally responsible for his actions, for they are the result of hereditary and social conditions over which he has little or no control. "A man who commits a multiple murder is no more responsible for his behavior than an amiable and generous philanthropist."

"The attempt to formulate any philosophy beyond this is futile," continues Mr. Barnes. "The meaning of the whole matter and its setting in the cosmic scheme of things has become ever more baffling. We can do no more than speculate upon what it is all about, and the declarations of eminent philosophers upon the problems of cosmic purpose and destiny are interesting for their demonstration of stylistic power or ingenious guessing, rather than for any assurance of finality or accuracy in their discourses. Even the present suggestion of uniform, invariable and universal scientific laws may likewise have to be abandoned."[1]

Such is the creed of one of the leading social scientists in America to-day. Some psychologists go even further. Different as Watson and Freud are—one giving up consciousness or mind as a reality, the other magnifying the unconscious or sub-conscious as the chief element in one's life—they are alike in apply-

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 53.

ing scientific facts to the most delicate elements in the emotions, in thinking and in living. They and many other psychologists, consciously or unconsciously, are dominated by the mechanistic theory of life. "There is no such thing as mind in the old sense of the word," says Eggen. "The mind is not a thing with which we react. We do not think with our brain; there is nothing inside the brain but a lot of neurones (nine million). Thinking is only a collection of motions." And Loeb says: "Our wishes and hopes, disappointments and sufferings, have their sources in the instincts, which are comparable to the light instincts of the heliotropic animals." Leuba proves that religion is simply hysteria,[1] while Dorsey says: "There is no thought without muscular or glandular activity; this is true whether the stomach thinks hunger, the dreamer thinks air-castles, the prisoner thinks freedom, or the maiden thinks of her lover. Thinking is a bodily act, as is coughing or scratching one's head. During thinking energy is consumed, mechanism is involved; and, as a rule, the whole body is interested and is listening in."[2]

"Watson," says Wickham, "uses his own ingenious mind to reason itself out of existence." Those who read carefully his *Ways of Behaviorism* soon find that he has all the zeal of a crusader and all the knowledge that can be gained from laboratory re-

[1]Quotations cited by Harvey Wickham in his *Misbehaviorists*, a clever and perhaps one-sided handling of these men with their own weapons.
[2]*Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, p. 455.

search on babies and rats. About 1912, we are told, Behaviorism was only a word used by a small group to denote a new way of looking at the most important things about human beings—the objective way. Their real goal was to provide a basis for the prediction and control of human beings. Science takes no account of anything which cannot be actually observed, and is concerned only with phenomena which can be predicted and controlled. Common sense, not speculation, the laboratory and not the home, would give the necessary facts and analysis. "Given the stimulus, to predict the response; given the response, to predict the stimulus." Even thinking, memory, personality are but "easily understandable integrations of stimulus-response behavior." Here, then, we have the basis for the latest chapter of natural science, for one can "neither see nor smell nor taste consciousness," nor find it taking part in any human reaction; consequently, there "are no sensations, perceptions, affections, will"—none of those grand old speculative bugaboos. "The ductless glands make us brave or cowardly; wild with rage or tender with love." James, Angell, and even the newest psychologists, are *passé* because they are too subjective and still "hold on to the concepts of mind and consciousness which are the remains of the dogmas of the Middle Ages."

In answer to the question as to whether you can make an individual display any given bit of behavior by any kind of psychological technic the way the

chemist can make water appear by bringing hydrogen and oxygen together under certain conditions, Watson says, "We hope to reach such proficiency in our science that we can build any man, starting at birth, into any kind of social or a-social being upon order." He hopes some day to take the worst adult social failure (provided he is biologically sound), pull him apart, psychologically speaking, and give him a new set of works. Meantime, he will continue to work on babies because there the conditions are simpler. No dreamer of a Utopia ever saw a more radiant vision than when he says: "I can take the squirmings of the throat muscles and weave them into these highly organized acts we call talking and singing (yes, even thinking). I can take the infantile squirmings of the gut—the unstriped muscular tissues of the alimentary tract, diaphragm, heart, and respiration, and actually organize them into complicated emotional responses we call fears, loves, and rages. . . . The behaviorist asks for nothing to start with in building a human being but the squirmings every one can see in the new-born infant. . . . We simply get into the environment some kind of shock or punishment that will force all of us to develop to the limit of our capabilities. . . . Men are built, not born. Man's hands can take the living protoplastic mass we call the child and shape it according to the specification demands by our present social standards."[1]

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 32 ff.

And then he adds naïvely, "I can't see the difficulty." All that is necessary in the schools of the future is to "look carefully after the guts" and thus to develop a technic for behaving emotionally. The laboratory at Johns Hopkins has already blazed the way to show how the gut may behave in an orderly way, although one is forced to admit that the behaviorist has built up "a terrific superstructure of theory upon a foundation of very meagre experimental results," but disciples now in the making will take care of that, and besides there are other laboratories, and babies are still being born, and mice are prolific. Watson is sure that the time will come when it will be "just as bad manners in the home to be afraid, to sulk, to be over-emotional, under-emotional, seclusive, sensitive, whiney, to show affection to mother, father, or other members of the family, as to come to the table with unwashed hands, or to eat with the knife." They will think properly too, for "thought is a form of general bodily activity just as simple (or complex) as tennis playing. Thinking is as commonplace as any other motive activity. If we could actually see the play of the muscles of the chest, throat, and larynx when we think, no mystery would ever have grown up, but laboratories will take care of that as they are already doing with the thinking of the three-year-old child."[1]

This vision splendid by which Dr. Watson is always attended is marred by only two obstinate diffi-

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 62 ff.

culties. The adult man does not lend himself so easily to the revolutionary changes. Lazy as he is about himself and lacking the experimental set-up, the zebra can as easily change his stripes as the adult his personality; so we shall have to wait for the next generation to bring in the millennium. But even that prospect is not so clear, for who will decide as to just what standards of conduct shall be set up when children can be made into any image we desire? Philosophy or ethics is out of the question for "the world has seen its last great philosophy," unless new issues arise which will give a foundation for a new philosophy. It would seem that these new issues call decidedly for a new philosophy, but the behaviorist is not concerned with that. Religion will not help for, throughout all Watson's writings, religion, which preserves "the myth of the soul," is only a survival of mediævalism. And yet we are told that society must make up its mind what it wants its members to be and to do; it is up to the behaviorist to find the method and the technic that will bring up the child in the way it should go.

One thing is certain, the family is an obstruction to the plans of the behaviorists. In a recent article in the most widely circulated magazine,[1] Dr. Watson makes clear his position to the wider reading public that neither his books nor his lectures to school-teachers can reach. As a cure for the continued creation of our young in our own images he suggests that we give

[1]Hearst's *International-Cosmopolitan*, Oct., 1928.

up the home. This plan calls for the thorough training of those who are to bear children and the denial of that right to a woman not trained for it. "It would, I believe, call for the rotation of mothers and fathers to keep down strong parent-child fixations. Such a plan would give each child contact with many well-trained adults whose personalities differ as widely as possible. This contact is especially desirable during the very early plastic age (from birth to the fourth year)."

This amazing plan reaches its climax in this exuberant passage: "It wouldn't matter for my purposes whether God made the baby or whether his ancestral chromosomes made him. He is mine at birth and from that point on I make or unmake him. If he is healthy, if his reflexes are perfect at birth, if he has the use of fingers, toes, arms, and eyes, I will shape him in any way I please. . . . If the baby is all there at birth, he can become, depending upon his slanting or conditioning, a musician, poet, honest artisan, or a dishonest thieving jack of all trades."

But again, we ask, unless some superman like Dr. Watson becomes the generalissimo of an army of men and women trained in his laboratories and undertakes this stupendous task, what hope is there? It all seems so exaggerated, so absurd, and yet, as he himself joyfully remarks, this new doctrine, so ridiculed fifteen years ago, is now making its way into every college and university and into all agencies for adult education and reading. Behaviorism undoubt-

edly has an element of truth in it that will gradually be incorporated into psychology, but meanwhile one may be allowed to dissent from its extreme conclusions.

If Mr. Barnes and Mr. Watson may be considered as representing the vagaries of science in an extreme form, what shall be said of Bertrand Russell, who, while criticising some of the details of Behaviorism, says, "In a hundred years we shall have acquired the same control over the characters of children that we now have over physical forces"? At the age of fifteen, he tells us, he recorded in his diary that no fact seemed indubitable except consciousness, but now he can no longer make this exception. He was thus led to a new method in philosophy. He sees in science alone the basis of a sound philosophy. Like John Dewey, he knows that science is true and he is doubtful about other things; pure science—the understanding of natural processes and the discovery of how the universe is constructed—is "the most godlike thing man can do." He continues: "Scientific philosophy comes nearer to objectivity than any other human pursuit, and gives us therefore the closest, the most constant and the most intimate relation with the outer world that it is possible to achieve. . . . Scientific philosophy thus represents, though as yet only in a nascent condition, a higher form of thought than any pre-scientific belief or imagination, and, like every approach to self-transcendence, it brings with it a rich reward in increase of scope and breadth and

comprehension. . . . A truly scientific philosophy will be more humble, more piece-meal, more arduous, offering less glitter of outward mirage to flatter fallacious hopes, but more indifferent to fate, and more capable of accepting the world without the tyrannous imposition of our human and temporary demands."[1]

In his most widely read essay, "The Free Man's Worship," Russell gave expression to the results of such philosophical inquiry in words that have echoed in the mind and heart of this generation; they are as poignant and almost as lyrical as the words of the *Rubaiyat:* "That Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and beliefs, are but the outcome of the accidental collocation of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of despair can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built."

Such words might paralyze the mind and hands

[1] *Selections in Modern Library*, p. 55.

of any man, unless, perchance, he has the creative power to build a temple of beauty in the general chaos of time, and thus maintain his own ideals against a hostile universe. We are told by Durant that when Russell appeared at Columbia in 1914, he looked pale and moribund; "one expected to see him die at every period." Ten years later when he lectured on the same platform, he was "hale and jolly and buoyant with a still rebellious energy." In the meantime he had been stirred to action by the Great War and had found inspiration in fighting against intolerance and in exploring "the new roads to freedom." He became a protagonist for scientific and social education.

More recently Russell has become sceptical even with regard to the future of science. It is a curious fact, he says in a recent article on the "Twilight of Science,"[1] that "just when the man in the street has begun to believe thoroughly in science, the man in the laboratory has begun to lose his faith." He sees a tendency in recent science that may destroy that faith in science which has been the only constructive creed of modern times. In words that have something of the pathos of More's words already quoted, he fears the collapse of the scientific era, and that we shall then have "a more higgledy-piggledy, haphazard affair" than the world was thought to be. The high priests of science now begin to weary of the wor-

[1] *Century Magazine*, July, 1929. See also his chapter on "Science" in *Whither Mankind?*

ship to which they are officially dedicated. The simple faith which upheld the pioneers is "decaying at the centre." Furthermore, it is not certain whether science is a boon or a curse, for man does not seem to know what to do with the tools that he has created; it has forged weapons that may destroy civilization. The only hope is to find refuge in the instrumental theory of knowledge and to be satisfied with applied science and its achievements.

III

Russell, in speaking of the high priests of science, has in mind men like Arthur S. Eddington of Cambridge University, whose book on *The Nature of the Physical World* (1928) is generally recognized as an epochal one in the thought of the day. One learns not to pay too much attention to reviews and blurbs, but this book has already become a matter of almost universal allusion and reference. And no wonder, for in its style, in its recognition of the limitations of science, in its appreciation of the æsthetic and religious elements in human nature, it may well be the starting-point of a new scientific and philosophic era.

Eddington is concerned with the problem of relating purely physical discoveries to the wider aspects and interests of our human nature, and of finding new material for the philosopher. Originally a determinist rather indifferent to art and religion, he has come by his mathematical researches on the relativ-

ity theory to have an "idealistic tinge" to his thinking. The external world of physics has become "a world of shadows," and "substance one of the greatest illusions." A just appreciation of the physical world as it is understood to-day carries with it a feeling of open-mindedness toward a higher significance transcending scientific measurement, which might have seemed illogical a generation ago. Consciousness is the centre of scientific search as of all other phenomena of life. "You can't get thought out of electrons and atoms and fields of force." The scientific world often shocks us by its appearance of unreality. Physics reduces matter to metrical equations. "Something unknown is doing we don't know what." The principle of indeterminacy has played havoc with the deterministic philosophy; henceforth those who hold it must find some other basis than physics, for electrons jump we know not how.

Especially significant for the purposes of this discussion is the concluding chapter on "Science and Mysticism," which begins with a mathematical formula for the expression of what happens when the wind hits the waves of the ocean and a poem describing the same phenomenon. The latter gives us the "feel" of the phenomenon. "Life would be stunted and narrow if we could feel no significance in the world around us beyond that which can be weighed and measured with the tools of the physicist or described by the symbols of the mathematician." After all that has been said about "reality" as the only

basis of reason, the author insists that science gives us not reality but "the skeleton of reality." Scientific interpretation does not lead to the knowledge of the intrinsic nature of things. It is reasonable to inquire whether in the mystical illusions of man there is not the reflection of an underlying reality. "Every one admits that it is good to have a spirit sensitive to the influences of Nature, good to exercise an appreciative imagination, and not always to be remorselessly dissecting an environment after the manner of the mathematical physicists." There are moments when we catch something of the true relation of the world to ourselves—"a relation not hinted at in a purely scientific analysis of its content." We have glimpses of "a reality transcending the narrow limits of our particular consciousness." "The harmony and beauty of the face of Nature is at root one with the gladness that transfigures the face of man." A man who has not this "awareness" is as much to be pitied as the man who has no sense of humor; it is a kind of mental deficiency. "Feelings, purposes, values make up our consciousness as much as sense impressions." Consciousness as a whole is greater than those quasi-metrical aspects of it which are abstracted to compose the physical brain—those parts of our being unmeasurable to metrical specification. In other words, there is a spiritual world—"a world partly an illusion, no doubt, but in which he lives no less than in the world, also an illusion, revealed by the senses, not a world to be analyzed but a world to be lived in."

We all know that there is a region of the human spirit untrammelled by the world of physics. "In the mystic sense of the creation around us, in the expression of art, in a yearning toward God, the soul grows upward and finds the fulfilment of something implanted in its nature. The sanction for this development is within us, a striving born with our consciousness or an inner light proceeding from a greater power than ours. Science can scarcely question this sanction, for the pursuit of science springs from a striving which the mind is impelled to follow, a questioning that will not be suppressed. . . . The problem of the scientific problem is a part of a broader problem—the problem of all experience."[1]

In the hypotheses of science as in the revelations of the æsthetic or spiritual nature of man there may be "a hiatus in reasoning," but it is scarcely to be described as "the rejection of reasoning." We are bound to claim for human nature that, either of itself or as inspired by a power beyond, it is capable of making legitimate judgments of significance. Otherwise we cannot even reach a physical world. "Certain states of awareness in consciousness have at least equal significance with those which are called sensations." Just as in science we are influenced by our "innate sense of the fitness of things," so too there may come to us convictions in the spiritual sphere which our nature bids us hold to—for instance, "that surrender to the mystic influence of a scene of natural beauty,

[1] *Op. cit.*, 327–8.

an environment dimly felt in moments of exaltation but lost to us in the sordid routine of life."

If it be objected that such an admission leaves the door open to all sorts of fanaticisms and extravagances of the mentally unbalanced, Eddington is quick to retort that likewise an over-sensitiveness to æsthetic influences may be a sign of a neurotic temperament and that our sense-organs deceive us too, giving rise to all sorts of pseudo-science and to the extreme claims for the authority of science in all domains of thought. In other words—to sum up the thesis of the book: "The physicist now regards his own external world in a way which I can only describe as more mystical, though not less exact and practical, than that which was prescribed some years ago, when it was taken for granted that nothing could be true unless an engineer could make a model of it. There was a time when the whole combination of self and environment which makes up experience seemed likely to pass under the dominion of a physics much more iron-bound than it is now. That overweening phase, when it was almost necessary to ask the permission of physics to call one's soul one's own, is past."[1]

And again: "I think we should not deny validity to certain inner convictions, which seem parallel with the unreasoning trust in reason which is at the basis of mathematics, with an innate sense of the fitness of things which is at the basis of the science of the physical world, and with an irresistible sense of incongru-

[1] *Op. cit.*, 344.

ity which is at the basis of the justification of humor. . . . We do not defend the validity of seeing beauty in a natural landscape; we accept with gratitude the fact that we are so endowed as to see it that way."[1]

There are, obviously, many implications to be drawn from Eddington's conclusions—notably the bearing on religion to be considered in another chapter. What we are now concerned with is to see what a wide door it leaves open for the æsthetic interpretration of man and of the universe. It is a fulfilment of the conclusion of Tyndall's Belfast address when in a spirit altogether different from that of Herbert Spencer or Russell or even Huxley in his more belligerent moods, he spoke of the unquenchable claims of man's emotional nature which the understanding of science can never satisfy: "The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakspere; not only a Boyle, but a Raphael; not only a Kant, but a Beethoven; not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary; not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable." To bring about a unity of thought and faith will call for "the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties."

The views of Eddington and Tyndall are shared by J. Arthur Thomson, Robert A. Millikan, and Edward G. Conklin. Still more significant in emphasizing the limitations of science and the value of the

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 349.

æsthetic is the philosophy of A. N. Whitehead, formerly of England but now of Harvard. He began his career as the collaborator with Bertrand Russell in Mathematics and Physics, but he has broken sharply with him in recent years. He is not such a picturesque figure as Russell nor can he write so well, but he has laid the basis for a philosophy that transcends the facts and hypotheses of science, though it is in no sense antagonistic.

His *Science and the Modern World* starts out with the statement that man can be provincial in time as well as in place; he cites as the best illustration the scientific mentality of the modern world. The celibacy of the mediæval learned class has been replaced by "a celibacy of the intellect which is divorced from the concrete contemplation of the complete facts." For science deals with abstractions—it abstracts from real objects only those qualities that may be scientifically known. The intolerant use of abstractions, Whitehead believes, is the major vice of the intellect. To such minds nature is "a dull affair, soundless, scentless, colorless. Merely the hurrying of materials, endlessly, meaninglessly." "One may know all about the sun and the laws of light and the rotation of the earth and yet miss the radiance of the sunset." Hence the emphasis on the æsthetic appreciation of the universe; "the quality of awareness puts us more at the heart of things." Philosophy is the critic of abstractions, completing them by concrete comparison with more concrete intuitions of the uni-

verse, and thereby promoting the formation of more complete schemes of thought. It attempts to mediate the discord between the æsthetic intuitions of mankind and the mechanism of science. Nature cannot be divorced from its æsthetic values. Hence the emphasis on value as the intrinsic reality of an event; realization is in itself the attainment of value.

Whitehead reminds the scientists that all their achievements are built on the instinctive faith in a rational order of Nature, although the sceptical philosophy of Hume denies such rationality. Science really began with a reaction against the inflexible rationality of mediæval thought and was therefore an anti-intellectualist movement. It has remained an anti-rationalistic movement, based on the naïve faith that you can by much searching find the ultimate secret. It has repudiated philosophy for it has never cared to justify its faith. Scientific materialism—the orthodox creed of physical science—is an assumption that must now be challenged; "what is the sense of talking about a mechanical explanation when you do not know what you mean by mechanics?" Whitehead suggests organic mechanism as better than physical mechanism as a basis of explaining what happens in nature. The molecule or electron is different and follows different laws when it is in a particular body or situation. "Organisms can create their own environment, especially societies of co-operating organisms." This theory allows for creative evolution and for individual initiative. A thorough-going evolu-

tionary philosophy is inconsistent with materialism. The aboriginal stuff, or material, from which a materialistic philosophy starts is incapable of evolution. There is nothing to evolve. There can merely be change, purposeless and unprogressive, whereas with the organic theory you have "selective activity which is akin to purpose."

IV

The effort of some scientists to extend the scientific method into all subjects and to magnify it above all other processes of thinking would seem to have failed. The opponents of the extreme tendencies of science are not simply the embattled hosts of the followers of Bryan but those who believe in the claims of liberal culture in any educational plan; those who magnify both the creation and appreciation of all forms of beauty; those who believe that philosophy must have a broader foundation than the facts or hypotheses of science alone; and those who find in religion one of the permanent sources of comfort, inspiration, and elevation of soul. These opponents are not willing to be satisfied with the abstractions of science—for the scientist does abstract from real events and things only those things that can be seen and handled and understood in an intellectual way. They are not willing to say that truth—all truth—must wait, however long, till science has made up its mind what can be believed. To attempt to make any one who believes anything that cannot

be scientifically established seem like a moron is to use the same big stick as does the revivalist who wants you to believe anything however repugnant to fact or common sense or logic.

The trouble is that the reasonable scientists have the right to rejoin that much recent literature shows clearly the extreme effects of modern science. Some of the most talked-of American creative writers have made determinism and psycho-analysis the basis of their philosophy and their art. The modern drama, modern fiction, even moden poetry, have increasingly emphasized the influence of heredity and environment on character. Men are not, therefore, responsible for their deeds; they live in the sweep of an immense cosmic energy which determines their lives. More and more ruthlessly, the laws of nature, of which man is only a part, determine individual and social life. The words of Watson and Freud could be matched in many a novel.

As the abysses of space and of time have opened up to the modern mind, man's insignificance and worthlessness have been increasingly emphasized. The earth itself has shrunk until, in the words of James Branch Cabell, "man is but a parasite on the epidermis of a midge planet; an ape who chatters to himself of kinship with the archangels, while filthily he digs for ground-nuts." The history of man is a brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meaner planets. More and more, masters of irony like Anatole France and Cabell have taken a

look forward to the time when the earth will be a silent, naked, frozen clod, "just as sidereal space is already full of such frozen worlds." Man, then, seems like "a bird striving to nest in a limitless engine, insanely building among moving wheels and cogs and pistons, an intruder, a temporary visitor in the big, moving, soulless mechanism of earth and water and planets and suns and interlocking solar systems." Or, as Mencken put it, at the end of one of his most characteristic "Prejudices," "Man is a sick fly on the dizzy wheel of the cosmic universe, revolving twenty thousand miles a second, and religion teaches us that the cosmic universe is made for the fly." The end, therefore, of the long story of man is nothing but disaster; such men look forward complacently and sometimes gleefully to the end of the dream.

As I read such passages, it has seemed to me that we are sometimes in danger of missing the true wisdom of life by taking too broad a perspective as by taking too little a one. Simeon Strunsky suggested that somebody make a list of things we needn't worry about yet—the end of the world, for instance. Goethe once said that microscopes and telescopes put our human eyes out of their natural, healthy, and profitable point of view. We need to reduce the scale of our vision. One may become so overwhelmed with the revelations of an infinite cosmic universe that he cannot see the glory of the earth on which he lives. Is it an adequate description of

man that he is but a parasite on the epidermis of a midge planet? Is it an adequate description of the earth to say that it is nothing but "a little ball turning awkwardly around a sun of diminishing brilliancy, carrying like vermin on its mouldy surface." Poets have described and interpreted the earth and its smallest areas in quite different language.

Or suppose we reduce our perspective as to time and not talk so glibly of millions of years, but rather of the three-score and ten that are allotted to the life of man. Do we know anything of what Scott meant when he spoke of an "hour of crowded life," or what Ulysses meant when he said that each hour is a bringer of new things, or of what Blake with his daring words phrased as the glory of man:

> "To see the world in a grain of sand,
> And Heaven in a wild flower,
> To hold eternity in the hand
> And infinity in an hour."

Let us now and then give up talking about man *en masse;* let us even grant that men taken by and large through the ages are rather pitiable in their helplessness, their ignorance, their disease, their travail of soul. There are times when all of us think of the Yahoo of Swift's perverted imagination, or of Carlyle's characterization of England as composed mostly of fools, or Markham's "Man with the Hoe," with the emptiness of ages in his face and the burdens of the world upon his back; and yet when we are

thinking of our own individual problems and opportunities, is it not well to think of men as we know them in the more restricted circles of our experience? I, for one, am not willing to build a philosophy of life that loses itself in the contemplation of the endless cycles of man's history or in the comparative failures of the masses of men to-day.

It is evident, I believe, that the corrective of an undue emphasis on the scientific or the mechanistic interpretation of man and nature, whether by scientists or by literary men, may be either the larger syntheses of scientists such as Eddington and of philosophers such as Whitehead, or such a conception of culture as was held by Arnold—"the harmonious expansion of all the powers that make the worth and beauty of human life." Arnold insisted that education must take into consideration the power of intellect, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners, and the power of conduct. Because science appeals to only the power of intellect, it is of less importance than literature which arises from and appeals to all these powers. Certainly at the present time the emphasis needs to be put on the humane studies rather than on the scientific or practical. We need to restore the equilibrium.

Unfortunately, artists and poets have too often looked upon science as an enemy to the imagination. Poe and Keats and other poets, especially the idle singers of an empty day and the advocates of art for art's sake, have expressed their fear of the peeping

and botanizing spirit. Such advocates of Humanism as Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More have been unfair in their identification of all science with naturalism just as they have been unfair to romanticism in thinking of it altogether in terms of decadence. They have been too much in the attitude of rejecting all that is valuable in modern life and thought, in drawing an indictment of the past century that is just as one-sided as the undue glorification of it. Aristotle, Goethe, and Wordsworth—to mention three men of widely different temperaments and ages—were more nearly balanced in their conceptions of the totality of life.

Wordsworth defined poetry as the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, but added that it is "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." With rare insight he prophesied the discoveries of science and regarded them as possible material for the poet's imagination. "If the labors of men of science," he said in his Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, "should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we receive, the poet will sleep no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in these general direct effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects

of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man."

The situation is somewhat changed since Wordsworth wrote, and the emphasis needs to be shifted much as Arnold anticipated. The concluding words of his "Literature and Science" never needed to be read more than now:

> Letters will not in the end lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favor with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters; and so much the more, as they have the more and greater results of

science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty.

Arnold was wrong in insisting that the study of the classics alone would provide the standards by which the encroachments of science could be resisted. Since his day, both in England and America, the study of English literature has become an integral part of the educational curriculum. It is upon the platform of a vital appreciation and interpretation of our own literary tradition that humanists may to-day stand with confidence. The fact that literature is so inadequately taught in school, college and university does not vitiate the contention that those who teach it hold one of the major positions in the education and in the thought of this age. It is theirs to become the teachers in the House of the Interpreter along the King's Highway, the keepers of the records in the House Beautiful, and the Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains. The Hall of the Humanities at the California Institute of Technology is a prophecy of what ought to be in every technical school. What Dr. Osler found in literature ought to be brought within the range of every pre-medical student. Every school of religion ought to realize that Beauty, if not a substitute for religion, is often a threshold for those who are repelled by organization and dogma.

I hope I am not speaking as a partisan when I magnify poetry as the corrective of a one-sided science or of a one-eyed literature. Not the least significant

point in Whitehead's philosophy is his use of Shelley, Wordsworth and Tennyson as creative thinkers. One does not have to go to the poets themselves for statements of the value and place of poetry, not only in the emotional but in the intellectual life. Poetry, says John Morley, is the master organ for creating a breadth of interest and sympathy of judgment. It has the power of refreshing and delighting us, and at the same time of fortifying, and elevating, and quickening the mind. The grand power of poetry, as Arnold says, is its interpretative power; by which he meant, "not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them." Poetry gives us a scale of values quite different from science or philosophy. Robert Frost came very near the essence of poetry when he spoke of it as "a flash of significance" that comes to one in the heightened moments and moods of the spirit. When with the power of harmony and the deep power of joy the poets see into the life of things, they reach those golden, easeful words of insight and intuition that constitute the true literature of wisdom.

In a letter to E. K. Rand, in 1920, the late Barrett Wendell wrote:

> Nobody knows better than I that I am no scholar, and therefore of no consequence to learning. Yet one thing I

did in my teaching seems to me right. I tried to make pupils read things, and not weight their unsteady heads with things that had been written about things—historic, linguistic, whatever else. My task as a Harvard teacher was to give glimpses of literature to men who generally would not be concerned with it in practical life. That I never forgot. Any scholar can help to make scholars; but lots fail in the process to humanize. My real duty, as I saw it, was not scholarly, but humane.

Difficult as is the task of humanizing knowledge of any kind, discouraging as are the efforts to bring literature within the range of the average student in our colleges, the demand is imperative that the task be undertaken. Given men and women who have found that literature is a source of recreation, enjoyment, and inspiration, and boys and girls with any sort of background and training, the task is not impossible. With the decline in the study of the classics and the growth in vocational and practical studies, teachers of English literature have a responsibility they dare not evade and a privilege they should not miss. To surrender to the insistence of certain scholars that only a certain type of technical teaching can be done effectively, or to the utilitarian standards of life, is nothing less than a betrayal of a trust. Well did John Morley say a good many years ago that "the greatest need in modern culture, which is scientific in method, rationalistic in spirit, and utilitarian in purpose, is to find some effective method for cherishing within us the ideal," and that literature is the greatest single agency to that end.

I was greatly encouraged and reinforced in this point of view by an experience I had several years ago in lecturing on English and American literature to engineering students and specialists in physics and chemistry at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. It was not an altogether pleasurable anticipation, the reader may well imagine, to lecture twice a week to about five hundred students who are supposed to be callous to the appeal of literature and to be interested only in their special studies; nor was the situation helped by the fact that they were required to attend the lectures. To these inherent difficulties was added the fact that many of the students had little in their background or high-school training that had prepared them for a sympathetic approach to literature.

The Institute has had the custom for several years of bringing in outside lecturers to reinforce the regular faculty in literature and history by special series of lectures.[1] The problem for the lecturer was to capitalize the favorable attitude of the administration and to supplement the work of the regular faculty. It was obviously necessary to get clear away from the technical aspects of literary study and to present literature as a humanistic study to men who would never under any circumstances become specialists in English. Quotations from Sidney, Milton, Shelley, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Emerson as to the significance of great literature would not be so effec-

[1]See p. 116 in this volume.

tive as those culled from the biographies, autobiographies, and essays of men of affairs, men of scientific achievement, and business men of all types. Accordingly, in an introductory lecture I massed as many of these statements as I could from men whose authority could not be questioned. I quoted the words of Huxley that literature is the greatest source of refined pleasure and that it must have its place in any scheme of liberal education. I quoted from Tyndall's address on the "Scientific Uses of the Imagination" and the conclusion of his more famous Belfast address with its tribute to Carlyle as the greatest influence on his younger days. I referred to President Eliot's "Harvard Classics" as the fine fruition of a life devoted, for the most part, to science and administration. Andrew Carnegie, Pierpont Morgan, Henry E. Huntington, Henry Lee Higginson, and other great men of business were cited to show the high estimate they put on the place of literature in individual and national life. Theodore Roosevelt's omnivorous reading of books of all types, as evidenced by the Pig-Skin Library that he took with him to the wolds of Africa, was one of the illustrations drawn from men in other professions. All these citations led naturally to the conclusion of Woodrow Wilson's essay on "Mere Literature":

> Literature opens our hearts to receive the experiences of great men and the conceptions of great races. If this free people to which we belong is to keep its fine spirit, its perfect temper amidst affairs, its high courage in the face of diffi-

culties, and its wise temperateness and wide-eyed hope, it must continue to drink deep and often from the old wells of English undefiled, quaff the keen tonic of its best ideals, keep its blood warm with the great utterances of exalted purpose and pure principles of which its matchless literature is full. The great spirits of the past must command us to the tasks of the future.

In a series of ten lectures I sought to develop the thesis contained in those last words and to magnify English literature as the best expression of English history in its various periods, and as therefore an integral portion of national life. Three lectures on American literature emphasized the same point of view, it being considered as an extension of the English tradition into new fields and under different conditions. The second series of lectures—five in number—was devoted to the presentation of literature as an aid to right thinking. Far too many have emphasized the emotional origin and appeal of poetry. While I would not underrate the value of poetry in awakening the nobler emotions, nor the significance of genuine sentiment, we need to see with Coleridge that every great poet has been a great thinker as well, and with Santayana that philosophy terminates in insight and that the highest form of contemplation is imaginative. The intuition of the poet—the result of the totality of soul, intellect, imagination, and will—is the highest form of creative thinking.

The transition from this series to a consideration in five lectures of various philosophies of life as they

have been artistically expressed by certain great writers was easy and inevitable. Santayana's contention that Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe taken together sum up the three most universal schools of European philosophy—Materialism, Supernaturalism, and Humanism—served as a point of departure for a somewhat different consideration of Optimism, Pessimism, Cynicism, Tragedy, Determinism, and the Christian interpretation of life as found in certain representative English and American writers, past and present. I tried to keep in mind the difference between the didactic and the artistic, for I believe with Mr. Crothers that "the poet may be philosophical, but he must not philosophize; he may be moral, but he must not moralize; he may be religious, but let him spare us his homilies." The response of the students was a striking confirmation of Chesterton's contention that still the most important question for the normal man is his interpretation of life and the universe, and of Stuart Sherman's, that, after all, the younger generation is most interested in finding "a binding generalization of philosophy or religion."

This, in brief outline, is what I undertook in the twenty-three lectures. That one could treat any one of these subjects adequately in the time allotted is not to be thought for a moment; that they were more or less superficial goes without saying; but when one thinks that there was one underlying purpose in them all, namely, to give men engaged in vocational training a better conception of literature, and to emphasize

the vital elements in literature, perhaps the general plan was not too ambitious. Whatever may have been the general effect on the entire student body—and the lecturer knows enough of human nature not to be under too great an illusion—there were some who caught the point and who will always think of literature in a different light. Certainly I had one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life—the consciousness that I was lifting the subject clear out of its usual setting and relating it to the life of men who are supposed to lie outside of its influence. It strengthened my faith in the universal appeal of the best literature. It confirmed my conviction that teachers of English literature should not surrender in the face of the fact that education in so many places has become so vocational in character, and that the greatest instrument in relating this more technical education to culture is our own literature.

IX

TOWARD THE NEW REFORMATION

But I am not going to place the whole blame for the existence of this controversy upon misguided leaders of religion. The responsibility is a divided one, for science is just as often misrepresented as is religion by men of little vision, of no appreciation of its limitations and of imperfect comprehension of the real rôle which it plays in human life—by men who lose sight of all spiritual values and therefore exert an influence upon youth which is unsettling, irreligious, and sometimes immoral. The two groups, the one in the religious field, the other in the scientific, are in reality very much alike. . . . Both may be assumed to be sincere, but the one is wholly unacquainted with science, while presuming to judge it; the other is in almost complete ignorance of what religion is, while scoffing at it. I am ready to admit that it is quite as much because of the existence of scientists of this type as of their counterparts in the field of religion that the fundamentalist controversy has flared up to-day, and it is high time that scientists recognized their share of the responsibility, and took steps to remove their share of the cause.

ROBERT A. MILLIKAN.

No person, probably, ever made so ardent a personal appeal as Jesus. He discovered a whole new world of emotional life, a new expansion of joy. . . . It is the distinction of Jesus that he has, for us, permanently expanded the bounds of individuality. . . . We all breathe deeper and freer because of that semi-ideal carpenter's son. His charm can never pass away when it is rightly apprehended. . . . What a supreme work of art we already possess in the Gospels! . . . So that now when I open and turn over with reverent joy the leaves of the Gospels, I feel that here is enshrined the highest achievement of Man the Artist, a creation to which nothing can be added, from which nothing can be taken away.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

IX

TOWARD THE NEW REFORMATION

In his preface to the symposium on *Civilization in the United States* the editor, Mr. Stearns, referring to the omission of a chapter on religion, says: "It has been next to impossible to get any one to write on the subject; most of the people I approached shied off—it was really difficult to get them to talk about it at all. They said that real religious feeling in America had disappeared and that the church had become a purely social and political institution, . . . and, finally, they were not interested in the topic anyhow." A distinguished English novelist said to me recently, after I had mentioned the conclusion of his novel as suggesting to me his great interest in religion and his wise interpretation of the essential and fundamental points in the Christian religion: "You are almost the first man who has mentioned that point to me, and yet that is why I wrote the book. Most of my friends, and especially my fellow authors, do not seem to be at all interested in the subject of religion; they discard it not only in their books but in their conversations."

These two expressions of opinion from typical English and American sources raise the question as to whether religion has become the least concern of

mortals here below. Nor are they alone in expressing either the indifference or hostility of many leaders of modern thought to religion. Bertrand Russell has recently expressed the hope that every kind of religious belief will die out, for he does not believe that, on the balance, religious belief has been a force for good; "it belongs to the infancy of human reason and to a stage of development which we are outgrowing." He contemplates with joy "the decay of religion" because, of all requirements for the regeneration of society, it seems to have the least chance of being realized. Harry Elmer Barnes is quite convinced that the discovery of certain amazing facts about Betelgeuse and Antares "blows sky-high the foundations of the whole set of moral conceptions of Judaism and Christianity," and that, once these theological props for conventional morality disappear, we shall face a notable reconstruction of ethics in harmony with scientific facts. Cavalierly dismissing faith in immortality, he asks, "Could anything be more satisfying as the ultimate reward of activity than the state of complete extinction to be realized in the chemical state known as death"? Sin, he contends, must be ruled out of civilized nomenclature, and the Ten Commandments and all other rules of human conduct laid down in the Bible are valid only as they square with the best natural and social sciences at the present time.[1]

The most disappointing chapter in the symposium

[1] *Living in the Twentieth Century, passim.*

Whither Mankind? is the one on "Religion" by James Harvey Robinson, who is mainly concerned with the changes wrought in religious thinking by the study of anthropology, comparative religions, child psychology, and the evolution of ethics. But to attempt to discredit religion because of its origins is as futile as it would be to discredit science because of its connection with alchemy. Robinson quotes approvingly the remark that all sensible men profess the same religion, but that the sensible man would never tell what it is. Clearly it is a factor of less and less moment in any forecast of the future of civilization.

To the same conclusion comes Prof. Walter B. Pitkin in his *Twilight of the American Mind*. In his searching analysis of the possibilities of the "best minds" in the various professions he says that there are now few opportunities for such minds in the ministry and that by 1975 there will be none. The basis for this conclusion is that men of high intellectual calibre cannot maintain their integrity of mind under the conditions that now prevail in metropolitan churches. The members of their congregations regard them as "super-janitors" who attend to the dirty work of a community. People go to church to be soothed, and the minister must administer the soothing syrup; there is no chance for original thinking about theology, morals, or ritual. Consequently in American colleges interest in religion has steadily declined. What the minister needs most is a huge

fund of physical energy—horse-power, not brain-power—to enable him to attend to the social jobs that confront him at every point he turns. The schedule of duties is impossible for any man who has the desire to meditate or write. So it is fair to conclude that, as matters now stand, the ministry does not call for a single best mind and seldom tolerates one; the demand is for social service, not for scientific inquiry.

A distinctly more serious and more important discussion of the status of religion in the modern world is Walter Lippman's *Preface to Morals* (1929). No one has stated more strongly the pathos and tragedy of the present generation as its faith has been dissolved by the acids of modernity. There is a vacancy in the lives of those who have substituted trivial illusions for majestic faith; they are emancipated, they are in revolt, but they have found no substitute or discipline for their spirits. This is the first age when "the circumstances of life have corresponded with the intellectual habits of the time to render any fixed and authoritative belief incredible to any larger masses of men." There is a need for a vital religion, but there is reason for thinking that a new crystallization of an enduring and popular religion is unlikely. Men have considered the religions of nature, of beauty, of patriotism, of creative evolution, of progress, of humanitarianism, and have found them wanting. It is impossible to reconstruct an enduring orthodoxy and impossible to live without the satisfaction which an orthodoxy would provide. Fundamentalism is im-

possible, but modernism even as held and interpreted by Dr. Fosdick or Whitehead does not satisfy because they present nothing which the visual imagination can hold; no painter could make a picture which expressed so vague a conception of God. The modernists want to hold on to the individual judgment of the Bible and at the same time to the sanction of a divine morality, but the humanist thinks that the rule of conduct has a purely human, local, and temporary origin. The mystical awareness emphasized by Eddington and Whitehead is not consistent with our normal experience in ordinary affairs.

What is the course open, then, to those who want some kind of religion? Science cannot fill the void because it will never establish a relationship between man's desires and the physical and cosmic world, and besides nothing is so dead as the scientific religion of yesterday—witness scientific naturalism, and the more hopeful interpretation of evolution as guaranteeing progress. When men can no longer be theists, they must, if they are civilized, become humanists. When they no longer believe seriously and deeply that they are governed from heaven, there is anarchy in their souls until by conscious effort they find ways of governing themselves. They must live by the premise that whatever is righteous is inherently desirable because experience will demonstrate its desirability. They must live in the belief that the duty of man is not to make his will conform to the will of God but to the surest knowledge of the conditions of human happiness.

Lippman finds support for this position in what he calls the "higher religion" of the sages, Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Confucius, Spinoza. With them the theocratic principle is irrelevant—they rejected the idea of attaining salvation by placating God; they placed the emphasis upon conversion, the education and the discipline of the human will; they sought to alter the will of man and to find truth in the inward parts. They said nothing of commands and obedience, rewards and punishments, as fundamental motives. The best modern psychology in its tracing the development of man from childhood to maturity is in accord with the wise men and it may furnish a technic by which virtue, courage, magnanimity, love, temperance, self-restraint, even asceticism, may become the normal life of men. Certain tendencies in business, in government, in marriage give validity to these contentions. No more hopeful analysis of the contemporary situation has been made than in the third part of the book. Science may become one of the prime agencies in reinforcing the beliefs of the sages—it is high religion incarnate in an organized effort. Business as now practised by enlightened men who have learned by experience and reflection to desire what is right is better than the old capitalism or socialism. Likewise, marriage—the maturing of desire by adaptation and adjustment—will survive, not as a rule of God imposed by force, nor as a moral commandment, but as the dominant insight into the reality of love and happiness.

The humanist, or the moralist, of the new type cannot recommend, he can only persuade; he does not need to exhort men to be good, but to elucidate what is good. He must be able to show that goodness is victorious vitality and evil defeated vitality. This is the philosophy of the future—what the sages have prophesied as high religion, what the psychologists delineate as matured personality. The world is able at last to take seriously what its greatest teachers have said. Evil is to be overcome now and happiness is to be achieved now, but there is no need for the supernatural nor even for the infinite.

Another attitude is that of John Dewey, who with a deeper sense of the realities of religion in a practical, achieving world, clings to the principle of watchful waiting. Meanwhile, it is better to hold to the certainties of science and to the faith in democracy than to run the risk of getting a false religion. Shall the very circumstances which convince us that religion is necessary also make it impossible? Many are convinced, and seemingly Dewey, of the final disappearance of the supernatural interpretation of the world and of man. Until the non-supernatural view is more completely elaborated in all its implications, "educators had better keep their hands off."

"Let us rather labor persistently and patiently for the clarification and development of the positive creed of life implicit in democracy and in science. . . . Till these ends are further along . . . it is better that our schools should do nothing than that they should do wrong things. It is

better for them to confine themselves to their obviously urgent tasks than that they should, under the name of spiritual culture, form habits of mind which are at war with the habits of mind congruous with democracy and with science. . . . The scientific form of mental activity presses daily more closely upon life and upon the schools. . . . The integrity of mind which is loosening the hold of these things is potentially much more religious than all that it is displacing. . . . It may be that the symptoms of religious ebb as conventionally interpreted are symptoms of a fuller and deeper religion. I do not claim to know. Meantime we must devote ourselves to the development of the ideas of life which lie implicit in our still new science and our still newer democracy."[1]

That all philosophers do not agree with Dewey has already been indicated in the discussion of William James and others. More recently Prof. A. N. Whitehead has said: "When we consider what religion is for mankind, and what science is, it is no exaggeration to say that the future course of history depends upon the decision of this generation as to the relation between them." While he thinks that there has been a gradual decay of religious influence in European civilization and that religion tends to degenerate into "a decent formula wherewith to embellish a comfortable life," that it relies too much on fear, authority and power, yet he insists:

"Religion is the vision of something that stands beyond, behind, and within the passing flux of immediate things;

[1] *The Philosophy of John Dewey:* Selected and edited by Joseph Ratner, pp. 502 ff.

something which is real, and yet waiting to be realized . . . something that gives meaning to all that passes and yet eludes apprehension, something whose possession is the final good, and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal, and the hopeless quest. The essence of religion is worship. Apart from religion, human life is a flash of occasional enjoyments lighting up a mass of pain and misery, a bagatelle of transient experiences. The power of God is the worship he inspires. That religion is strong which in its ritual and modes of thought evokes an apprehension of the commanding vision. . . . The worship of God is not a rule of safety—it is an adventure of the spirit, a flight after the unattainable. The death of religion comes with the repression of the high hope of adventure."[1]

In a later volume he says:

The religious insight is the grasp of this truth: That the order of the world, the depth of reality of the world, the value of the world in its whole and in its parts, the beauty of the world, the zest of life, the peace of life, and the mastery of evil, are all bound together, not accidentally, but by reason of this truth: that the universe is a creativity with infinite freedom, and a realm of forms with infinite possibilities; but that this creativity and these forms are together impotent to achieve actuality apart from the completed ideal harmony, which is God. . . . The world lives by its incarnation of God in itself. Apart from God there would be no actual world. . . . He is the binding element in the world. The consciousness which is individual in us is universal in him; the love which is partial in us is all-

[1] *Science and the Modern World*, p. 275. See preceding chapter for a fuller discussion of Whitehead's and Eddington's views of the limitations of science.

embracing in him. . . . Every act leaves the world with a deeper or a fainter impress of God. . . . The universe shows us two aspects: on one side it is physically wasting, on the other it is spiritually ascending.[1]

Gamaliel Bradford, who has studied more "souls" than any other contemporary and who is not in any sense an orthodox believer, has recently expressed his conviction that the greatest need of this generation is the consciousness of God:

When one looks upon the ease and richness and abundance of modern American life, its kaleidoscopic color and variety, its mad bustle and profusion of motion and locomotion, one feels more inclined to descant upon its possessions than upon its needs. Yet as one stops in all the hurry to reflect, the needs become apparent and crying, and in all the loud hurly-burly not one need stands out more patent than the need of God. The world has always needed Him no doubt. But it seems as if America of to-day needs Him most because it is so complacently satisfied to get along without Him. Oh, we have churches enough, priests enough, charities and good works enough, or at any rate abounding. But they all seem ingeniously contrived to cover the void. For divers reasons . . . God seems to have drifted far away from most of us, or we from Him so far that neither airplane nor wireless will suffice to call Him back.[2]

A more important expression of the necessity for religion in modern society is the statement signed by forty-five of the leading scientists, ministers, and

[1] *Religion in the Making*, pp. 119 ff.
[2] *Dwight L. Moody*, p. 15.

publicists of the country.[1] When one considers that they represent practically all the professions, denominations, and sections, he might think of them as an ecumenical conference of preachers and laymen deciding one of the momentous controversies of the age. They say:

"We, the undersigned, deeply regret that in recent controversies there has been a tendency to present science and religion as irreconcilable and antagonistic domains of thought, for in fact they meet distinct human needs, and in the rounding out of human life they supplement rather than displace or oppose each other.

The purpose of science is to develop, without prejudice or preconception of any kind, a knowledge of the facts, the laws, and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind. Each of these two activities represents a deep and vital function of the soul of man, and both are necessary for the life, the progress, and the happiness of the human race.

It is a sublime conception of God which is furnished by science, and one wholly consonant with the highest ideals of religion, when it represents Him as revealing Himself

[1]

Scientists	Preachers	Men of Affairs
Charles D. Walcott	William Lawrence	Herbert Hoover
Henry Fairfield Osborn	William Thomas Manning	James J. Davis
Edwin Grant Conklin	Joseph H. Johnson	Elihu Root
James R. Angell	Henry van Dyke	David F Houston
John M. Coulter	James I. Vance	Frank O. Lowden
Michael M. Pupin	John D. Davis	John Sharpe Williams
William James Mayo	James G. McClure	Admiral William S. Sims
George D. Birkhoff	Clarence A. Barbour	Harry B. Thayer
Arthur A. Noyes	Ernest D. Burton	Julius Kruttschnitt
William Wallace Campbell	William L. Poteat	Frank A. Vanderlip
John J. Carty	Henry Churchill King	Henry S. Pritchett
Robert A. Millikan	Robert E. Brown	William Allen White
William Henry Welch	Francis J. McConnell	Victor F. Lawson
John C. Merriam	Merle N. Smith	John G. Shedd
Gano Dunn	Peter Ainslie	
	Herbert L. Willett	

through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man and in the age-long inbreathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with its spiritual nature and all his God-like powers."

II

The names of the religious leaders that are attached to this statement are representative of a much larger number of preachers who in all parts of the country are the exponents of liberalism in religion. They are doing all in their power to interpret the Christian religion in the light of new knowledge and progressive thought. While they welcome the support of scientists, philosophers, and critics, they realize that theirs is the special task of working within the church to bring about a new era in the history of religion. Undismayed by the growth of determinism in philosophy, materialism or paganism in ethics, and the disintegration of social life, they are courageously and adventurously winning more and more recruits to a reasonable faith and programme. They are, I verily believe, the most misunderstood group of men in America, attacked on the one hand by fundamentalists for their lack of religion, their agnosticism, and on the other by those who regard them as equivocators and time-servers. By both parties they are told that they have no place in the church and should choose this day whom they would serve.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York, as professor

in Union Theological Seminary, and as the author of *The Meaning of Faith, The Modern Use of the Bible, Adventurous Religion, Christianity and Progress,* and *Spiritual Values and Eternal Life,* is the generally recognized leader of this group. He, more than anybody else, has the right to say just what is the present state of the liberal movement in the churches of America. In the chapter on "Religion" in *Recent Gains in American Civilization,* he recognizes frankly the many depressing aspects of the situation but he is none the less hopeful as to the possibilities and prospects.

Religion in the United States, he admits, is "in a badly muddled state and will have a difficult time getting out." "Intellectually chaotic, ethically confused, organizationally antiquated"—such is his characterization of religion to-day. But "the prophetic, promising elements in the situation" outweigh those factors which critics emphasize. "The readjustments of religious thought to the modern world-view are going on at a much more rapid rate than the casual observer, especially if he is an outsider, commonly suspects." This is true despite the fulminations of militant fundamentalism and other forms of crass ignorance. One indication of progress is "the collapse of the late controversy between fundamentalists and modernists." "Liberalism has not been ejected from the churches; it never was more sure of its standing ground within them than it is now." Liberal preachers have the most effective churches in

America and are "supported by too strong and too growing a body of opinion to be dislodged." They are rethinking and restating the ideals of religion. The future belongs to the new and larger view. It is encouraging to realize that "a great deal of the world's best religion exists outside religious organizations and often does not call itself religious at all." "If it be true that there is nothing on earth so powerful as an idea whose hour is come, the end of some of the worst features in the present churches will surely arrive. The ideal of a united church of Christ has flashed on the mind of men and it cannot be unflashed."

Dr. Fosdick is well aware that the genius of this generation is scientific, mechanical, inventive, and that religion and education, art and literature, suffer, but he expects "the moral necessities of the situation to cause an inevitable reaction which will mean a revival of spiritual life, a renaissance of religion, and a new access of leadership among the best brains of the best characters of the nation." The modern movement "Back to Christ" has made clear the important fact that "the religion of Jesus was not primarily something to be believed, although great beliefs were associated with it, nor something primarily to be felt, although warm emotions were involved in it, but something to be done, a programme of action, and a way of life."

In this hopeful analysis and forecast Dr. Fosdick has in mind preachers who occupy strategic pulpits in

all the more important cities of the country. If they do not figure so largely in the public prints as popular evangelists like Billy Sunday and John Roach Straton, they minister to their own congregations and to larger constituencies in their denominations and in colleges and universities. They constitute the remnant of the prophets who have not bowed their knees to false gods. In Boston, George A. Gordon, Francis G. Peabody, and Bishop Lawrence; in New York, S. Parkes Cadman, Charles E. Jefferson, W. P. Merrill; in Chicago, Charles W. Gilkey; in St. Louis, Ashby Jones; in Pasadena, Robert Freeman and Merle Smith; in the Methodist Church at large, Bishops McConnell and McDowell. The list is not at all exhaustive; they are only a few who have come within my hearing. In Birmingham, Ala., a few years ago Dr. H. M. Edmonds was cited for heresy before his presbytery. He resigned from the church and established an independent church, which is now one of the largest and wealthiest in the city, and he is one of the prophetic voices of the South.[1] This incident is typical of what is happening.

Such men are thoroughly modern in their point of view, giving evidence of a familiarity with contemporary literature, philosophy, and science; they have a deep experience of life and of contact with other people. Theirs is no cloistered virtue and no hampered freedom of mind. And yet they are not

[1]For the group of liberal preachers in the South see the author's *The Advancing South* (chapter on "Ecclesiastics and Prophets").

coldly intellectual; they have convictions, for their emphasis is on the vital faiths of men; theirs is the glow of the prophetic spirit. In giving up much of the baggage of traditional and dogmatic religion they have, by a process of adjustment and reconciliation, held on to the really fundamental beliefs of the Christian religion. They are outstanding citizens in their communities and are at home in any group of intelligent professional men or in a university community.

I happen to know that twenty of the younger ministers in the leading cities of America are just now writing a volume which will contain their discussions of the most vital religious themes.[1] Each one will show individuality of treatment but all the chapters will be sanctioned, with reservations, by the entire group. It will be a substantial agreement on what may be considered the intellectual and social programme of liberal Christianity, a positive and creative body of thought and practice. Each writer will be speaking for a great congregation and for a group of like-minded men in their respective denominations.

It has been my privilege for a number of years to hear the series of Cole lectures given annually at Vanderbilt University by some of the outstanding preachers of America. The lectures as delivered to large audiences in Nashville and afterward published in book form may be said to represent the best reli-

[1] *Studies of the Relation of the Christian Religion to Contemporary Civilization*, edited by Lynn Harold Hough.

gious thought of to-day. Against not a one of these men could be brought the charges that are so generally lodged against the church as a whole and against individual preachers. There was no sensationalism, no hypocrisy, no twisting of conscience, no playing with words in an equivocal sense, nor was there a suggestion of coldness, or ecclesiasticism, or agnosticism parading under the form of religion.

These men of an older and a younger generation in the pulpit are supplemented by the work that is now going on in such schools of religion or theological seminaries as are found at Yale, Union, the University of Chicago, and Vanderbilt. With all the talk about the decline in numbers and in the quality of men preparing for the ministry, there is a body of men in these schools, both faculty and students, who are the hope of the future—a saving and powerful remnant. The preaching and teaching of men like Dean Brown of Yale, President Coffin of Union Seminary, and Dean Mathews of the University of Chicago, in all parts of the country are among the significant facts of our time.

III

It is not an easy task to define the point of view of this group of men, for they are so subject to attack from the two extremes of modern thought. One must rightly divide the word of truth in order to understand men whose chief quality is that of discrim-

ination. They are accused of being negative, agnostic, destructive, and yet the chief of them has time and again insisted that some modernists are "so anxious to be rational that they forget to be religious," that liberalism, if it is not to become arid, must lead to positive convictions, and that the true liberal must be more religious, not less, than his fundamentalist brother. When told that they "undertake the reform of superstition, which is impossible," they reply that there is an evolution in religion as in everything else. They are said to be satisfied with individual self-exploitation or expression, and yet they think of themselves as engaged in "a positive campaign to maintain vital religion in the face of the materialistic and paganizing influences of our time." They are said to be so contemporary in their thinking that they neglect to emphasize tradition, and yet their aim has been defined as "to think the great faiths of the Gospel through in contemporary terms, and to harness the great dynamics of the Gospel to contemporary tasks."

If I understand their sermons, addresses, and books, and if I have caught from talks with them the spirit of their work, they accept fully and unreservedly the facts of science in every field of human knowledge; they recognize the validity of the scientific method as applied to all truth. They believe that to be scientifically minded—"to love truth as science loves it, to seek truth tirelessly as science seeks it"—is one of the chief glories of our time. Even

religion must be ultimately subjected to the scientific method, for it will save us from sentimentality and tradition uncritically accepted. It must help classify and define religious experiences which are mystical in their origin and effect.

But these men would contend with firmness that when we have taken everything that science gives, it is not enough for life; religion is indispensable to give a spiritual interpretation of facts. "Science creates more problems than it solves." The theory of evolution, for instance, leads some scientists to adopt the philosophy of determinism or agnosticism, but to the religious mind it may be the basis of a larger faith. Science needs religion quite as much as religion needs science, for it is dumb as to the world's cause, goal, and meaning. Religion is concerned with purpose and values; it makes us aware of the whole object or the whole man, while science abstracts certain qualities in order to simplify the facts of observation or experience. A human being may be studied as a collection of cells or nerves, or he may be considered by the sociologist or psychologist or physiologist, but he is also a father, a friend, a son of God.[1]

All of these men would apply to the Bible the test of modern knowledge and the scientific method, for they no longer hold that it is an authority on science or history. They would deprecate as much as any scientist the efforts of individuals or states to limit

[1]One of the most profound discussions of the relations between science and religion is Wieman's *Religious Experience and Scientific Method.*

the freedom of men by appealing to an infallible authority. Furthermore, they are willing to apply to the Bible all the results of Biblical criticism that have been wrought out by careful scholars. They welcome all the light that has come on the texts, the time of composition, the background of history, the types of literature. Nor do they hold any longer to the idea that all parts of the Bible are of equal authority; they know the difference between the anthropomorphic and primitive religion of the earlier books and the loftier religion of the prophets and the sages. They distinguish between the Gospels and the writings of St. Paul, and are willing to recognize the limitations of even the Gospels themselves in recording the life and teachings of Jesus.

But all this readjustment made necessary by modern scholarship has not resulted in irreverence or contempt for the Bible. They find in the evolution of the ideas of God, of morality, of immortality, a study of absorbing interest and value. Abandoning the old conception of literal or mechanical inspiration and the forced allegorical interpretations of prophetic literature, and applying to the Old Testament the same criticism that Jesus adopted, they insist upon the supreme literary and religious value of the greater books. The results of the labors of many scholars and the point of view of many of the prophets of to-day are found in a book like Dr. Fosdick's *Modern Use of the Bible,* which is characterized by good sense, sweet reasonableness, and spiritual in-

sight. The Old Testament thus becomes neither "the impregnable rock of the holy scriptures" that Gladstone thought it was, nor the rock around the neck of a drowning church that Goldwin Smith thought it.

The same discrimination has been applied to all other questions of religion. The old quarrel between reason and faith, already alluded to in another chapter, has been mitigated by the attitude of some philosophers and some religious leaders. Plato, Spinoza, Kant, William James, and Whitehead would all agree with Paul Elmer More that "there can be no intelligent attitude toward the greater problems of existence until we have learned that reason, though it may be the pragmatic guide of conduct, is not the source of knowledge or even the final test of truth. The question put to the soul of each man is not whether the primary test of Christianity has the kind of consistency demanded by logic, but whether it corresponds with the lessons and surest intentions of spiritual experience." A host of religious leaders would also agree that any faith that is valid to-day must meet the test of reason, or that at least it must not be contrary to reason. If all the great beliefs of men whether in practical affairs or in science or in philosophy are the result of vision or insight or intuition—fact or logic or common sense plus something else that can not be defined—it is also true that these beliefs, sometimes over-beliefs, must be subjected to all the tests that intellect can produce.

The group of men of whom I am writing would

insist that the old view of the Bible is no longer tenable, but that inspiration is a universal fact made memorable by this very special illustration; that faith in the resurrection of the body is no longer reasonable but that faith in immortality is, as John Fiske said, "a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work"; that faith in a God who walked in the cool of the garden, or took supper with Abraham, or gave the commands that are recorded in some of the books of the Bible, is no longer conceivable, but that the God who is the source of all Wisdom and Beauty and Love is the only rational hypothesis to explain the values and meanings of the universe; that the old conception of the Atonement that made it a commercial and legal bargain between God and Christ for the redemption of man from the curse of the Fall is unthinkable, but that the revelation of the Logos in one human personality is altogether reasonable.

They have found a valuable champion of this central point of Christian faith in Paul Elmer More, who has, in the retired life led at Princeton for a good many years, turned his attention more and more to the study of philosophy and religion. Certainly he has long been regarded as the best equipped literary critic in America. A scholar of the first rank by reason of his profound knowledge of ancient and modern languages and literatures, he gave himself in the middle years of his life to literary criticism, which reached large proportions in his series of *Shel-*

burne Essays. That he should have undertaken, rather late in life, a study of the relation of Plato's philosophy to Christian literature and tradition and should have published a series of volumes growing out of his studies, is a matter of great moment to all those who are concerned with either religion or philosophy. He thus allies himself with T. S. Eliot, who has recently said that there can be no Humanism without religion, rather than with Lippman and Babbitt, who find Humanism sufficient.

There is every evidence that he started out with the conviction that the Platonic philosophy was the basis of what was best in Christianity, but his volume entitled *Christ the Word* is a profound statement of the value and authority of the Incarnation as the fulfillment of all that was best in Plato's ideas. If one does not care to assess the relative importance of the two systems of thought, he can, at least, agree with Mr. More that "the two traditions together constitute the greatest effort of the human mind to find at once an ultimate religion and philosophy." The two together constitute "a single body of religious experience," without which we should have remained "barbarians"; and "losing it, we are in peril of sinking back into barbarism." Let us, then, sever from this tradition "the ephemeral intrusions of superstition and metaphysics, and so recapture the truth at the heart of it as a rallying point for the best thought of our time as it was for the best thought of the past." Plato's dialogues, so well interpreted in a

previous volume of Mr. More's, fall bodily into the Christian scheme. Plato was dimly aware of a theophany to come, of which his allegories were a prophecy. Socrates in the *Apology* told his friends that the full truth could not be known until revealed to man by the grace of God. Plato would have thought that Christianity gave precisely the one thing for which he had been searching all his life, and that the compulsion it had laid upon him was evidence of its veracity. If he had heard Jesus talk of the Father, he would doubtless have exclaimed, "My Lord and my God!"

Christianity, according to Mr. More, was therefore not only the fulfillment of Hebrew prophecy but the consummation of Greek philosophy. "The deity of Plato's religion was too much an inference of reason and too remote for humanity." In the Fourth Gospel "the fine flower of Platonism blossomed after long centuries in a strange garden." To read the "Phaedrus" and the eighth chapter of "John" is to understand the greatest movement in the history of human thought. "The Word of God, as Wisdom itself, as Beauty itself, and Holiness, has shown itself embodied in a human character. The Christian philosophy develops and clarifies and vivifies the Platonic tradition. It acquires a dynamic hold on the imagination and will which as pure philosophy it could not possess." "No more vital task confronts the church to-day than to recognize the urgent necessity of insisting on the unreserved acceptance of the one

dogma of the Incarnation as the definite, clear, and common mark of a Christian, while leaving to the conscience of each individual how far he will interpret the accessory articles of faith as literal or symbolical, as fact or poetry."

In Chapters 10 and 11 Mr. More gives as fine a statement of the doctrine of the Logos as was ever written:

> The Logos is the shaping and governing intelligence in the universe. A divine purpose realizing itself through the ages—the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Jesus Christ. Evil through man's freedom came to thwart this purpose. The world knew him not. What was to be done? As the Logos was the instrument of creation, it should be the instrument of restoration. There was needed a more direct illumination than is afforded by the logical order of nature and life. At the climax of the drama the Logos comes forth upon the stage and takes its part. If there be a God, is it not reasonable that He should reveal himself as one who should be imitated, who should bestow grace upon his followers, and as the spirit who should guide them into all truth? By the dogma of vicarious atonement the pains and losses and failures of our mortal state become part of a cosmic agony, and any feeling of resentment at the real or seeming injustices of life fades away into awe before the spectacle of the Cross.

It is just this interpretation of the Christ and this point of emphasis in religion that liberal ministers are standing for in contemporary life and thought. "One of the greatest hours in Christian history will have

struck," says Dr. Fosdick, "when once more the religion of Jesus takes the centre of the scene." The religion of Jesus rather than the religion about Jesus is the basis of the New Reformation. There was a time when the infallible church was the basis of authority, and then the infallible Bible with all its parts of equal value and authority, a time when creeds accepted literally were the pre-requisite of faith, but now the personality and teachings of Jesus become the inspiration of His followers. This "Back to Christ" movement means more than appears when it is used in a conventional or canting sense. He is the revelation of the Way, the Truth, the Life, and at the same time the revelation of the mind and heart of God. The supreme power in the universe has the character of the person who lived in Palestine and died upon the Cross.

This interpretation of Jesus is something more than a formulation of a doctrine; it is the result of personal experience. "A doctrine which is the intellectual substitute for a personal experience is like a perfectly articulated skeleton with no vital organs, no flesh, and no life." Because of a transforming experience that has come to them from contact and friendship with the Master, the prophets of to-day have the spirit of an adventurous religion. They believe with Whitehead that the death of religion comes with the repression of the spirit of adventure, and they agree with Principal Jacks that Christianity has suffered too long from a tame and conventional

faith. While they would not agree with the theology of Wells they would respond to the ringing challenge of some of the words of the *Invisible King*.

Accordingly, they have not hesitated to throw down the glove of combat before those leaders of the church who would block the advance of the Kingdom by reactionary ideas and tyrannical methods. They know too well the harm that has come among thoughtful men and women by the identification of the cause of religion with the utterances and policies of embattled fundamentalists. They have passed beyond the point where their views of the Bible and of science should be concealed or expressed in such an equivocal way that they lead to confusion of the issues involved. They will not be driven from their churches because of the majority opinion of their assemblies or conferences because they regard them as shrines of devotion, centres of spiritual inspiration and practical service. They recognize their responsibility to let the leaven of new truth work in specific congregations and audiences and to participate in that evolution of organizations and institutions that keeps them from stagnation. They stand for the broadest possible spirit of tolerance, unafraid of error so long as truth is left free to combat it. The utterances of Henry van Dyke and Dr. Cadman against religious intolerance during the last Presidential campaign represented the point of view of all liberals even though they might not have all agreed as to other issues that were raised.

At the same time they have combated with equal fervor and courage the leaders of modern thought who have sought to ignore or controvert religion as a factor in the progress of mankind. Agnosticism seems to them a shirking of the difficulties of thinking, the philosophy of determinism to leave man without moral responsibility and the universe without moral and spiritual values, Behaviorism an inadequate and unscientific form of psychology, and materialism or commercialism as a system of ethics at variance with all the higher ideals of man.

Dr. Fosdick hits strongly at the moral cynicism of the decade:

"It is very evident that the Christian and moral life of the world is in a bad way. And I present the thesis that this condition is caused not by intellectual scepticism but by moral cynicism. . . . We preach as though we had Robert Ingersoll with his lusty agnosticism on our hands when in reality we have H. L. Mencken splitting his sides laughing at us. . . . We construct labored arguments to prove the existence of God, while what most people are reading is Sinclair Lewis, having a riotous time burlesquing religion and putting a vile rotter into the Christian pulpit. We attack scepticism when our most popular and powerful enemy is cynicism. . . . With an almost unanimous voice of cynical disparagement the most popular agencies of propaganda we have are smearing the American home. Family life is not being destroyed by theorists who disbelieve in monogamy and are conducting an argumentative campaign for free love. The chief germ that is eating the heart out of the American home is a tidal flood of moral cynicism."

IV

Christianity to-day is attacked from two sources: it must establish its right to authority in the face of all the revelations of science—natural, social, and psychological—and of the philosophy based upon science, and, second, it must give evidence that the teachings of Christ have the dynamic power to transform social, economic, and national life. It has found powerful allies in the first line of defense in the writings of scientists like Millikan, Eddington, and Thomson, and of philosophers like Whitehead. The second is the far more difficult problem, as Niebuhr has pointed out in *Does Civilization Need Religion?*—"The fact is that more men are irreligious because religion has failed to make civilization ethical than because it has failed to maintain its intellectual responsibility. . . . The social impotence of religion outrages the conscience. How can religion bring the life of great social and political groups under the dominance of conscience and the moral law? How can a mechanistic order, which becomes increasingly impersonal, be consistent with a religion the very essence of which is personality? Modern Christianity compounds the pure idealism of Jesus with the calculated practicalities of the age and attempts to give the resultant compromise the prestige of absolute authority. It is better to leave the metaphysical problem with some loose ends than to develop a religion which is inimical to moral values. Religion is scien-

tifically verified if freedom and purpose are found to have a place in the cosmic process, and it is ethically justified if it helps to create and maintain creative freedom and moral purpose in human life. Prophets are needed to leaven the church, and laymen who will be spiritual technicians, who will neither sanctify economic power like the Puritans nor flee its responsibilities like the romantics. There are resources in the Christian religion which make it the inevitable basis of any spiritual regeneration of Western civilization."

There are some who insist that the church is still a mechanism for capitalistic propaganda, a movement of sanctified commercialism. Big Business is said to declare dividends on religion. It is hard, says Bishop Charles Fiske, to distinguish between religious aspiration and business prosperity. And yet in spite of the general impression that metropolitan preachers are under the control of men of wealth who sit in the pews, we hear Dr. Fosdick in the church of many rich men saying:

> You wish us to preach against sin, but you forget that, as one of our leading socialists has said, the master iniquities of our time are connected with money-making. You wish us to imbue your boys and girls with ideal standards of life, but all too often we see them, having left our schools and colleges full of the knightly chivalry of youth, torn in the world of business between the ideal of Christlikeness and the selfish rivalry of commercial conflict. You wish us to preach human brotherhood, and then we see that the one chief enemy of brotherhood between men and nations is economic strife, the root of class consciousness and war.

You send some of us as your representatives to the ends of the earth to proclaim the Saviour, and then these missionaries send back word that the non-Christian world knows all too well how far from dominant in our business life our Christian ideals are. Everywhere that the Christian minister turns, he finds his dearest ideals and hopes entangled in the economic life. Do you ask them under these conditions to keep our hands off? In God's name, you ask too much!

This point of view has not only been advocated by individuals, but such organizations as the Inter-Church World Movement and the Federal Council of Churches have spoken out in no uncertain tones, and, better still, have accomplished results. The report of the committee, of which Bishop Francis J. McConnell was chairman, had much to do with the creation of the public opinion that forced the United Steel Company to abandon the twelve-hour day. The last bulletin of the Federal Council Commission on the Church and Social Service reviews the progress of labor legislation and of public opinion that has resulted in the abolition of child labor, protective regulations for women in industry, the abatement and prevention of poverty, the protection of workmen from dangerous machinery and occupational diseases and the hardship of enforced unemployment, suitable provision for old age, a more adequate means of arbitration and conciliation in industrial pursuits, the gradual and reasonable reduction of hours of labor and the highest wage that each industry can afford. They reiterate

their demand for the application of Christian principles to the acquisition and use of property and for the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised. They recommend collective bargaining as an engineering approach to industrial problems by the labor unions in practical co-operation with management. Such dreams of a better social order, they contend, can no longer be dismissed as the impracticable objectives of sentimentalists, for science appears upon the scene as the handmaid of religion.

Such leaders propose to apply Christian standards not only to the economic order but to the various problems that have arisen out of the conflicts of nations and races. Many of them have travelled in all parts of the world and have carried with them minds that watch and receive. No men of our time have more of the international mind, for in India and in the Far East they have matched minds with the foremost exponents of all religions and have received at first hand impressions of what other people are thinking and doing. The study of comparative religions, which with some scientists and historians has led to an emphasis on the origins of religion in fear and totemism and animism, has caused them to appreciate the higher points of these religions and their similarities rather than their differences. They have responded eagerly to the suggestions and implications of such books as Stanley Jones' *Christ of the Indian Road* and *The Christ of the Round Table*,

in which the results of conferences with believers of the various religions of India have been set forth. Through the efforts of such international Christian workers as Sherwood Eddy and John R. Mott and certain world conferences at Jerusalem, they have realized that the practices of western nations must more nearly coincide with the teachings of Christianity before they can have much influence with thoughtful people of other races and that Christians have much to receive as well as give even in the matter of religion. Dr. Gilkey recently remarked that the two best Christians he knows are Gandhi and Julius Rosenwald.

One conviction has grown out of this study of world conditions—namely, an abhorrence of war as the chief enemy of applied Christianity. The preachers undoubtedly face the criticism that has been lavished upon them for their part in the World War and the scepticism as to whether they would be different in the next war, but neither criticism nor cynicism has prevented them from playing a major part in all that has been done to promote the cause of peace among the nations. When Dr. Fosdick, in answer to a question by an intelligent Japanese, said, "If the United States goes into a war which I think is unjust and wrong, I will go into my pulpit the next Sunday morning, and in the name of God denounce that war and take the consequences," he sounded a trumpet note that will not cease to resound. He has gone even further in the direction of pacifism in some of

his later utterances. *The Christian Century*, the leading organ of religious liberalism, has kept up a persistent warfare against war in the face of the criticism of all the chauvinists and imperialists. The outlawry of war, now seemingly strengthened by the Kellogg treaty, has had no more effective advocates than the men in the leading pulpits of America. Many agencies will be responsible for the decrease and final abolition of war, but the men who have determined to live up to the spirit of the Man of Nazareth must be counted among those who are preparing the way for a better day.

They seem at times like lonely prophets crying in the wilderness, so great seem to be the obstacles in the way of all the reforms that have been here suggested. But sometimes they seem like the watchmen of Israel who from the towers proclaim the coming of the dawn. I can find no reason for ignoring them in any prognostication of the future. No one can predict what may happen in the coming generations in the way of the breaking down of denominational lines, racial antagonisms, international misunderstandings, class distinctions, if an intelligent and dynamic application of the Christian religion shall prevail.

In this magnifying of the work and the spirit of a great group of liberal leaders I am not unmindful of the value that is to be found in those who genuinely and earnestly hold to the old creeds and formulas. One should distinguish between funda-

mentalists who use the method of bigotry and persecution and those who through tradition and experience have found in their inherited faiths the bread of life. Nor am I oblivious of the appeal that has always been made by the Roman Catholic Church with its ritual, its symbols, its historic traditions. Too many fine minds of the nineteenth century have found refuge from the confusion of modern thought in the bosom of the mother church to warrant any one in an attitude of scorn or indifference. The growth of the Catholic Church in the English-speaking countries during the last half century is a phenomenon which cannot be disregarded.

When all is said, however, I cannot feel that the alternative presented by Gamaliel Bradford in his *Life and I* is rightly expressed, whether we think of Protestantism or Roman Catholicism:

> It will hardly be denied that Christ, the belief in Christ, the acceptance of Christ, has been one of the most mighty and effective instruments. For centuries those who have been driven almost to despair by the persistent onset of their sins and passions, and the warring tumult in their members, have turned to that high, pure source of strength and comfort, and found peace. Will this be so any more, or any such degree? To me it appears that the chief value of this agency of Christ lies in the belief in his divinity, his actual oneness with God, and as a consequence of that oneness, his taking upon himself the sins of humanity and by his divine mediation washing them away. Does the world longer believe in that divinity? Will it believe in it again? No doubt many millions still do, or say they do. But even with them

does the belief take hold and work with the mighty and irresistible force which pertained to it in older times? And if it is gone can it ever come back? Can it be that in this great material America of ours, with its mad luxuries, its constant necessities of indulgence and bodily comfort, its overwhelming external hurry and tumult of distraction, there should come again a surging tide of Christian belief, and sweep the world into the ideal conceptions that it had a thousand years ago? It seems impossible, yet who can say? And meantime the riot of the I is as gorgeous, as tumultuous, as unchecked, as self-exultant, as it has ever been.[1]

Is it not better to say that there may come a modification of old beliefs, a readjustment of historic institutions, that will afford a more rational basis for hope? The dawn of such a religious movement may be comparable in its effects on civilization to the thirteenth century with its singular unity of all the forces of social life or to the Protestant Reformation. That is the way of advance and of adventure.

If religion in America should take this course, then every situation that has been considered in this volume would be improved. Business would be permeated by the spirit of good-will and co-operation. Communities would find a new bond of union. A one-sided view of life would yield to the ideal of the abundant life, nourished by science, by art, and by religion.

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 235.

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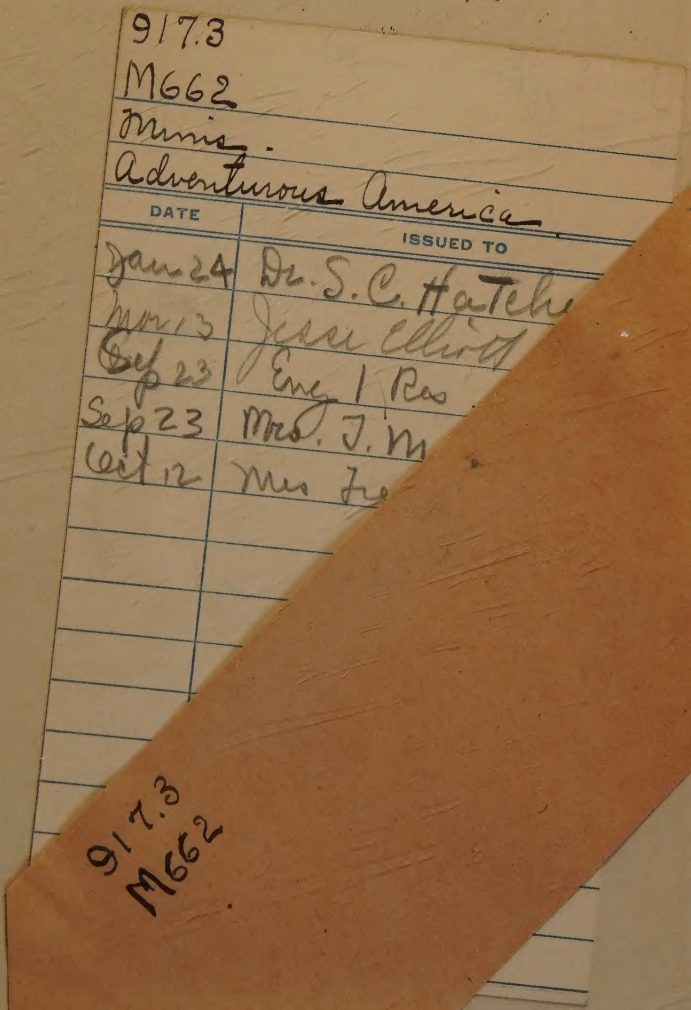

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